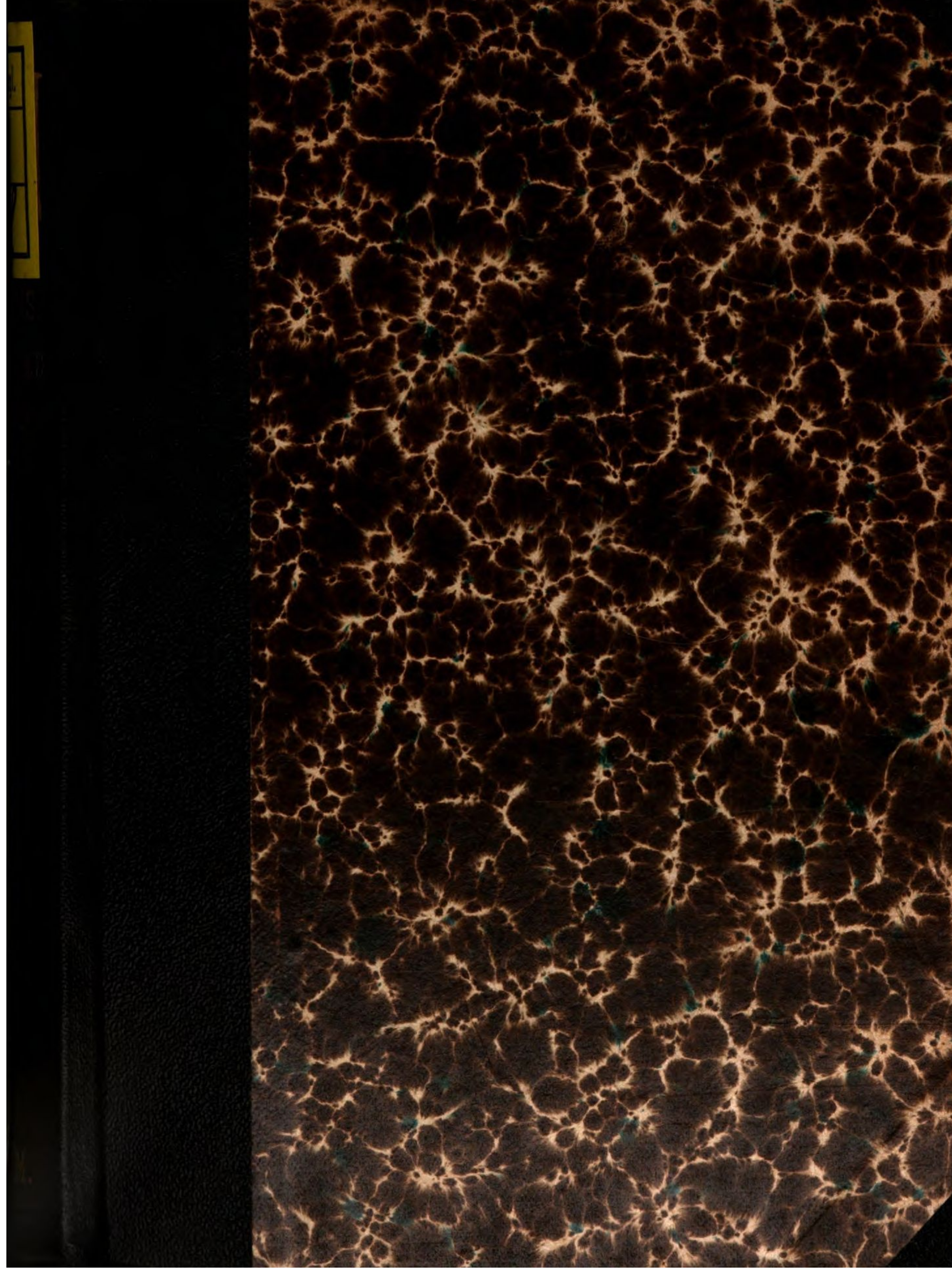




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VOL. 18.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.
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BRITISH AUTHORS.
VOL. CCLXV.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS BY CHARLES DICKENS.
VOL. XVIII.

COLLECTION

OF

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1801



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1872

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

"Familiar in their Mouths as *Household Words*."
Shakespeare.

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VOL. XVIII.

LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1853.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS

COMPILED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

Published in three volumes as Household Words.



COMPILED BY

VOL. XIII.

LEUNG

BRUNNARD TAYLOR

1858

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. XVIII.

SCHOLASTIC.

I WAS remarking to Mrs. Green — my wife — only a few evenings ago, how very greatly schools seem to have altered since I was myself a boy. It is quite pleasing to observe, at this season of the year, the affectionate disposition which peeps through the advertisements, and shines out of the prospectuses of a large class of schoolmasters, who used not to be at all affectionate in my young days. This is the March of Mind, Mrs. G., I said; mark my words, this is the march of mind. Boys are no longer pinched and bruised between hard dumpling in the belly and hard cane upon the back, at cheap schools in the provinces. School life is now so happy — as I see by the advertisements — that we shall be unkind if we send our dear George and our Caroline Amelia to any place where they give holidays. It would be harsh in us to call them away from parental care, with acres of grounds, gardens,

and trout streams; from sixty-roomed mansions and the choicest of good living, to parental care in our little villa, with its perch or two of garden ground, our leg of mutton dinner, and our bread-and-butter tea. My dear, it would be positively cruel, and I do think that those gentlemen are highly considerate who advertise "No Vacations."

Here, my dear, I continued, is a gentleman whose school, I dare say, is a good one in the teaching way, who "Respectfully invites parents and guardians who have youths to put to school, to inspect his mansion of sixty rooms, with grounds of thirty-three acres, comprising bowling-green, cricket-grounds, fish-pond, rookery, chestnut grove, extensive gardens, and trout-stream, affording excellent and safe bathing for the pupils." Now I call that ducal.

Enormously expensive, you say, Mrs. Green. No, I think not. The terms are not advertised; but, here is another with a priced catalogue of advantages, "The

highest references given;" mark, Mrs. Green, the highest. "The house and grounds are extensive." So is the education. It "comprises Greek, Latin, French and German by Natives, Mathematics, Drawing, Mapping, Globes," and so on. There are no extras, the cost is only twenty pounds a year, and as for diet, only fancy it, Matilda, "Diet unlimited, and of the best description."

I consider that I may take this for about the best description of diet: Breakfast: — tea, coffee, or chocolate, rolls and cold toast, ham, devilled turkey, eggs, and so forth, with a plain joint or two on the sideboard. A delicate hot lunch: — veal cutlet, perhaps, with biscuits, and a glass or two of genuine Madeira. Dinner: — turtle soup and sherbet, turbot, champagne, butchers' meat, game, and pastry, with good hothouse pineapple, grapes, and nuts, to keep the boys engaged over their claret. Afterwards, a cup of strong tea with a bit of muffin. If any doubt can be entertained whether the free run of a diet of this kind — diet unlimited, and of the best description — can be provided for the money (twenty pounds a year) we have only to apply to "the highest references." We post letters of reference to Her Most Gracious Majesty, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, or the Prime Minister, Lord Aberdeen — and wait their answer. Nothing can be fairer.

Indeed, I do not find that twenty pounds a year is to be con-

sidered as the cheapest rate at which a man can undertake to feed and teach a boy during a year. What am I to think of this advertisement?

ECONOMY. — Mr. Lean's Boarding School, Short Common, Hungerford, Terms per Quarter 4*l.* 4*s.* Will be re-opened on Jan. 17. Note this.

I thought it was worth noting, and did note it: nevertheless, as I see no promise advertised, I shall not send our George to Mr. Lean. But I am very strongly disposed to think that the following advertisement describes a school that will work wonders with our Caroline Amelia. That girl, Mrs. Green, is a good, free-hearted girl; but she is a romp. I saw her last week scrambling up the pear-tree; she wants a proper sense of her own dignity, which she might pick up from the lady who describes herself in the announcement following.

EDUCATION of a superior order, in a first class establishment, conducted by a lady pre-eminently qualified by her experience, attainments, and sphere in which she has moved to convey by example, as well as by precept, a high-toned education, accomplishments and bearing, so necessary for a young lady moving in good society. Particular attention is given for the attainment of a refined English accent.

It is a high privilege to have a daughter to send (and fifty pounds that can be paid over) to a lady more than eminently "qualified by her sphere in which she has moved to convey by example a high-toned accomplishments, so necessary for a young lady moving

in good society." They always "move" in good society; never stagnate, never become dummies. Then how delightful it will be when our girl, who now shouts like a child about the house, comes home at Midsummer with a refined English accent? English accents stand in so much need of refining.

As much freedom from all that is vulgar, and as much contempt of the mob, is to be found in the announcement issued by a school-master in Ireland who keeps a day-school at two-pence halfpenny a week. A copy of the school-master's advertisement was sent to me some time ago, and I am reminded of it by the lady of pre-eminent attainments and experience. Thady Murphy's proclamation is a piece of ornamental penmanship, which begins with a Psalm in short hand, two quotations from Shakespeare, and some other matter; then runs thus:

EDUCATION. — To show the age the very fashion of the time, its form and pressure, **THADY MURPHY**, Mercantile, **MATHEMATICAL** and Scientific Scholiast, Plain, occult, *fashionable*, ornamental **Penman** and general Amanuensis, will open **SCHOOL** in Shannon Street on Monday. He avers that his best exertions shall be used in order to elucidate the Branches he professes which he deems will more incontestably authenticate his abilities than the most pompous prospectus, his terms will be moderate, and attention most assiduous. Knowing that malevolent petty-fogging Pedants are hostile to true merit, he openly defies competition, solicits literary discussion and will never shrink from the most critical investigation. **READ: IT MAY CONCERN YOU!** Inhabitants of Bandon, I appeal to your discernment and conscience, claiming your kind patronage

only in proportion to my merit as a general scholar and my care and ability as a monitor. There are three ways of knowing a **GENERAL** scholar, viz. by works of genius Scriptic, documentary and oral arguments. I am willing to have my course of **EDUCATION** tested either way, but if you employ an ignorant *vulgar* Pedant merely because he happens to be a favourite of **THE MOB**, you discover a morbid apathy to the welfare of your children, and that yourselves are sunk in deplorable carelessness, in ignorance and barbarity.

My wife being at this point sunk in sleep, I said no more to her, and have since that evening had no opportunity of showing my scholastic information orally. Because, however, the matter has much occupied my mind, I have put down these remarks, and proceed to display some other of my researches in a documentary or scriptic form. I am not apathetic, ignorant, or barbarous. I care about the welfare of my children, and have spent much time during the Christmas holidays over announcements and prospectuses. Such lights as I have found amongst them ought, without doubt, to be set upon a hill.

Can any parent resist the tempting offers of affection for his offspring which, at this season of universal good-will, fill daily three or four advertising columns of the Times? It is not only that our boys are beckoned to their tasks with a sweet smile by every teacher who announces the day on which he "will be happy to receive his young friends;" it is a great deal more. One kind lady of high connexions is, I observe, absolutely desirous of adopting

two young ladies; and she puts her intention, as she should, in a distinct way in small capitals before the public. This lady tells us that she is "desirous of ADOPTING TWO YOUNG LADIES into her domestic establishment. She has resided as finishing governess in an Ambassador's family abroad, where she presented her pupils in the drawing-room, and is still in correspondence with families who held the highest positions in Louis Philippe's Court."

There is nobility — though to be sure chiefly French nobility — in this.

The following is characterised rather by sweetness:

ANY Christian gentleman desirous to have his daughter's educational course finished, may hear of a good, select school conducted on principles of piety and love.

A select school of piety and love — a circle of selected Christians. Happy the father who has a daughter qualified for admission among the elect in such a Paradise. It very properly is called a Good school, and I should be disposed to say of it what I find appended to a more business-like scholastic advertisement: "This would suit parties deprived of maternal care."

There are so many advertisements, however, suited to motherless "parties," that I am sure orphanhood ought never to be felt by children. I see that for from fourteen to sixteen guineas a year, little children can have "EDUCATION AND MATERNAL CARE,"

without extras or holidays. "The pupils are carefully initiated in every elementary branch of Christian instruction — including music, singing, drawing, and French." It will be seen here that music, singing, drawing, and French are included among Christian graces. I need not point out what an enlarged sense of duty must, in such a school, accompany maternal cares.

Who would not give twenty pounds a year to take his meals with Mrs. P.? She is a lady, perhaps, not partial to noise, who advertises more especially for children with weak lungs. "The pupils at all times take their meals with Mrs. P. Terms twenty pounds a year. No extras or vacations." The climate being "remarkably favourable for weak lungs," we have here the very thing for a consumptive child; the more especially as there are no vacations to compel return into less wholesome air.

But now I talk about consumption, I must in fairness remark that among other advantages possessed by a large class of private schools in our day, is the fact that they monopolise all the most incontestably salubrious sites in the country. Indeed, I was not previously aware how many localities in this island are "proverbial for salubrity," and it is most interesting to remark how they are now all occupied by schools. Thus, for example, I am told that while at one school, I may have the "highest references

to parents, guardians, and foreigners of distinction, whose sons and connexions are now doing honour to their parents and principal, in the various professions and callings of life, viz., army, navy, church, law, physic, merchant's houses, Stock Exchange, bankers, agriculture, &c. The situation is proverbial for health, shaded, high and dry; and the scenery, grounds, &c., for recreation, picturesque, and beautiful." As for the picturesque, Dr. Syntax need not have gone out of his chair in search of it. A catalogue of the most charming scenes in England could be made any day out of the school advertisements. Evidently nothing is easier than to have a "sound, extensive, select, and guarded education, imparted at" a "very commodious and delightfully situate institution."

I am only puzzled in my choice. Knowing the cost of bread and meat, I feel ashamed to trespass on the generosity of the wedded couple advertising "BOARD AND EDUCATION for YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN (inclusive terms—no vacations—from thirteen to sixteen pounds per annum);" but, on the other hand, I feel equal unwillingness to obtrude a child who might prove unsuitable, upon the lady who "as she chiefly desires to secure suitable companions to two young pupils now under her charge, would mention forty-five guineas per annum." Mrs. and Miss Wicks have care enough upon their minds: how

could I add the trouble of a child of mine, when they announce that already "the religious instruction, health, and morals of the pupils are objects of unceasing solicitude"? Nor would I at any time consent that my son George should help to weigh down to his grave "a literary gentleman of high standing in society," who must clearly be wearing his brain down at the top of an establishment where, among other things, "gentlemanly association, and a climate of unequalled salubrity, are objects of anxious parental solicitude." More than enough care it is for this literary gentleman to keep an anxious fatherly look-out upon the weather, which must indeed have given him, of late, much pain and trouble by its numerous irregularities.

Shuddering as I always do at the sight of a genteel boy, I am precluded, of course, from putting myself in communication with the "clergyman who is educating his own sons," and who "has an opening this Christmas for *two or three genteel Boys* to study with them." Do I misunderstand the offer of "a gentleman, of very high attainments, as well as great experience in tuition," who is "about to proceed to his curacy" where "the neighbourhood is beautiful and society of the aristocratic rank"? While I can put my daughter in a "residence replete with every comfort," or secure to my son, for twenty-two guineas a year, emulative education with "the table liberally

supplied, and every domestic indulgence afforded," (including, of course, French-toast or sugar on his bread and butter,) what need I care whether the society out of doors be composed of the aristocratic rank or of the democratic file?

For my own part I wish myself a coal-merchant and a widower, since I have met with a special request from a first-rate school-mistress that A Coal-merchant would enter into a reciprocal engagement with her, allow her to be a mother to his daughter, and address to her at the post-office, corner of Oxford-street.

Another offer of reciprocal terms I am unable clearly to comprehend, namely, this one:

TO SCHOOLS. — WANTED to PLACE the SON of a Gentleman in an establishment where the services of a Dancing Master will be required, on reciprocal terms.

I suppose that the gentleman in question — being perplexed, as I am, with the multitude of eligible offers—has resolved to let chance guide him in his choice of schools. Therefore, as a man may say desperately that he will marry the first maiden he sees if she will have him, so this gentleman has offered his son to the first school of which he hears that it requires a dancing master.

This theory leaves the "reciprocal terms" unexplained. I think, however, that the brevity required in an advertisement may be the cause of this and of much other obscurity. Thus, when I

examine schools as they are described at length in their prospectuses, I shall no doubt more fully understand their respective characters and find it not so difficult to make my choice.

Here, we have elegant mansions in copper-plate, affectionate addresses and reports presented to parents and friends of pupils. Testimonials equal to anything in the repertoire of Mr. Holloway or Mr. Rowland, and such writing, interspersed with Latin, as the schoolmaster alone is able to strike off. A gentleman who lays much stress upon the washing of his boys, beautifully says, that under his system "Everything is in the youth's favour. The *vis vitæ* acts with the greatest energy, while nervo-electric currents are generated, not only in quantities but in a high state of tension. The body, at this period is in the best possible condition for being built up in harmony with the organic laws. If these laws are obeyed—the corner-stone of which the Intellectual and Emotive are built—the basis, in short, of which the others are the Column and the Capital—the great ends of Education can be properly accomplished. A rapid evolution of mental power will be manifested; every kind of Intellectual exertion will become easy—*mens sana in corpore sano*—and improvement, with a giant stride, be the unfailing result. Under training of the kind recommended, the Men of the next Generation would be organically stronger, and in-

tellectually mightier, and more impressionable for all that is great and lofty in the advancing movements of society, than can possibly be the case when the importance of the skin — the great Lung of the Body — is little appreciated." It is the desire of this gentleman, by water inside and out, to extricate from the bodies of his pupils "vast quantities of slimed up morbid matters," and to develop them by "setting free from static equilibrium dynamic currents of the electric fluid."

There is something in this prospectus so fascinating, something so Homeric in its grasp of subject and its loftiness of style, it contains within itself so perfectly every character by which a fine prospectus ought to be distinguished, that I shall do well to regard it as a model. I do this the more readily, because it was given to me some time ago, with an assurance that the school itself was large, and very much better than the prospectus might induce one to suppose. To me that seemed enormous praise; but it would seem fair praise to scoffers. The school may or may not still exist: but, if it be existing still, and these quotations should be recognised by any one as part of a prospectus that continues to be issued, let them not be regarded as bombast and humbug. Humbug is the strained expression of good thoughts, and differs often from enthusiastic language only in the motive which produces it.

As for bombast, even the great Doctor Johnson was not free from it. I should be very sorry if anybody were to be so perverse as to convert my praise of advertisements and prospectuses into condemnation of men and women about whom I know nothing whatever. As a class, the teachers of our children are ill paid. In their advertisements and their prospectuses they often seek to trick us of our favour by the use of baits which we demand to swallow, and which they very often — if they would not starve — are forced to throw to us.

Others may think differently; but it suits me, and it suits thousands, admirably, to be told that our sons at a given school shall view English "through an Ideologic or Root medium," to have what all must own to be a sensible method of teaching expounded in this fashion: — "As Language is the transmitter of thought, if words are not understood there is an end to the reception of Ideas. Every word has a *meaning*, for there was always a reason or necessity for its being formed. The *meaning* — the THING, the SOMETHING, ANYTHING TALKED ABOUT, is stamped upon *every word*, if we can only read the Inscription: and to learn to read *this Inscription*, as far as our own tongue is concerned, is the great End of Education." We like big sentences; surely it is a good thing to know that a school does not omit Physical Geography from its prospectus; but how good it

is in our eyes when the lean word is larded with tornados, craters, and simooms. "Mountain chains," says my prospectus, "fire-spitting craters, and river systems; Savannahs, Llanos, and red expanses of sand; the Ocean with its bulging tidal wave; the Atmosphere with its simoom and angry tornados; the isothermal lines with their relations to vegetables, animals, and to man, are a few of the topics which a modern course of Geography embraces."

At the bottom of this prospectus is a note from a barrister-at-law, who coincides with me, for he says, "The educational programme, I need not say, is, to my mind, PERFECT." If all the world were to differ from me, and what is more, were to persuade me and convince me that everything I have here quoted as good, has in it some element of the absurd, I could still face the world and ask, How came this element of the absurd into the sanctuary of the school-room?

For, the school-room is a sanctuary, and the true teacher is a high priest. There is no nobler, no sublimer office in the world than to be earnestly and worthily the teacher of a child. If we thought so, if we acted commonly upon a sense of what true education means, should we have teachers advertising and addressing us, puffing like tailors all about us, whenever we went out shopping in the school-market? Schools have improved, facilities of education have increased a

thousandfold within the last hundred years. Absurd as may be the passages I have been praising, true as it may be that some of them can only have been prompted by the spirit of cant or meanness to which it may be said that they appeal, still I do not doubt that behind the bad taste of some of them, there lies hidden right feeling and knowledge. They are not all bad schools which heap their nonsense at this season on our tables. The four or five advertising columns of the Times through which the teachers speak, are not indeed informed with wisdom; perhaps one might not easily infer from them that, as Fichte says, "the teachers shall shine like stars in the firmament." Though many have emancipated themselves from old fetters in their schools, and stand at home in just relation to their pupils, yet it often happens that in their outer intercourse with parents they are unable to move freely, or to walk erect and fearless; they must do as they see neighbours doing, stoop to propitiate their customers.

"And custom lies upon them with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!"

For my own part I shall think well before I entrust any teacher with the training of my George or Caroline Amelia. The teacher I select shall be at least one who is worthy to be called my friend. He shall be one who is, in worth of character, if not in cash, at least

my equal. To such a teacher I will give my confidence and my respect. This I will do so frankly, that if everybody did the same, the schoolmaster would never again seek to entice ladies and gentlemen to walk up, by sounding a trumpet for himself, and playing Merry-Andrew during the vacation at his school-room door.

THE GREAT CRANFORD PANIC.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

MISS POLE was very much inclined to install herself as a heroine, because of the decided steps she had taken in flying from the two men and one woman, whom she entitled "that murderous gang." She described their appearance in glowing colours, and I noticed that every time she went over the story, some fresh trait of villany was added to their appearance. One was tall — he grew to be gigantic in height before we had done with him — he of course had black hair; and by and bye, it hung in elf-locks over his fore-head and down his back. The other was short and broad, and a hump sprouted out on his shoulder before we heard the last of him; he had red hair, which deepened to carrotty, and she was almost sure he had a cast in his eye — a decided squint. As for the woman, her eyes glared, and she was

masculine-looking; a perfect virago, most probably a man dressed in woman's clothes: afterwards, we heard of a beard on her chin, and a manly voice and a stride. If Miss Pole was delighted to recount the events of that afternoon to all inquirers, others were not so proud of their adventures in the robbery line. Mr. Hoggins, the surgeon, had been attacked at his own door by two ruffians, who were concealed in the shadow of the porch, and so effectually silenced him, that he was robbed in the interval between ringing his bell and the servant's answering it. Miss Pole was sure it would turn out that this robbery had been committed by "her men," and went the very day she heard of the report to have her teeth examined, and to question Mr. Hoggins. She came to us afterwards; so we heard what she had heard, straight and direct from the source, while we were yet in the excitement and flutter of the agitation caused by the first intelligence; for the event had only occurred the night before.

"Well!" said Miss Pole, sitting down with the decision of a person who has made up her mind as to the nature of life and the world, (and such people never tread lightly, or seat themselves without a bump) — "Well, Miss Matey! men will be men. Every mother's son of them wishes to be considered Samson and Solomon rolled into one — too strong ever to be beaten or discomfited, too

wise ever to be outwitted. If you will notice, they have always foreseen events, though they never tell one for one's warning before the events happen; my father was a man, and I know the sex pretty well."

She had talked herself out of breath, and we should have been very glad to fill up the necessary pause as chorus, but we did not exactly know what to say, or which man had suggested this diatribe against the sex; so we only joined in generally, with a grave shake of the head, and a soft murmur of "They are very incomprehensible, certainly!"

"Now only think," said she. "There I have undergone the risk of having one of my remaining teeth drawn (for one is terribly at the mercy of any surgeon-dentist; and I, for one, always speak them fair till I have got my mouth out of their clutches), and after all, Mr. Hoggins is too much of a man to own that he was robbed last night."

"Not robbed!" exclaimed the chorus.

"Don't tell me!" Miss Pole exclaimed, angry that we could be for a moment imposed upon. "I believe he was robbed, just as Betty told me, and he is ashamed to own it: and, to be sure, it was very silly of him to be robbed just at his own door; I dare say, he feels that such a thing won't raise him in the eyes of Cranford society, and is anxious to conceal it — but he need not have tried to impose upon me, by saying I

must have heard an exaggerated account of some petty theft of a neck of mutton, which, it seems, was stolen out of the safe in his yard last week; he had the impertinence to add, he believed that that was taken by the cat. I have no doubt, if I could get to the bottom of it, it was that Irishman dressed up in woman's clothes, who came spying about my house, with the story about the starving children."

After we had duly condemned the want of candour which Mr. Hoggins had evinced, and abused men in general, taking him for the representative and type, we got round to the subject about which we had been talking when Miss Pole came in, namely, how far, in the present disturbed state of the country, we could venture to accept an invitation which Miss Matey had just received from Mrs. Forrester, to come as usual and keep the anniversary of her wedding-day, by drinking tea with her at five o'clock, and playing a quiet pool afterwards. Mrs. Forrester had said, that she asked us with some diffidence, because the roads were, she feared, very unsafe. But she suggested that, perhaps, one of us would not object to take the sedan; and that the others, by walking briskly, might keep up with the long trot of the chairmen, and so we might all arrive safely at Over Place, a suburb of the town. (No. That is too large an expression: a small cluster of houses separated from

Cranford by about two hundred yards of a dark and lonely lane.) There was no doubt but that a similar note was awaiting Miss Pole at home; so her call was a very fortunate affair, as it enabled us to consult together. We would all much rather have declined this invitation; but we felt that it would not be quite kind to Mrs. Forrester, who would otherwise be left to a solitary retrospect of her not very happy or fortunate life. Miss Matey and Miss Pole had been visitors on this occasion for many years; and now they gallantly determined to nail their colours to the mast, and to go through Darkness Lane rather than fail in loyalty to their friend.

But when the evening came, Miss Matey (for it was she who was voted into the chair, as she had a cold), before being shut down in the sedan like jack-in-a-box, implored the chairmen, whatever might befall, not to run away and leave her fastened up there, to be murdered; and even after they had promised, I saw her tighten her features into the stern determination of a martyr, and she gave me a melancholy and ominous shake of the head through the glass. However, we got there safely, only rather out of breath, for it was who could trot hardest through Darkness Lane, and I am afraid poor Miss Matey was sadly jolted.

Mrs. Forrester had made extra preparations in acknowledgment of our exertion in coming to see

her through such dangers. The usual forms of genteel ignorance as to what her servants might send up were all gone through; and harmony and Preference seemed likely to be the order of the evening, but for an interesting conversation that began I don't know how, but which had relation, of course, to the robbers who infested the neighbourhood of Cranford. Having braved the dangers of Darkness Lane, and thus having a little stock of reputation for courage to fall back upon; and also, I dare say, desirous of proving ourselves superior to men (*videlicet* Mr. Hoggins), in the article of candour, we began to relate our individual fears, and the private precautions we each of us took. I owned that my pet apprehension was eyes — eyes looking at me, and watching me, glittering out from some dull flat woollen surface; and that if I dared to go up to my looking-glass when I was panic-stricken, I should certainly turn it round, with its back towards me, for fear of seeing eyes behind me looking out of the darkness. I saw Miss Matey nerving herself up for a confession; and at last out it came. She owned that, ever since she had been a girl, she had dreaded being caught by her last leg, just as she was getting into bed, by some one concealed under the bed. She said, when she was younger and more active, she used to take a flying leap from a distance, and so bring both her legs up safely into bed at once;

but that this had always annoyed Deborah, who piqued herself upon getting into bed gracefully, and she had given it up in consequence. But now the old terror would often come over her, especially since Miss Pole's house had been attacked (we had got quite to believe in the fact of the attack having taken place), and yet it was very unpleasant to think of looking under a bed, and seeing a man concealed, with a great fierce face staring out at you; so she had bethought herself of something—perhaps I had noticed that she had told Martha to buy her a penny ball, such as children play with—and now she rolled this ball under the bed every night; if it came out on the other side, well and good; if not, she always took care to have her hand on the bell-rope, and meant to call out John and Harry, just as if she expected men-servants to answer her ring.

We all applauded this ingenious contrivance, and Miss Matey sank back into satisfied silence, with a look at Mrs. Forrester as if to ask for *her* private weakness.

Mrs. Forrester looked askance at Miss Pole, and tried to change the subject a little, by telling us that she had borrowed a boy from one of the neighbouring cottages, and promised his parents a hundredweight of coal at Christmas, and his supper every evening, for the loan of him at nights. She had instructed him in his possible duties when he first came; and, finding him sensible, she had

given him the major's sword (the major was her late husband), and desired him to put it very carefully behind his pillow at night, turning the edge towards the head of the pillow. He was a sharp lad, she was sure; for, spying out the major's cocked hat, he had said, if he might have that to wear he was sure he could frighten two Englishmen, or four Frenchmen, any day. But she had impressed upon him anew that he was to lose no time in putting on hats or anything else; but, if he heard any noise, he was to run at it with his drawn sword. On my suggesting that some accident might occur from such slaughterous and indiscriminate directions, and that he might rush on Jenny getting up to wash, and have spitted her before he had discovered that she was not a Frenchman, Mrs. Forrester said she did not think that that was likely, for he was a very sound sleeper, and generally had to be well shaken, or cold-pigged in a morning before they could rouse him. She sometimes thought such dead sleep must be owing to the hearty suppers the poor lad ate, for he was half-starved at home, and she told Jenny to see that he got a good meal at night.

Still this was no confession of Mrs. Forrester's peculiar timidity, and we urged her to tell us what she thought would frighten her more than anything. She paused, and stirred the fire, and snuffed the candles, and then she said, in a sounding whisper,

"Ghosts!"

She looked at Miss Pole, as much as to say she had declared it, and would stand by it. Such a look was a challenge in itself. Miss Pole came down upon her with indigestion, spectral illusions, optical delusions, and a great deal out of Dr. Ferrier and Dr. Hibbert besides. Miss Matey had rather a leaning to ghosts, as I have said before, and what little she did say, was all on Mrs. Forrester's side, who, emboldened by sympathy, protested that ghosts were a part of her religion; that surely she, the widow of a major in the army, knew what to be frightened at, and what not; in short, I never saw Mrs. Forrester so warm either before or since, for she was a gentle, meek, enduring old lady in most things. Not all the elder-wine that ever was mulled, could this night wash out the remembrance of this difference between Miss Pole and her hostess. Indeed, when the elder-wine was brought in, it gave rise to a new burst of discussion: for Jenny, the little maiden who staggered under the tray, had to give evidence of having seen a ghost with her own eyes, not so many nights ago, in Darkness Lane—the very lane we were to go through on our way home. In spite of the uncomfortable feeling which this last consideration gave me, I could not help being amused at Jenny's position, which was exceedingly like that of a witness being examined and cross-examined by two counsel who are not at all scrupulous about asking leading ques-

tions. The conclusion I arrived at was, that Jenny had certainly seen something beyond what a fit of indigestion would have caused. A lady all in white, and without her head, was what she deposed and adhered to, supported by a consciousness of the secret sympathy of her mistress under the withering scorn with which Miss Pole regarded her. And not only she, but many others had seen this headless lady, who sat by the roadside wringing her hands as in deep grief. Mrs. Forrester looked at us from time to time, with an air of conscious triumph; but then she had not to pass through Darkness Lane before she could bury herself beneath her own familiar bed-clothes.

We preserved a discreet silence as to the headless lady while we were putting on our things to go home, for there was no knowing how near the ghostly head and ears might be, or what spiritual connexion they might be keeping up with the unhappy body in Darkness Lane; and therefore, even Miss Pole felt that it was as well not to speak lightly on such subjects, for fear of vexing or insulting that woe-begone trunk. At least, so I conjecture; for, instead of the busy clatter usual in the operation, we tied on our cloaks as sadly as mutes at a funeral. Miss Matey drew the curtains round the windows of the chair to shut out disagreeable sights; and the men (either because they were in spirits that their labours were so nearly ended, or because they were going

down hill) set off at such a round and merry pace, that it was all Miss Pole and I could do to keep up with them. She had breath for nothing beyond an imploring "Don't leave me!" uttered as she clutched my arm so tightly that I could not have quitted her, ghost or no ghost. What a relief it was when the men, weary of their burden and their quick trot, stopped just where Headingley-causeway branches off from Darkness Lane! Miss Pole unloosed me and caught at one of the men.

"Could not you — could not you take Miss Matey round by Headingley-causeway, — the pavement in Darkness Lane jolts so, and she is not very strong?"

A smothered voice was heard from the inside of the chair —

"Oh! pray go on! what is the matter? What is the matter? I will give you sixpence more to go on very fast; pray don't stop here." — "And I'll give you a shilling," said Miss Pole with tremulous dignity, "if you'll go by Headingley-causeway."

The two men grunted acquiescence and took up the chair and went along the causeway, which certainly answered Miss Pole's kind purpose of saving Miss Matey's bones; for it was covered with soft thick mud, and even a fall there would have been easy, till the getting up came, when there might have been some difficulty in extrication.

The next morning I met Lady Glenmire and Miss Pole, setting out on a long walk to find some old

woman who was famous in the neighbourhood for her skill in knitting woollen stockings. Miss Pole said to me, with a smile half kindly and half contemptuous upon her countenance, "I have been just telling Lady Glenmire of our poor friend Mrs. Forrester, and her terror of ghosts. It comes from living so much alone, and listening to the bug-a-boo stories of that Jenny of hers." She was so calm and so much above superstitious fears herself, that I was almost ashamed to say how glad I had been of her Headingley-causeway proposition the night before, and turned off the conversation to something else.

In the afternoon Miss Pole called on Miss Matey to tell her of the adventure — the real adventure they had met with on their morning's walk. They had been perplexed about the exact path which they were to take across the fields, in order to find the knitting old woman, and had stopped to inquire at a little way-side public-house, standing on the high road to London, about three miles from Cranford. The good woman had asked them to sit down and rest themselves, while she fetched her husband, who could direct them better than she could; and, while they were sitting in the sanded parlour, a little girl came in. They thought that she belonged to the landlady, and began some trifling conversation with her; but, on Mrs. Roberts' return, she told them that the little thing was the only child of a couple who were

staying in the house. And then she began a long story, out of which Lady Glenmire and Miss Pole could only gather one or two decided facts, which were that, about six weeks ago, a light spring-cart had broken down just before their door, in which there were two men, one woman, and this child. One of the men was seriously hurt — no bones broken, only “shaken,” the landlady called it; but he had probably sustained some severe internal injury, for he had languished in their house ever since, attended by his wife, the mother of this little girl. Miss Pole had asked what he was, what he looked like. And Mrs. Roberts had made answer that he was not like a gentleman, nor yet like a common person; if it had not been that he and his wife were such decent quiet people, she could almost have thought he was a mountebank, or something of that kind, for they had a great box in the cart, full of she did not know what. She had helped to unpack it, and take out their linen and clothes, when the other man — his twin brother, she believed he was — had gone off with the horse and cart.

Miss Pole had begun to have her suspicions at this point, and expressed her idea that it was rather strange that the box and cart and horse and all should have disappeared; but good Mrs. Roberts seemed to have become quite indignant at Miss Pole’s implied suggestion; in fact, Miss Pole said, she was as angry as if Miss Pole

had told her that she herself was a swindler. As the best way of convincing the ladies, she bethought her of begging them to see the wife; and, as Miss Pole said, there was no doubting the honest, worn, bronzed face of the woman, who, at the first tender word from Lady Glenmire, burst into tears, which she was too weak to check, until some word from the landlady made her swallow down her sobs, in order that she might testify to the Christian kindness shown by Mr. and Mrs. Roberts. Miss Pole came round with a swing to as vehement a belief in the sorrowful tale as she had been sceptical before; and, as a proof of this, her energy in the poor sufferer’s behalf was nothing daunted when she found out that he, and no other, was our Signor Brunoni, to whom all Cranford had been attributing all manner of evil this six weeks past! Yes! his wife said his proper name was Samuel Brown — “Sam,” she called him — but to the last we preferred calling him “the Signor,” it sounded so much better.

The end of their conversation with the Signora Brunoni was, that it was agreed that he should be placed under medical advice, and for any expense incurred in procuring this Lady Glenmire promised to hold herself responsible; and had accordingly gone to Mr. Hoggins to beg him to ride over to the Rising Sun that very afternoon, and examine into the Signor’s real state; and as Miss Pole said, if it was desirable to remove him to Cranford to be more

immediately under Mr. Hoggins's eye, she would undertake to see for lodgings, and arrange about the rent. Mrs. Roberts had been as kind as could be all throughout; but it was evident that their long residence there had been a slight inconvenience. Before Miss Pole left us, Miss Matey and I were as full of the morning's adventure as she was. We talked about it all the evening, turning it in every possible light, and we went to bed anxious for the morning, when we should surely hear from some one what Mr. Hoggins thought and recommended. For, as Miss Matey observed, though Mr. Hoggins did say "Jack's up," "a fig for his heels," and call Preference "Pref," she believed he was a very worthy man, and a very clever surgeon. Indeed, we were rather proud of our doctor at Cranford, as a doctor.

We often wished, when we heard of Queen Adelaide or the Duke of Wellington being ill, that they would send for Mr. Hoggins; but on consideration we were rather glad they did not, for if we were ailing, what should we do if Mr. Hoggins had been appointed physician-in-ordinary to the Royal Family? As a surgeon, we were proud of him; but as a man — or rather, I should say, as a gentleman — we could only shake our heads over his name and himself, and wish that he had read Lord Chesterfield's Letters in the days when his manners were susceptible of improvement. Nevertheless, we all regarded his dictum in the

Signor's case as infallible; and when he said, that with care and attention he might rally, we had no more fear for him.

But although we had no more fear, everybody did as much as if there was great cause for anxiety — as indeed there was, until Mr. Hoggins took charge of him. Miss Pole looked out clean and comfortable, if homely, lodgings; Miss Matey sent the sedan-chair for him; and Martha and I aired it well before it left Cranford, by holding a warming-pan full of red hot coals in it, and then shutting it up close, smoke and all, until the time when he should get into it at the Rising Sun. Lady Glenmire undertook the medical department under Mr. Hoggins' directions; and rummaged up all Mrs. Jamieson's medicine glasses, and spoons, and bed-tables, in a free and easy way, that made Miss Matey feel a little anxious as to what that lady and Mr. Mulliner might say, if they knew. Mrs. Forrester made some of the bread-jelly, for which she was so famous, to have ready as a refreshment in the lodgings when he should arrive. A present of this bread-jelly was the highest mark of favour dear Mrs. Forrester could confer. Miss Pole had once asked her for the receipt, but she had met with a very decided rebuff; that lady told her that she could not part with it to any one during her life, and that after her death it was bequeathed, as her executors would find, to Miss Matey. What Miss Matey — or, as Mrs.

Forrester called her (remembering the clause in her will, and the dignity of the occasion) Miss Matilda Jenkyns — might choose to do with the receipt when it came into her possession — whether to make it public, or to hand it down as an heir-loom — she did not know, nor would she dictate. And a mould of this admirable, digestible, unique bread-jelly was sent by Mrs. Forrester to our poor sick conjurer. Who says that the aristocracy are proud? Here was a lady, by birth a Tyrrell, and descended from the great Sir Walter that shot King Rufus, and in whose veins ran the blood of him who murdered the little Princes in the Tower, going every day to see what dainty dishes she could prepare for Samuel Brown, a mountebank! But, indeed, it was wonderful to see what kind feelings were called out by this poor man's coming amongst us. And also wonderful to see how the great Cranford panic, which had been occasioned by his first coming in his Turkish dress, melted away into thin air on his second coming — pale and feeble, and with his heavy filmy eyes that only brightened a very little when they fell upon the countenance of his faithful wife, or their pale and sorrowful little girl.

Somehow, we all forgot to be afraid. I dare say it was, that finding out that he, who had first excited our love of the marvellous by his unprecedented arts, had not sufficient every-day gifts to manage a shying horse, made

us feel as if we were ourselves again. Miss Pole came with her little basket at all hours of the evening, as if her lonely house, and the unfrequented road to it, had never been infested by that "murderous gang;" Mrs. Forrester said, she thought that neither Jenny nor she need mind the headless lady who wept and wailed in Darkness Lane, for surely the power was never given to such beings to harm those who went about to try and do what little good was in their power; to which Jenny tremblingly assented; but her mistress's theory had little effect on the maid's practice, until she had sewed two pieces of red flannel, in the shape of a cross, on her inner garment.

I found Miss Matey covering her penny ball — the ball that she used to roll under her bed — with gay-coloured worsted in rainbow stripes.

"My dear," said she, "my heart is sad for that little care-worn child. Although her father is a conjurer, she looks as if she had never had a good game of play in her life. I used to make very pretty balls in this way when I was a girl, and I thought I would try if I could not make this one smart and take it to Phoebe this afternoon. I think 'the gang' must have left the neighbourhood, for one does not hear any more of their violence and robbery now."

We were all of us far too full of the Signor's precarious state to talk about either robbers or ghosts. Indeed, Lady Glenmire

said, she never had heard of any actual robberies; except that two little boys had stolen some apples from Farmer Benson's orchard, and that some eggs had been missed on a market-day off Widow Hayward's stall. But that was expecting too much of us; we could not acknowledge that we had only had this small foundation for all our panic. Miss Pole drew herself up at this remark of Lady Glenmire's; and said "that she wished she could agree with her as to the very small reason we had had for alarm; but, with the recollection of the man disguised as a woman, who had endeavoured to force himself into her house, while his confederates waited outside; with the knowledge, gained from Lady Glenmire herself, of the foot-prints seen on Mrs. Jamieson's flower-borders; with the fact before her of the audacious robbery committed on Mr. Hoggins at his own door —" But here Lady Glenmire broke in with a very strong expression of doubt as to whether this last story was not an entire fabrication, founded upon the theft of a cat; she grew so red while she was saying all this, that I was not surprised at Miss Pole's manner of bridling up, and I am certain, if Lady Glenmire had not been "her ladyship," we should have had a more emphatic contradiction than the "Well, to be sure!" and similar fragmentary ejaculations, which were all that she ventured upon in my lady's presence. But when she was gone, Miss Pole began a long congratu-

lation to Miss Matey that, so far, they had escaped marriage, which she noticed always made people credulous to the last degree; indeed, she thought it argued great natural credulity in a woman if she could not keep herself from being married; and in what Lady Glenmire had said about Mr. Hoggins's robbery, we had a specimen of what people came to, if they gave way to such a weakness; evidently, Lady Glenmire would swallow anything, if she could believe the poor vamped-up story about a neck of mutton and a pussy, with which he had tried to impose on Miss Pole, only she had always been on her guard against believing too much of what men said.

We were thankful, as Miss Pole desired us to be, that we had never been married; but I think, of the two, we were even more thankful that the robbers had left Cranford; at least I judge so from a speech of Miss Matey's that evening, as we sat over the fire, in which she evidently looked upon a husband as a great protector against thieves, burglars, and ghosts; and said that she did not think that she should dare to be always warning young people of matrimony, as Miss Pole did continually; to be sure, marriage was a risk, as she saw now she had had some experience; but she remembered the time when she had looked forward to being married as much as any one.

"Not to any particular person, my dear," said she, hastily check-

ing herself up as if she were afraid of having admitted too much; "only the old story, you know, of ladies always saying 'When I marry,' and gentlemen, 'If I marry.'" It was a joke spoken in rather a sad tone, and I doubt if either of us smiled; but I could not see Miss Matey's face by the flickering fire-light. In a little while she continued:

"But, after all, I have not told you the truth; it is so long ago, and no one ever knew how much I thought of it at the time, unless, indeed, my dear mother guessed; but I may say that there was a time when I did not think I should have been only Miss Matey Jenkyns all my life; for even if I did meet with any one who wished to marry me now (and, as Miss Pole says, one is never too safe), I could not take him — I hope he would not take it too much to heart, but I could *not* take him — or any one but the person I once thought I should be married to, and he is dead and gone, and he never knew how it all came about that I said 'no,' when I had thought many and many a time — Well, it's no matter what I thought. God ordains it all, and I am very happy, my dear. No one has such kind friends as I," continued she, taking my hand and holding it in hers. If I had never known of Mr. Holbrook, I could have said something in this pause, but as I had, I could not think of anything that would come in naturally, and so we both kept silence for a little time.

"My father once made us," she began, "keep a diary in two columns; on one side we were to put down in the morning what we thought would be the course and events of the coming day, and at night we were to put down on the other side what really had happened. It would be to some people rather a sad way of telling their lives" — a tear dropped upon my hand at these words — "I don't mean that mine has been sad, only so very different to what I expected. I remember, one winter's evening, sitting over our bedroom fire with Deborah, I remember it as if it were yesterday, and we were planning our future lives — both of us were planning, though only she talked about it. She said she should like to marry an archdeacon, and write his charges; and you know, my dear, she never was married, and, for aught I know, she never spoke to an unmarried archdeacon in her life. I never was ambitious, nor could I have written charges, but I thought I could manage a house (my mother used to call me her right hand), and I was always so fond of little children — the shyest babies would stretch out their little arms to come to me when I was a girl, I was half my leisure time nursing in the neighbouring cottages — but I don't know how it was, when I grew sad and grave — which I did a year or two after this time — the little things drew back from me, and I am afraid I lost the knack, though I am just as fond of children as ever, and

have a strange yearning at my heart whenever I see a mother with her baby in her arms. Nay, my dear," — and by a sudden blaze which sprang up from a fall of the unstirred coals, I saw that her eyes were full of tears, gazing intently on some vision of what might have been — "do you know, I dream sometimes that I have a little child — always the same — a little girl of about two years old, she never grows older, though I have dreamt about her for many years. I don't think I ever dream of any words or sounds she makes; she is very noiseless and still, but she comes to me when she is very sorry or very glad, and I have wakened with the clasp of her dear little arms round my neck. Only last night — perhaps because I had gone to sleep, thinking of this ball for Phœbe — my little darling came in my dream, and put up her mouth to be kissed, just as I have seen real babies do to real mothers before going to bed. But all this is nonsense, dear! only don't be frightened by Miss Pole from being married. I can fancy it may be a very happy state, and a little credulity helps one on through life very smoothly, better than always doubting and doubting, and seeing difficulties and disagreeables in everything."

If I had been inclined to be daunted from matrimony, it would not have been Miss Pole to do it; it would have been the lot of poor Signor Brunoni and his wife. And yet again, it was an encouragement to see how, through all their

cares and sorrows, they thought of each other and not of themselves; and how keen were their joys, if they only passed through each other, or through the little Phœbe. The Signora told me, one day, a good deal about their lives up to this period. It began by my asking her whether Miss Pole's story of the twin-brothers was true; it sounded so wonderful a likeness, that I should have had my doubts, if Miss Pole had been unmarried. But the Signora, or (as we found out she preferred to be called) Mrs. Brown, said it was quite true; that her brother-in-law was by many taken for her husband, which was of great assistance to them in their profession; "though," she continued, "How people can mistake Thomas for the real Signor Brunoni, I can't conceive; but he says they do; so I suppose I must believe him. Not but what he is a very good man; I am sure I don't know how we should have paid our bill at the Rising Sun, but for the money he sends; but people must know very little about art, if they can take him for my husband. Why, Miss, in the ball trick, where my husband spreads his fingers wide, and throws out his little finger with quite an air and a grace, Thomas just clumps up his hand like a fist, and might have ever so many balls hidden in it. Besides, he has never been in India, and knows nothing of the proper sit of a turban."

"Have you been in India?" said I, rather astonished.

“Oh yes! many a year, Ma’am. Sam was a sergeant in the 31st; and when the regiment was ordered to India, I drew a lot to go, and I was more thankful than I can tell; for it seemed as if it would only be a slow death to me to part from my husband. But, indeed, Ma’am, if I had known all, I don’t know whether I would not rather have died there and then, than gone through what I have done since. To be sure, I’ve been able to comfort Sam, and to be with him; but, Ma’am, I’ve lost six children,” said she, looking up at me with those strange eyes, that I have never noticed but in mothers of dead children — with a kind of wild look in them, as if seeking for what they never more might find; — “Yes! Six children died off, like little buds nipped untimely, in that cruel India. I thought, as each died, I never could — I never would — love a child again; and when the next came, it had not only its own love, but the deeper love that came from the thoughts of its little dead brothers and sisters. And when Phœbe was coming, I said to my husband, ‘Sam, when the child is born, and I am strong, I shall leave you; it will cut my heart cruel; but if this baby dies too, I shall go mad. The madness is in me now; but if you let me go down to Calcutta, carrying my baby step by step, it will may-be work itself off; and I will save, and I will hoard, and I will beg, — and I will die, to get a passage home to England, where our baby may live!’ God bless him! He said I might go; and he saved up his pay, and I saved every piece I could get for washing or any way; and when Phœbe came, and I grew strong again, I set off. It was very lonely; through the thick forests, dark again with their heavy trees — along by the rivers’ side — (but I had been brought up near the Avon in Warwickshire, so that flowing noise sounded like home), from station to station, from Indian village to village, I went along, carrying my child. I had seen one of the officer’s ladies with a little picture, Ma’am, done by a Catholic foreigner, Ma’am, of the Virgin and the little Saviour, Ma’am. She had him on her arm, and her form was softly curled round him, and their cheeks touched. Well, when I went to bid good-bye to this lady, for whom I had washed, she cried sadly; for she, too, had lost her children, but she had not another to save, like me; and I was bold enough to ask her would she give me that print? And she cried the more, and said *her* children were with that little blessed Jesus; and gave it me, and told me she had heard it had been painted on the bottom of a cask, which made it have that round shape. And when my body was very weary, and my heart was sick, (for there were times when I misdoubted if I could ever reach my home, and there were times when I thought of my husband; and one time when I thought my baby was dying) I

took out that picture and looked at it, till I could have thought the mother spoke to me, and comforted me. And the natives were very kind. We could not understand one another; but they saw my baby on my breast, and they came out to me, and brought me rice and milk, and sometimes flowers — I have got some of the flowers dried. Then the next morning I was so tired; and they wanted me to stay with them — I could tell that — and tried to frighten me from going into the deep woods, which, indeed, looked very strange and dark; but it seemed to me as if Death was following me to take my baby away from me; and as if I must go on, and on — and I thought how God had cared for mothers ever since the world was made, and would care for me; so I bade them good-bye, and set off afresh. And once when my baby was ill, and both she and I needed rest, He led me to a place where I found a kind Englishman lived, right in the midst of the natives.”

“And you reached Calcutta safely at last!”

“Yes! safely. Oh! when I knew I had only two days’ journey more before me, I could not help it, Ma’am — it might be idolatry, I cannot tell — but I was near one of the native temples, and I went in it with my baby to thank God for his great mercy; for it seemed to me, that where others had prayed before to their God, in their joy or in their agony, was of itself a sacred place. And I got

as servant to an invalid lady, who grew quite fond of my baby aboard-ship; and, in two years’ time, Sam earned his discharge, and came home to me, and to our child. Then he had to fix on a trade; but he knew of none; and, once, once upon a time, he had learnt some tricks from an Indian juggler, so he set up conjuring, and it answered so well that he took Thomas to help him — as his man, you know, not as another conjuror, though Thomas has set it up now on his own hook. But it has been a great help to us that likeness between the twins, and made a good many tricks go off well that they made up together. And Thomas is a good brother, only he has not the fine carriage of my husband, so that I can’t think how he can be taken for Signor Brunoni himself, as he says he is.”

“Poor little Phœbe!” said I, my thoughts going back to the baby she carried all those hundred miles.

“Ah! you may say so! I never thought I should have reared her, though, when she fell ill at Chunderabaddad; but that good, kind Aga Jenkyns took us in, which I believe was the very saving of her.”

“Jenkyns!” said I.

“Yes! Jenkyns. I shall think all people of that name are kind; for here is that nice old lady who comes every day to take Phœbe a walk!”

But an idea had flashed through my head. Could the Aga Jenkyns

be the lost Peter? True he was reported by many to be dead. But, equally true, some had said that he had arrived at the dignity of great Lama of Thibet. Miss Matey thought he was alive. I would make further inquiry.

CHIPS.

THE GHOST OF THE COCK LANE GHOST WRONG AGAIN.

THE exhibitor of the spirit-rapping at the small charge of one guinea per head, or five guineas for a party of ten; the Mr. Stone who "begs leave to inform the nobility and gentry that he has just returned from the United States, accompanied by Mrs. M. B. Hayden, for the purpose of Demonstrating the wonderful Phenomena known in that country as Spiritual Manifestations, and which have created the most intense excitement among all classes of society," — as described at page 317 of Vol. XVI. — has been exhibiting Electro-Biology in London to certain dismal little audiences; and has attempted to enliven the very dreary performances by pressing the name of MR. CHARLES DICKENS into his service, and delivering himself of accounts of a personal interview held by himself and his Medium with that gentleman at the house in Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, where all classes of society are intensely excited every day at from eleven to two, and from four to six.

As a further warning to the gullible who may be disposed to put their trust in this exhibitor's "facts," we may inform them that he, and his Medium, with their troops of spirits and their electro-biological penetration to boot, are as wide of the truth in this as in everything else. Mr. Dickens was never at the intensely exciting house and never beheld any of its intensely exciting inhabitants. Two trustworthy gentlemen attached to this Journal tested the spirit rappers at his request, and found them to be the egregious absurdity described.

WHAT SAND IS.

SAND is sand. Everybody knows what sand is.

Yes, but all sand is not the same sand. Neither is dust necessarily sand. The sand of the desert on the Isthmus of Suez is firm and flinty, totally distinct from dust; the silver sand of Berkshire, used by gardeners to mix with peat, and so propagate their cuttings, is soft and fine. On the French coast, between Capes Blanez and Grisnez, there is sand which is almost impalpable to the touch; it feels like rubbing so much grease between your fingers. There are glittering, micaceous sands; rich, golden sands; green sands, whose coloured grains consist chiefly of silicate of iron, from the Isle of Wight; sands specially suited to the manufacture of glass, from their purity;

and even artificial sands, to furnish the hourglass with its *memento mori*. The Cornish coast can probably boast of a greater variety of sea-sands than any other county in Great Britain; in almost every cove the sand is different.

And how did they become sands? All nearly in the same way. If we were at John o'Groat's House, and could peep behind some rocks that fringe the shore close by, we should see some small beds of light-yellow, coarse sand, heaped up by the waves in out-of-the-way corners. Take up a handful, and it is nothing else but little bits of broken shells, which have been battered and bruised against the hard cliffs, and against each other, till they can hold together no longer. It is shell sand. They have the same thing in Cornwall. The sand of Treenan Cove, of Whitesand Bay, and also of the vast tracts on the north coast, is composed of broken shells, and is used for manure more generally, perhaps, than it would otherwise be, from the want of lime in the neighbourhood.

Look at a portion of this Norfolk sea-sand with a strong magnifier: it is very beautiful, as well as very curious. The fragments are not all of the same size, nor shape, nor colour. Some are perfect little grey flint pebbles, like their less advanced, though larger, brethren on the beach; others glitter like fragments of flint-glass: and they are mostly

rounded, as if by the action of water. Here are some specimens of cornelian, there of quartz, or silex in its purest form. Before looking through the glass, one has no idea what a droll mineralogical collection a pinch of sea-sand contains. Try it in the sunshine, and you have a brilliant raree-show. The microscopic creatures, which inhabit the sands, have an interminable range of transparent grottos and crystal palaces in which to divert their leisure. The Berkshire silver sand is much the same thing, only on a smaller scale, and containing a larger proportion of quartz. In Cornwall, too, the sand of any particular shore, cove, or bay, has generally one special shade of colour; and a microscope shows it to be of the same substances as compose the adjacent cliffs and form the strata under the sea, upon which the waves are perpetually at work, driving to the shore and depositing there what they fret or wash from off those strata. Thus, the sands at Chyandower, near Penzance, and thence to Marazion, are of a pale blue colour, like the rocks at Chyandower and the shingle on the strand. We have a variety of sands in Norfolk; but the sandy beach, on which I will suppose you to be listening to my second course of sea-side gossip, tells its own history. Here are stones as large as an ostrich's egg, diminishing through minor sizes into coarse shingle, and that gradually passing into true sea-sand. The

series is as perfect as any of those which demonstrated the progress from the raw material to the manufactured article, in the Great Exhibition.

The manner in which the insatiable maw of the devouring sea is incessantly supplied with provender by the falling cliffs of East Anglia — (oblige me by opening your Atlas at the maps of Norfolk and Suffolk before reading many sentences further), — resembles, to my mind, nothing so much as those convenient racks in a stable, in which, as fast a horse eats his hay, more is dropped down upon his nose, or those corn-hoppers, by which pet poultry are supplied with an inexhaustible feast of grain; never too much at a time, but always enough to go to work upon. Every tide eats its meal from the cliff; and when it happens that no new course of earthy dishes is tasted, they are only reserved for a future treat; the glutton's appetite is appeased for the time with the remains of yesterday's, or last week's banquet. And meanwhile, the function of oceanic digestion is for ever going on, unwearied and uncloyed.

The matters destined to be disposed of by this stomach of thousand boa-constrictor power, are, sands and earths, mixed with stones or boulders of various size and constitution. Now, the tidal stream, on the coast of East Anglia, runs for six hours in a northerly or north-westerly di-

rection, from the mouldering cliffs of Trimingham and Mundesley towards the Lynn estuary, while it is ebbing (see map); and for six hours in a southerly or southeasterly course, from the same cliffs towards Great Yarmouth, while it is flowing. The rate of the current is various; but call it three miles an hour. This gives the possibility that a particle of matter should be carried eighteen miles away from its original resting-place in a single tide. But the substances which are easiest removed are not those which travel furthest at one journey. Sand, for instance, is immediately swept away; while the finer atoms of clay and chalk, harder to melt from their parent block, remain longer on hand, and are kept more tantalizingly in suspense, before they are deposited; while the great lumps of rock drop down in company together, in the first instance, rather by having their soft bedding stolen from under them, than from any great amount of transportation which they suffer. The silt, and mud, and fine particles of clay, are carried up the estuaries and left there by the waters, during their temporary state of stagnation at the turn of the tide, till they eventually rise to the surface. The sands are not borne so far inland, but form shoals on the coast, and bars at the mouths of harbours. Between the shoals and sand-banks at sea, the ocean-stream runs like a mighty river, returning in its bed every six hours; and if ever, as some sur-

mise possible, the Dogger Bank shall appear above the sea, tidal rivers of salt water will be the streams that flow amidst its sands. But the sands and the mud find each their suitable place to settle in. To save the cliffs of England, therefore, from further degradation,—to prevent the area of Great Britain from daily diminution, is, at the same time, to cut off one of the supplies of materials by which our havens' mouths are being choked and silted up.

The whole result is, that the heterogeneous materials of the cliff get sorted, according to their kind, like convict prisoners that have fallen into trouble. The German Ocean shuffles his cards most resolutely, but he manages to get the different suits together before the end of the game. And thus we have at certain points, such as Weybourn, Sheringham, and Southwold, those terraces of pebbles that are raised upon the beach as regularly as if they had been piled there by the hands of men. But their state is not final: at first they were rough and irregular; flints from the chalk, granite boulders from the rock; now they are smooth and rounded. For though the sea behaves to them in various style, sometimes only playing with them in gentle mood, scarcely making them send forth a pleasant rattle, and sometimes threshing them with the flail of his angry billows, causing them to spring, and clash, and shiver into pieces: he never leaves them quite in repose. Constant worry and

want of rest are sure to tell in time; he grinds and frets their very hearts out; and the filings, the sawdust, the raspings of his lapidary work, are SAND; which thenceforth, as we have seen, has its own proper course and destiny to follow.

Sand, therefore, is rock and other hard substances reduced into powder of various degrees of coarseness. And there was, therefore, no sand in chaos. While the earth was still without form and void, the materials of which sand is composed had not assumed their present peculiar character. For sand is a highly manufactured article, and requires time for its production. A brand-new planet can no more have sands (unless ready-made) spread over it, than a new park can be adorned with symmetrical avenues of old stag-headed oak trees. Allowing, then, for the small proportion of sand which the winds, the rains, and the rivers have ground out for us, what an old-established concern the ocean-wave mill must be, to have pounded thus finely for us the immense quantity of sand which we have in the world!

A small portion, then, of the sands of our beach may be the result of last week's stormy spring-tide; but they are not, like our coffee for breakfast, all fresh ground for the occasion. A much larger contribution may have been conveyed from the crag at Bramerton, or the cliff at Bacton, after having been treasured in those storehouses for thousands and

thousands of years. Every handful of sand on earth must have undergone this process. Sometimes a natural cement reunites these pounded morsels, and they become arenaceous rock, or sandstone. Old materials are thus used up again, and are once more serviceable in the world's masonry. Shell-sand is now and then hardened into marble; when the pearly lustre of the fragments is retained, the specimens are quite gemlike. Our beach happens, at this moment, to be impressed by the ripple-mark of the waves, by the indentation of the rain-drops which fell in the last shower, and by the footsteps of birds which have been searching for their daily food. Just such portions of muddy beach, upon which sand has been drifted by the wind, are to be seen in our museums hardened into stone, and yet bearing fresh traces of waves, and rain-drops, and birds, that left marks of their action, and evidence of their existence, ages upon ages — upon ages! ago.

The most southern point of the Norfolk Coast is a peninsula composed entirely of sea-sand, stretching four or five miles from north to south, between the German Ocean and the estuary of the three rivers, Bure, Yare, and Waveney, and being less than a mile in extreme breadth. In the midst stands the town of Great Yarmouth; the portions of sandy plain above and below which are called the North and South Denes. The excavations for draining the town, made

in 1851, showed how deep and unmixed was the sandy stratum. The highest portion of the South Denes is a ridge running parallel with the shore, and raised not many feet above it, but still commanding a most pleasing panorama of sea and land, town and country. It is annually used as a race-course; and for a walk or a canter, there are not many more cheerful and healthy spots on the face of the earth. Only, if a squall comes on, there is no shelter to be had, unless one could, rabbit-like, scoop a cave in the earth. On this slight elevation stands the well-known pillar, called Nelson's Monument. But the whole peninsula is a nearly level plain. It is covered with herbage, so short and fine, that to turn sheep and cattle to feed there seems almost as cruel as driving them to graze upon a green Brussels carpet, which has undergone a dozen years of family service. It is marvellous that they do live and grow. Numbers of brood geese also find the materials whence to produce their eggs and young.

The main agent which now causes any change in the level of the Denes is the wind, which not only deposits the drifting sand around every tuft of grass, but also opens a wider gap at any spot left bare of vegetation. I believe that were the Corporation of Great Yarmouth to shut up the Denes for a few years, instead of allowing them to be fed close, their level would rise rapidly from the accumulating deposit amongst the

uncropped herbage. On the North Denes (where stand the mills immortalised in Robinson Crusoe), every tuft of furze is the foundation of a hillock; just as the African sand-winds raise a small mound over the carcase of every camel left exposed on the surface of the desert. One of these pyramids has come to be privately designated by a knot of young adventurers, "The Peak of Teneriffe;" another level and isolated elevation, "The Table Mountain." They are admirable hills, in small, for infantile geographers to explore with a reckless determination of making grand discoveries.

Now, there have been many assemblages of the habitations of man, called towns and cities, which have been overwhelmed by some catastrophe, or whose very site and foundations have been swept away; but there are not many, whose terrestrial locality did not exist at a very late historic epoch. On the deltas at the mouths of great rivers, in recently settled countries, we may look for new cities to arise; the spongy islands of the Paraná, and the swamps of the Mississippi, may, centuries hence, become connected, firm, and sprinkled over with the congregated dwelling-places of unborn colonists. If we take Holland to be, in great part, the delta of the Rhine, we have an instance of an analogous process which has taken place in past ages; but the mouth of the estuary of the Yare offers a still more modern instance of human seizure of the stranded spoils of the waters.

The very recent changes that have occurred on this spot, are fully proved by Mr. J. W. Roberts in his "Scenery of the Rivers of Norfolk;" and he truly states that "natural appearances indicate that the portion of the coast of Norfolk, said to have been distinguished by the invasion of Cerdic the Saxon, in the year 495, was not in existence at the remote era when that invasion was effected." Swinden, too, long since observed, "All the records of Yarmouth universally agree, that the place where Great Yarmouth now standeth, was originally a sand in the sea, and by degrees, *caput extulit undis*, appeared above water and became dry-land."

Dry-land, or make-believe land, might appear, and yet not be very tempting to resort to. The temptation first offered here was that excellent fish, the herring. Attractive as was the bait, the reader is requested to remember, in addition, that the new-made *terra-firma*, on which the infant Yarmouth was planted, was not a mud-bank, but a sand-bank. Wide is the difference in point of health and comfort. Whether in the African desert, or in these northern latitudes, on such a subsoil the air above and the sand below are both perfectly dry, pure, and wholesome; no deadly dews and damps to scare the traveller, or torment the resident with the dreaming fancy or the waking truth of racked bones and fevered blood. Vigour and longevity were thus the in-

heritance of Yarmouth. And the county newspapers still constantly furnish us with instances of good folks, who cannot be induced to quit this vale of tears, till they approach or arrive at their hundredth year. If you bear a grudge against any particular Insurance Office, purchase from it a heavy life annuity, go and live at Great Yarmouth, and draw your dividends till they ask in despair whether your name is Old Parr, or Methuselah.

"So," says Manship, "this sand, by difflusion of tides, did by little and little lift its head above the waters; and so, in short time after, sundry fishermen, as well of this kingdom, as also of France, Flanders, and the low countries, yearly about the feast of St. Michael the Archangel, resorted thither, where they continued in tents made for the purpose by the space of forty days, about the killing, trimming, salting, and selling of herrings, to all that hither came for that purpose." Yarmouth, therefore, could bear on her shield no more appropriate device than three glittering herrings, not even when she decapitated them, and re-headed them, in the first or second Edward's reign, with portions of the lions from the arms of England. Spelman tells us, that "at the first they built painted tents and huts against the inclement air; but by the King's (Edward the Confessor's) permission, soon more comely habitations, and shortly after superb ones."

This point of our history brings

out the fact that Yarmouth had a government before it had a fixed foundation. The moral essentials of a town preceded the material ones. "Order is heaven's first law;" it was Yarmouth's fundamental principle. No Socialism, or Red Republicanism here. "To repress and prevent disorders arising among the multitude upon the sale and delivery of the herrings brought ashore there," observes Jeakes in his Charters of the Cinque Ports, "for want of a settled government in that town, or as here-after noted, for want of a town built; the (Cinque) ports used to send thither yearly certain men as their bailiffs, that during the time of the herring fair they might abide there, and govern all that fishing season." Disturbances do arise, but are soon put down. "One of the port bailiffs doing his office there was killed;" for which the offender "as deservedly was hanged." Even the newly risen land is not free for whoever will to take possession of; for, quoth Swinden — "The original of Great Yarmouth was a sand in the sea; and as then none but the King had any right or title thereto, hence 't is called in the book of Domesday *terra regis*, i.e., the King's Demesne."

Of the herring — the rich ore dug from a watery mine — of the little fish which could thus lay the foundation of a prosperous community, very marvellous tales have been told, and credited. Jeakes speaks of the "herrings, which, by a wonderful and rare providence,

having their constant course once a year round this island, about the autumnal equinox begin to keep their quarters on *these* coasts." Pennant, however, established the general currency of this erroneous piece of natural history. His idea that their grand army, starting from the Arctic Circle, is split by the Shetland Islands into two divisions, one of which traverses the east, and the other the west coast of Great Britain, has been quietly met by the statement of Mr. Yarrell, that the herring does not abound in the Arctic Ocean. It is true that herrings are catchable and eatable later and later in the season, (with several exceptions, however,) as we run our eye southwards down the map; but the theory thence deduced by Pennant only shows the danger of forming too hasty conclusions from a regular consecutiveness of any set of events; or indeed from any series, whether of forms or actions. Fishermen have long, and well known, that the herrings taken off the north of Scotland late in spring, off Yorkshire in summer, and on the Norfolk coast in autumn, are quite different fish; permanently different as varieties of the species, and not portions of the same, or similar shoals. They do migrate, it is true, but it is from the deep to the shallow waters of their respective stations, on each of which the catch is peculiar, and also unchangeable in its characteristics.

The Yarmouth fishermen's numeration-table is founded on a

different principle to the decimal arithmetic commonly in use. The fishermen's tale is reckoned by fours, instead of by fives or tens, both for green fish and for cured. The fish are counted by taking two in each hand, and throwing the four together in the heap. Thus:

Four herrings make a warp,

Thirty-three warp make a hundred — one hundred and thirty-two fish according to the Arabic notation.

A "last" of herring is defined by measurement, instead of by counting, but is estimated to contain about ten thousand Yarmouth herrings; so that a last of Baltic herring would contain more, and a last of Loch Fine herring fewer fish. At Yarmouth, the last is thus measured: — the fish are landed in certain convenient and quaintly-shaped baskets, called "swills," of definite capacity. Twenty swills make a last; therefore the duty of each swill is to hold five hundred herrings, and we may believe that it does not much fall short of, or exceed what is required of it. This is the established practice at Yarmouth, the metropolis of herrings. At other points of the coast, as at Sheringham, baskets used for the same purpose are called swills, but are different in size and shape.

The Yarmouth herring-boats, too, are of excellent contrivance. There are three different descriptions fitted out for this fishery; the smallest are open boats, or yawls. But the famous Yarmouth

yawls are used rather for purposes of salvage, for giving aid to vessels in distress, and for rescuing life at the last extremity. Their crews are composed of men who are an honour, not merely to the town and to the county they belong to, but to the entire British nation. I have no room here to make any further allusion to their courage, generosity, and self-denial. The performance of the yawls is first-rate. One of them, the *Reindeer*, challenged the invincible yacht, the *America*, and it is believed would beat her. The *America* got out of it by refusing to sail for less than five thousand pounds — a sum which she knows Yarmouth beachmen are too wise to risk, even if they could raise it. It is said the *Reindeer* can go through the water at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

The Yorkshire cobbles, from Whitby and Scarborough, scarcely belong to this place. Their arrival is announced by a copious importation of pickled mushrooms and live periwinkles, which latter are seen lying about the quay in cart-loads, causing a rise in the price of pins, and a public fit of indigestion, which puts an end to the game of “pin-patches,” “pin-paunches,” or “winkles,” — the vulgar name of that amusing and savoury mollusc, which learned men style *Litorina litorea*. As soon as the cobbles have done their work, they speed back again. The decked boats, of from forty to fifty tons burden, are the herring-boats. Weather, which would

drive feeble cockle-shells, like the Hastings boats, into harbour, only makes these buoyant things drop anchor, and resolve to face the storm, and ride it out. In that position they have even been rolled over by the waves — turned completely topsy-turvy — and yet have gone on with their fishing afterwards, as if nothing had happened. Some of their ballast sticking to the underside or ceiling of their deck, just served to prove the somersets that had been executed.

But Great Yarmouth has been possessed of more important, though perhaps not more useful craft than herring-boats. Not to mention the forty-three ships, and upwards, of one thousand sailors, with which, in 1347, she furnished the King's Majesty, for the siege and capture of Calais — in later times she sent fourteen or fifteen sail of whalers to Greenland. Two of them, the *Norfolk* and the *Trelawney*, still survive and are serviceable, although they have nearly reached the age of three-score years and ten — far beyond the usual limit of a ship's life. But a vessel of yet more advanced age had, and may still have, her home in this port, — the *Betsy*, *ætat.* eighty, or thereabouts. She has lately been renovated and reconstructed, at a cost greater than that of a new ship, retaining all the old-fashioned peculiarities of her build, which have been severely tested by her having weathered the destructive gales of October, 1851.

A word on the shrimpers before

bidding adieu to the Yarmouth fleet. Shrimp eaters are aware of the great difference, in flavour and appearance, between the red and the brown species. Both are caught here, but in very different localities. The brown, or "flat-nose kind," is taken along shore, and in the harbour; the red sort only in the roads, or out at sea. The present mode and locality of the red shrimp fishery was accidentally discovered some fifty or sixty years ago. The lucky hit was made by some boats that were employed in recovering lost anchors by a process which is called "sweeping." Two boats, at a certain distance from each other, proceed up and down the roads, having a loose rope suspended between them, at the middle of which is fastened a large fish-basket, or "swill," partly laden with stones to sink it. By these means the place of the anchor at the bottom is ascertained; and it is then raised. But in particular states of the tide, it was found that the swill, when brought to the surface, was filled with red shrimps. The men took the hint, kept their own counsel, got nets made, and, for a time, had the first gathering of the harvest, soon to be shared with others. There are now about eighty sail of shrimp boats, quite a little fleet by themselves. But they complain that the dredging of the new-discovered oyster beds has spoiled their fishery, by breaking up the shrimp grounds; and they are now obliged to go southwards into "the lake," towards Corton, for a satisfactory catch.

But we must neither forget that we are visiting lands but lately thrown up by the sea, nor the troublesome consequences of such a recent appearance. A bar of sand thrown across so wide an estuary whence three rivers have to find an outlet, whether separately or in union, is not likely to be allowed to establish itself quietly, without some difficulties being raised. People who run down to Gorleston, on the Suffolk side of the harbour, once or twice in the year, for the sake of the breezy walk on the pier, the busy groups of shipping, and the curious network of reflected waves to be seen at high water on its southern side; holiday people seldom think of the care and expense during hundreds of years which this pleasant, as well as useful, platform has taken to erect. Ladies and gentlemen who come here simply to enjoy themselves, do not dream that it has been no holiday to Yarmouth to put the harbour into its actual working trim.

The present haven's mouth, which now discharges its waters with such force and decision, having at last been "brought into one certeyn course to ronne out into the sea betwene two great peeres," is the seventh which, by the persevering industry of Yarmouth men, "was newe trenched and cutte out over the Denne into the sea." The whole history of the harbour manifests the wearing difficulties arising from a continued

contention with the changing condition, both of the coast, and of the inland tract of country. "From the tenth yere of Kynge Edward the Thirde, for x yeres the course of the haven began to be thought verye longe and tedious, by reason of much Sande, brought into the same by the rage of the Sea, that caused many shoulders (shoals) therein, and partlie by reason moste of the marsh groundes became firm land. The which marshes and fennes could not receive the fluddes in such plentiful maner as they were accustomed." Yarmouth may therefore be pardoned for showing a sensitive jealousy on the whole subject of her river; and especially respecting the preservation of Breydon, the noble expanse that now receives the flood tide, and serves as a reservoir of a power which, twice a day, scours out the mouth of the haven, and keeps its entrance in a navigable state. Outlets had been made, but again and again became unavailable. "The stormy wind and sea prevailing, the mouth of the fifth haven, which had cost great sums of money, was thereby choked, and stopped up." In this extremity, with ruin staring them in the face, it was finally concluded, after many consultations and mature deliberations, that whereas the church of St. Nicolas, in Yarmouth, was then possessed of some money, a great quantity of plate, and many costly ornaments and vestments, the same should be sold for the

purpose of raising money to make a navigable passage. "And yet, nevertheless, the said haven did not long continue in that course, but the same stopped upp agene." Until at last, in 1560, a Dutch engineer, named Joas or Joyce Johnson, "a man of rare knowledge and experience in works of that nature," was brought from Holland, and appointed master of the works, with wages of four shillings per day; and by him the seventh and present haven was constructed.

Hierus, or Yare, is the name of the stream which has given so much trouble to the occupants of new-formed land, the colonists of the sands, whence the town was first named Hiermuth — without the aspirate, Jermouth — which, pronounced in Saxon fashion, is Yarmouth. And without entering into local squabbles, philosophers like you, gentle reader, and myself, will honour the "Inhabitantes of Greate Yermouthe" for the spirit they have shown, and the struggle they have gone through, with but little help from friends and neighbours. "Their charges have alwaies ben very greate, and their Landes and Revenewes verye smalle, for they doe live onlie by there trades unto the Seas, and therebye doe maynteine themselves, there wives and families, and the wholle Estate of the said Towne": nevertheless, by courage and self-dependence, by putting a resolute shoulder to the impeded wheel, by helping themselves instead of intreating others to

come and help them, they have gone on — and may they prosper!

INFORMATION AGAINST A POISONER.

THE subject of the present information, or the hero of the present story is an Emanation. I should say rather the heroine, for, like the most famous poisoners of Italy and France, the thing is feminine. Men tremble at her soft, romantic name — which it has been the good fortune of few among us never to have heard — Malaria.

No, she is not crowded courts, drains, bad air, and all that kind of bother. She is an Emanation in her own right, not of mortal manufacture. Foul city air is not Malaria. Foul city air saps the foundation of our fleshly castles, and makes wide the breach by which Typhus enters, but foul city air generates no fever by itself, and the fevers for which it makes working ground and elbow-room are all contagious fevers, passed from hand to hand. Malaria destroys with a poison bowl exclusively her own; the fevers she produces are not communicable by the touch from man to man; they are intermittent and remittent, known to us in this country in their mildest form, as ague, for example. In other climes, Malaria destroys with a more terrible energy, sweeping men, women, and children, down by thousands. Her bowl is there

filled with its strongest dose, producing fevers, remittent in form or even continued; still in no case contagious.

It may profit us to know a little of the story of this poisoner. She rises from the surface of the earth, her form is airy, imperceptible to any of our senses. She can no more be grasped by the chemist than Titania herself. We know her only by her deeds, and they are terrible. Her deeds were crude facts less than two centuries ago: it is only about one hundred and sixty years since her existence was inferred from them by Lancisi, an Italian physician, who wrote a book about the year 1695, upon the noxious effluvia from marshes. She is a daughter of the sun, unable to exist within the arctic circle, never coming forth during the cold season of our temperate regions, requiring nothing less than the comfortable sustained warmth of at least sixty degrees. In warmer climates she can be most active where the heat is greatest. The tropical heats of the West Indies develope all her energies.

Likemany fleshly workers under heat, the impalpable Malaria also requires a little soaking of the clay, a little drop of something moist to keep her active. Dryness does not wait her corrupt humour. As Venus sprang out of the sea, Malaria will rise out of a swamp, in full perfection. In this country she doles out of her bowl the intermittent fever poison almost wholly on our eastern coast, in

parts of Kent, Essex, Cambridge-shire, Norfolk, Lincolnshire, and the East Riding of Yorkshire, where there are marshes, fens, or low grounds, sometimes overflowed with water. Within the present century, the elbow-room of Malaria in this country has been very much contracted by the drainage works that have converted marsh into dry land. Agues are become rare among us, though they were once common even in London. Of agues contracted in London, both James I. and Oliver Cromwell died.

Along the low coast of Holland the ague cup is carried up and down. For ages it has been quaffed by the dwellers about the Pontine Marshes, near Rome. Malaria has almost undisputed sway over the whole district of the Maremma, which is made by her a tract for many leagues of almost uninhabitable land. At the close of the rainy season, when the sun beats on the damp forests in Northern India, "everything which has the breath of life instinctively deserts them. The tigers go up to the hills; the antelopes and wild hogs make incursions into the cultivated plain; and those persons, such as dâk-bearers, or military officers, who are obliged to traverse the forest in the intervening months, agree that not so much as a bird can be heard or seen in the frightful solitude." Out of what presence do they fly? They fly before the rising of the ghostly poisoner. They shun Malaria,

who will assert her sway over those woods until the days of extreme heat are at an end.

We have obtained from Doctor Watson's lectures all the information we are giving on the subject of the poisonings committed by Malaria.

Represent heat by fire, and it may be said that all four elements — we mean the old-fashioned four — must unite in the production of Malaria. There must be fire, air, water, and earth also. If earth were not essential, then Malaria could board ships out at sea between the tropics. But she does nothing of the kind, she only boards them when they touch at any of her coasts.

But has she nothing vegetable in her ancestry? Where there is earth subject to much heat and much moisture, we usually find rank vegetation, and much vegetable decay. Therefore it has, from the first, been said, and is now very generally said, that decay of vegetable matter is essential to the forming of Malaria. There is no ague formed among the rotten cabbage leaves of Covent Garden, or of costermongers' yards in London. That is a small fact. Dr. William Ferguson has brought together more decisive proof that Malaria may exist where there is not only no decaying vegetable matter, but no vegetation.

In August 1794, after a very hot and dry summer, the English army in Holland encamped at Rosendaal and Oosterhout. The soil in Rosendaal, the valley of roses,

was a level plain of dry sand, where there was no vegetation. It was the same at Oosterhout. To within a few inches of the surface this sand was percolated with water, of good quality; that is to say, fit to drink, and not at all putrid. Upon this ground Malaria produced intermittent and remittent fevers in abundance. It was after a dry hot summer that the British army in Walcheren, over a soil of the same kind, a fine white sand, about a third part clay, suffered under the violence of Malaria pains never to be forgotten, and "almost unprecedented in the annals of warfare."

In 1809 several regiments in Spain encamped in a half-dried ravine that had been lately the stony bed of a watercourse. It contained neither vegetation nor mud. The pools of water standing in the rocks were so clear that the soldiers eagerly encamped about them. The place proved pestiferous as any fen. Several of the men were seized with violent remittent fever before they could move from the bivouac next morning.

After the battle of Talavera, the army retreated along the course of the Guadiana. The country was so dry for want of rain, that the river course was no more than a line of detached pools. The troops along this track "suffered," says Dr. Ferguson, "from remittent fevers of such destructive malignity, that the enemy, and all

Europe, believed that the British host was extirpated."

The river Tagus at Lisbon, about two miles broad, separates a healthy from a sickly region. On the healthy side the country is bare hill and rock, with water-courses. On the other side, the Alentejo land is quite dry, flat, and sandy. That side is held in occupation by Malaria. In and near Lisbon are many gardens in which stone reservoirs hold water during the three months' drought, water foul and putrid, close to the houses and the sleeping-rooms. These reservoirs do not breed fever, among people who live and breathe in their atmosphere; yet one night's sleep upon the sandy shore of the Alentejo, where no water at all has been seen for months — no putrid water ever — would probably secure to the peasant a strong dose of remittent fever.

This does not mean to say that the product of vegetable decomposition is not an unwholesome thing. It means that it is not Malaria. All that is required for the production of Malaria seems to be that an absorbent soil be soaked with water and then dried. The higher the drying temperature, and the quicker the process, the more plentiful and the more virulent will be the poison generated.

Malaria springs rather from a surface that having been wetted has been dried, than from a surface that continues to be wet. The edges of a swamp which

dry, become wet, or dry again, according to the season, are more dangerous than the perpetually wet ground in the centre. When streams have overflowed their banks and then retired again, it is from the dried or half-dried ground on either side of them that fevers come.

Low damp grounds that have been drying and producing fevers, become healthy when the rain sets in that floods them over. Whenever Malaria has power to poison, she is more productive of disease and death, agues and fevers, in hot and dry years, than in years that are cold and moist. In the West Indies, in the higher grounds, the cooler parts, Malaria dispenses poison in its mildest form, producing agues; lower down, in warmer tracts, remittent fevers are the common form, but in the lowest and the hottest parts, the fever is continued. This fact is curiously illustrated by one of Dr. Ferguson's examples.

In 1816 the British garrison of English Harbour, in Antigua, happened to be disposed in three different barracks, one three hundred, one five hundred, and one six hundred feet above the level of the marshes. The dock-yard was among the marshes themselves; and the marshes were so pestiferous, that it often happened that a well-seasoned soldier, coming down from the upper barracks in full health to mount the night-guard, was seized with furious delirium while standing sentry, and died of yellow fever,

or of something very like it, thirty hours after he had been carried up to his barracks. In those upper barracks, including women and children, no fever of any kind afflicted those who did not go down upon duty. In the middle barracks, at a height of five hundred feet, there occurred a little fever, but not much worthy of notice. In the lower barracks, every man — even of those who did not go down to the marshes — was attacked with remittent fever, and one died. The Italians in the neighbourhood of the Pontine Marshes have been taught by experience to perch their villages on hills.

It is after the heat of summer, in autumn, that the poison of Malaria begins to work. Where the venom is peculiarly concentrated, it may kill speedily, as in the case of the sentinels just mentioned; but in temperate climates, the poison is both weaker and slower in its action. Many of the men who inhaled the poison of Malaria at Walcheren, experienced no bad effects until they had returned to England, and perhaps lived for some months at home. Irish harvesters carry the poison home with them frequently from Lincolnshire, and are attacked with agues weeks or months afterwards in Ireland, on the provocation of an east wind or a chill.

It is also a well-known fact, that the inhabitants of districts subject to Malaria become seasoned. At Walcheren, the natives would not believe that their home was un-

healthy. In the pestilential plains of Estremadura, the natives averred that the soldiers were swept off by mushrooms. The seasoned inhabitants of such malarious places are not, however, strong or long-lived men. They are puny, sallow, feeble, spiritless, abounding in swelled bellies and wasted limbs. Even the strangers, having had their dose of fever, become seasoned to the poison. The French general Monnet, who commanded for seven years at Flushing, recommended therefore that, however officers and men might demur, garrisons should be kept stationary in unhealthy places. He adduces the instance of a French regiment in Walcheren, which suffered in the second year of its residence there, only half the sickness it had suffered in the first year, and in the third year almost none at all.

To the statement that the dwellers in a district subject to Malaria, though seasoned, are unhealthy in it, an exception has to be made in the case of the negro. "To him," says Dr. Ferguson, "marsh miasmata are in fact no poison. The warm, moist, low and leeward situations where these pernicious exhalations are generated and concentrated, prove to him congenial. He delights in them, for there he enjoys life and health, as much as his feelings are abhorrent to the currents of wind that sweep the mountain tops, where alone the whites find security against endemic fevers."

There is also an exception, again in favour of the black colour, among swamps. The exhalations from black peat-moss are said positively not to occasion intermittents. The marshy tracts in many parts of Scotland and Ireland covered with peat moss, are quite free from fevers. The same is the case in the instance of the Dismal Swamp, which covers a hundred and fifty thousand acres on the frontiers of Virginia and North Carolina.

What else we have to say about Malaria will chiefly concern certain peculiarities of character and habit, by a knowledge of which we may, in case of need, perhaps be able to protect ourselves against her deadly enmity.

Like many other bad things Malaria is most dangerous at night; she poisons in the dark most efficaciously. To sleep out of doors in a malarious district is to ensure the imbibition of the poison. A ship of war having touched at the island of St. Thomas, sixteen of the crew slept several nights ashore — all of these had yellow fever, and thirteen died. The two hundred and eighty other men went freely ashore in parties of twenty and thirty during the day, returning to the ships at night. No illness occurred among them. Such cases might be multiplied indefinitely. The reapers in the Campo Morto, a part of the fatal Maremma, are allowed to sleep for two hours at mid-day; it is then only that they can do so without danger. All

strangers are admonished at Rome not to seek coolness by crossing the Pontine Marshes after the heat of the day is over. Though they are crossed in six or eight hours, many travellers who traversed them at night have been attacked by violent and mortal fevers. Wise people, therefore, in malarious districts will avoid the night air altogether.

In the next place it should be borne in mind that Malaria not only resembles other evil doers in her love of night attacks, but that she also creeps stealthily, as one who loves the ground and tends by habit ominously downwards. This may be one reason why it is especially dangerous to lie down in the night air when she is abroad. For this reason, says Dr. Ferguson, "in all malarious seasons and countries, the inhabitants of ground floors are uniformly affected in a greater proportion than those of the upper stories. According to official returns, during the last sickly season at Barbadoes, the proportion of those taken ill with fever in the lower apartments of the barracks exceeded that of the upper by one-third, throughout the whole course of the epidemic. At the same time it was observed, that the deep ditches of the forts, even though they contained no water — and still more the deep ravines of rivers and water-courses — abounded with malarious poison." At the barracks of Spanish Town, in Jamaica, three men were found to be attacked with fever on the ground floor for every one that was attacked upstairs. The ground floor was not used as a barrack after this discovery had been distinctly made.

In the next place it should be understood that the poison of Malaria may be wafted by wind into an adjacent healthy district. It comes often accompanied by, perhaps clinging to, mist. In tropical climates, when the wind blows long from the same quarter, it is especially important to keep this property of the Malaria in mind. We can understand by it how it happens that malarious poison, though creeping habitually along the ground, may be rolled by an ascending current up a hill, or even over it, and down by the descending current on the other side. In the Island of Dominica a barrack was erected in a nook between two hills, which proved to be under just such a cataract of marsh poison as might thus be made. The nook proved to be pestiferous beyond belief. At a distance of five hundred yards on the same line of elevation a site was found perfectly healthy. Lancisi, the first writer on Malaria, relates another case in point. Thirty ladies and gentlemen sailed to the mouth of the Tiber on a party of pleasure. The breeze shifted to the south, and began to blow over a marshy tract of land to windward of them. Twenty-nine of the thirty were immediately afterwards attacked with tertian ague. Humboldt says that the town of Cariaco has inter-

mittent fevers brought to it by the north-west wind, which brings with it miasma from the Laguna of Campona. Mindful of these facts, settlers in hot climates should avoid founding towns or houses on the lee side of suspicious ground.

It is a curious fact, that the poison of Malaria, having its downward tendency, appears to become lost and absorbed in passing over water. Crews of ships and boats, very near to a malarious shore, sleep in the open air unhurt, though over land the poison may be wafted to a distance of at least three miles.

The marsh poison adheres also to the foliage of lofty trees. For this reason it is very dangerous to go under large trees in a malarious place, and of course doubly dangerous to sleep under them. The trees, however, can by reason of this property be used for the defence of life. In Guiana the settlers live unhurt close to the most deadly marshes, where a thick screen of the large trees that abound in that territory happens to be interposed. New Amsterdam, in Berbice, lies on the lee side of a huge, swampy forest, in the direct track of a strong trade wind, that blows over it night and day, bringing the stench of the marshes even into the bed-rooms of the town. But it brings no fever. To sleep after nightfall in the forest would be certain death to any European, but the poison hangs among the trees, and the

stench only escapes into the town.

Lancisi knew this fact about the poison of Malaria. He describes the vast increase of agues and remittent fevers in Rome, during the summer of 1695, after a certain inundation, and points out that the bad effects of the flood were felt throughout all Rome, except only one quarter that was protected by a belt of trees around it.

The last peculiarity to be noted concerning Malaria — a peculiarity common again to many evil things — is that her power decreases with the growth of population, and of civilisation. Land that has been well drained and ploughed ceases to be fit soil for Malaria. East Lothian in Scotland was once so productive of Malaria, that reapers then expected ague quite as surely as their wages; now, that region is well tilled and planted with wood, and ague is unknown there. Agues are much rarer in large towns than in villages; perhaps the number of fires burned upon thickly peopled ground may make appreciable difference in the amount and strength of the marsh poison. The Italians date the introduction of the Malaria into the Maremma from the great plague of the sixteenth century, which made the inhabitants too few to resist her tyranny. And, far away from the Maremma, we are told by Bishop Heber that the native Indians were ascribing the increased power of Malaria in Rudespoor

to the depopulation of the district caused by the invasion of Meer Khan.

THE CLUB SURGEON.

PALL MALL, your London street of palaces, does not contain my Club. I have incurred no risk of being pitched out of window at the Carlton Club. I have never dined at the Reform Club. My Club is in the provinces. No doubt it is a very poor affair; and I was a great blockhead to look forward, as I once did, to the day when I should be ballotted for by its members. I am surgeon to my Club. I receive from it half-yearly pence, and pay to it daily labour. Every one may have heard of the Army and Navy Club, the University Club, the Travellers' Club; but there are many, I dare say, who know nothing of the Country Surgeon's Club. Most surgeons and apothecaries in the country know of it, however, well enough. It is one of a strong suit of Clubs held by the provincial medical world; held very good-humouredly, although not trumps, by men who are ever ready to put forth their skill, and play — indeed I must spoil the parallel to say here — to work, and to work hard; for love as often as for money.

No idlers at a window in St. James's can lounge better than the members of my Club do, on a Monday. The members of my Club smoke often, and dine occasionally at their Club-house. They

ballot for new members, they are particular about their rules, and enforce them by means of a committee. Most of the members dress strictly according to the fashion of the place in which they live, wearing, over their other clothes, a kind of flannel petticoat. We have a majority and a minority among the members of that particular specimen of the Country Surgeon's Club with which I am connected. The majority consists of colliers smutted with black who work every day (except Monday), the minority, of potters who work all day smutted white. But in the Club all members fraternise: the black man and the white are brothers.

Brothers all of us in a peculiar sense, and having brethren in all parts of England able to identify us by the mystic nature of our grasp; or, if more be necessary, by a few cabalistic words and signs, which we have sworn not to reveal to strangers; for my Club is a stout branch from the stem of the Ancient Order of Woodmen, tracing our genealogy very far back through Robin Hood. Clubs of this kind are established, it is well known, as Friendly societies; and the member, in consideration of regular payments during health, is entitled to a weekly allowance during sickness, to gratuitous medical assistance, to a fixed allowance for funeral expenses, and to other advantages. Some of the largest Clubs are connected with societies bound, by a system of freemasonry, in fellowship with

other bodies scattered throughout the country; — such as the Odd Fellows and Foresters, while others are purely local Benefit societies. Until the calculations upon which these bodies founded their schemes were put under the control of a Government actuary, they often caused, in spite of the best intentions, a great waste of the money of the poor. Attempting too much they became bankrupt just when their solvency was most essential; — when the young and healthy men who had joined them, having become old and infirm, required to draw relief out of the fund to which they had been contributing their savings, during perhaps twenty or thirty years. It is not my purpose here to discuss the principle of Clubs of this kind, and of Benefit societies. I am looking at my Club purely from the surgeon's point of view.

I was only beginning to get on in my district, doing the reasonable work of two men for seventy pounds a year, as parish surgeon, and filling up what leisure time I could make with odds and ends of private practice, and the work supplied by a few unimportant Clubs. The parish work required the help of an assistant; but, as the said assistant must be qualified, and as a qualified surgeon could not be lodged, fed, and salaried at a much smaller cost than seventy pounds, it was quite evident that I must ride, walk, sit up of nights, make pills, and spread blisters for my slice or two of bread-and-butter, hoping that by good deeds among the multitude of men who could not pay me, I might earn the confidence of some who could pay me. The name of a small tradesman likely to run up and able to pay a ten-pound bill in the twelve months was, at that time, one of the best glories of my day-book and ledger. To get the Woodman's Club was then my nearest hope. There was a chance for me: being the last new comer I was very popular among the poor; and the miraculous recovery of a patient whom I had left to nature, and to whom I had administered water tinged with a little compound tincture of cardamoms, had created for me an enormous reputation in the immediate neighbourhood of some of the most influential of the Ancient Woodmen. Beerley — who was surgeon to the Club — had very often been re-elected in spite of a repeated half-yearly notice of dismissal, on account of various short-comings; but it appeared at length to be quite obstinately settled that his last half year of office had arrived. It was then clear to all the parish that the choice of a new surgeon would lie between me and my neighbour Parkinson.

To compare the teaching and the training which is of a kind to make the thoroughly well-educated medical man a genuine philosopher, with all the petty details of the life he has to lead in many thousand cases as a general practitioner, would be a very edifying task. Parkinson and I had

terrible heart-burnings about that Club, the appointment to which involved attendance on a hundred and fifty men for the payment of four shillings a year from each. But then we reasoned, These men are in receipt of good pay; among the colliers are some charter-masters, and whoever pleases them attends, perhaps, their families who are not members of the Club, and against whom he may add up a bill. Besides, it is all — that indefinable mystery — connexion. Therefore I quarrelled with Parkinson, because he canvassed among the Ancient Woodmen, insinuated himself into the hearts of colliers who had votes, and even courted some of them at the Thistle itself, which is the house at which my Club assembles, and there won the goodwill of the host — always an influential person — by joviality, and an affected love of beer. I thought this unprofessional, and I cut Parkinson; for I was myself a very Coriolanus in the way of canvassing.

Nevertheless, I was elected. The secretary of our branch of the Ancient Order of Woodmen, accompanied by a member or two, came to announce to me, in a dignified way, the cheering fact. I accepted office with none the less dignity, because I knew the messenger to have been one of my opponents. Parkinson attended the secretary's family, and if I were to behave too cordially towards the head of that family, it might be inferred that I desired to take away some part of Parkin-

son's practice. I desired very much that it should come to me, but had no right or wish to take it; therefore, I was in constant dread lest some good-humoured word or bit of cheerful gossip might, by some possibility, be interpreted into an attempt at theft.

Since it is necessary that the surgeon to the Woodmen should, himself, be initiated as a member of that ancient order, my first duty to my Club was to become a Woodman on the next evening of meeting. On that evening I went down for the first time to my Club-house, the Thistle, a picturesque inn at the bottom of a hill road, overlooking a swift river. The evening turned out to be a black January night; and, as I sat by a dim light in the host's parlour, awaiting the moment of formal introduction to the assembled Woodmen upstairs; getting an occasional sight of the unfriendly face of the host, whose ale I was now, as in duty bound, for the first time tasting; and listening to the rush of the river outside, and the discordant blowing of Woodmen's horns upstairs, every now and then, at certain stages of the ceremony; I thought myself the loneliest of poor young country doctors.

At length a functionary with a Woodman's club in his hand, came for me, and ushered me upstairs to a door, before which stood another club-bearer, who beat upon it in a mystic way, who received answer mystically

from within, and so procured admittance. Then I beheld my Club in its supremest glory. Its big horns, its mace, its badges, and its officers and members, looking powerfully grave, as I was set upon a wooden stool. The President then rose and read to me, as well as he could, a very long sermon indeed, out of a little book, concerning Woodmen from Adam and Eve downwards, and the duties and kind feelings by which Woodmen are bound together. I thought there was more than a spark of wholesome, human goodness at the bottom of it; but the absurd solemnity of the assembly, the pantomime properties represented by the colossal horns, and the amazing way in which the President pronounced all the hard words he came to, made it extremely difficult for me to fill the interesting situation in which I was placed without a display, before the court, of unbecoming levity. I repeated certain forms, was instructed in certain childish mysteries, and, kneeling on the footstool, repeated the formal vow not to reveal them to the uninitiate. Having done that, I paid a guinea, as the contribution of an honorary member.

The social business of the evening then commenced; the grave court resolved itself into an assembly of colliers and potters, who smoked pipes and drank beer in a spirit of good fellowship, and abounded in courtesy and politeness towards their newly-elect-

ed doctor. The great majority of workingmen are from their hearts truly courteous and polite. I wish to say something about this. I began practice as assistant in a purely agricultural district, employed by a practitioner of ample independent means. From the first day that I went there, very young and utterly unknown, every cottager touched his hat to me. Strangers who came on a visit to the place, if they wore good clothes, were greeted invariably with touched hats, bows, and curtsies. That is not courtesy, it is the mark of a degraded state of feeling. When I first went among the colliers, I got no signs of recognition until I had earned them. Better wages, and a little more to think about, have made our workmen in the north more independent than the southern agriculturists; but it is precisely because they are less servile that they are able to be more really courteous. Now that I have made my way here and am prosperous, many hat-touchings do indeed greet me — when, for example, walking against the stream, I meet our congregation coming out of church; but these greetings express a genuine respect. I have joined broken bones for the greeters, I have watched by their sick children, I have brought health to their wives, often receiving, and I may venture to say contented by, these kind looks for my main remuneration. The courtesy I get among these colliers is genuine; and, although

they and their wives gossip like their betters, and make now and then a little cruel mischief, I have seen and know that simple kindly thoughts and impulses of the most genuine politeness prevail largely among them. Yet, they are perhaps the roughest and the least enlightened of the working men, except those who are employed in agriculture.

My Woodmen discoursed, therefore, in a courteous spirit; their officers discussed the few details upon which it concerned me to be informed, gave me the names of those who were then sick, together with a list of members of the Club, by which I might know what men were entitled to demand my services, in consideration of the four shillings a-piece paid yearly on their account. So, after drinking a little beer in token of good fellowship, I travelled home through a wet night, with thirty pounds a year added to my income, and the care of the health of a hundred and fifty men added to my work.

Not long afterwards I found myself in charge of a very large number of patients, for whom medical aid was procured through a Dispensary which paid to me three shillings for the whole attendance upon each case, including medicine. In this respect I was better off than many of my brethren who strive hard to obtain appointments to dispensaries that pay them nothing but the cheap accidental advantage of putting their names a little more before the local

public. Other Clubs subjected themselves to my lancet, among them a large Church Club established by the rector in antagonism to the societies which led men into the way of waste by meeting at public-houses. Nevertheless, the number of my private patients increased slowly. At that time, after receiving patients in the surgery, and visiting in busy seasons as many as ninety sick people at their own homes, very often there were only three or four doubtfully profitable private entries for the day-book in the evening, and my poor heart rejoiced at any midnight knocking that might bid me give up my night's rest for a half-guinea fee. Very often indeed, however, the night-call was to a Club patient, or parish or dispensary case. At that time, being unable to afford assistance, I was out, on an average, not less than three nights in a week; and as the average was very unequally distributed, sometimes the act of going to bed continued for a fortnight together to be a useless ceremony that could result only in pure aggravation. I would not record these experiences if they were matters purely personal; but there are thousands of my fellow-labourers who are, and have been, in the same predicament. If a stray Club patient whose case fell properly to the care of my neighbour, Parkinson, disturbed my broken rest, I sent him on to the right door and went to sleep again; if Parkinson were out, and he came back to tell me so, I went with

him: but, if ever in such a case harm came of delay, the heartless apathy of the doctor — who did not care for the lives of Club or parish patients — was noised as the cause of all. If two urgent calls were simultaneous — as they would be sometimes — there was a certainty of getting heartily abused by somebody, and a chance perhaps of having one's professional and moral character be-argued in a court of law. Every month I see some surgeon in the newspapers thus ill rewarded for the hard life he has led.

There is nobody to blame for all this, and there is nothing wanting but a little more discrimination on the part of the public, a little generosity in recognition of the work that country surgeons do. While families unable to bear the extra cost of sickness form a large part of the population, either one half of the people of this country must find their way to the grave without a doctor, or else the doctor must consent to spend a large part of his skill in labour that produces little or no money return. He does so spend it; as he thinks, in the fulfilment of a noble duty. Though among ignorant patients many things occur to vex him, he bears with them patiently, and if he comes with a sound heart to his work, he acquires faith in the poor.

"Love has he found in huts, where poor men lie;"

they become warm friends to him, and become lusty trumpeters to

spread abroad the fame of skill that he has been glad to exercise among them. Our ill-paid work is done ungrudgingly, but after it is done we are a little galled when we are censured thoughtlessly for the neglects, which are inseparable from the performance of so huge a mass of urgent duty. It annoys us when we have patients able to pay becomingly for our assistance, who regard us rather as tradesmen than as gentlemen, require bills that contain long lists of pills and mixtures to be filed together with the joints of meat and groceries consumed by the establishment, and pay us with a secret feeling, half-expressed, that we have taken care to be well paid.

Why, then, do we overload ourselves with work? Why, for example, did I consent to take the Woodman's Club? Because I wanted thirty pounds a year; because I wanted and liked work too, feeling pleasure — as only the dullest surgeons do not — in the active exercise of my profession, and because I hoped thereby to increase my knowledge, my power, and my connexion. When I had a Dispensary and other Clubs added to the parish, why did I endeavour to do all that work single-handed? Because I had not at that time so much private practice as enabled me to pay the cost of an assistant. It is not pure labour that the country apothecary spends upon his parish and his Clubs. They oblige him to run up a heavy drug bill, to buy expensive instruments, and to keep a horse.

The drug bill of a young country surgeon who has parish work and Clubs, with very little private practice, easily reaches fifty pounds a year; and if he has no friend from whom to borrow instruments, the cost of them is serious. He must be prepared to meet every emergency and to perform any operation. He cannot send, as he would in London, for assistance from the hospitals; and though he may send for any surgeon in his neighbourhood by way of consultation, to advise with him, or take part in the responsibility of any obviously active measure, yet the performance of the active measure must be by himself. When he transfers the duty to a rival, he confesses his inferior ability, and transfers to the prompter man his patient's confidence. The country surgeon, if he would act for himself, and incur no risk of figuring unpleasantly at inquests, must have at hand every instrument which, like the stomach-pump, may be demanded suddenly, and must purchase others as they are called into request. If he has much poor practice, and nobody to borrow from during his first years, while he can least afford any expense, the call for one instrument after another will be tolerably brisk. In the first quarter of my attendance on the Ancient Woodmen, I spent all the quarter's money profit on an instrument required for the performance on a Club member of an operation not likely to be called for half-a-dozen times

in a long course of practice. I had a broken leg two or three miles away in one direction, and a fever case requiring for some time daily attention two or three miles off in another. In addition to the cases of average slowness furnished by my Club, I was summoned to some dozen members who had nothing particularly the matter with them, and who only sent for their doctor on some trivial errand, because they had nothing to pay for his attendance.

All this time the followers of Parkinson were on the watch to register against me cases of neglect.

Of course they would and did occur; but as like cases were common to every surgeon in the parish, they were easily attributed to the general carelessness of medical men in their attendance upon the poor. They did me no harm; but as Midsummer, and the great annual Club day and Club dinner drew near, I was warned that a hostile motion was on foot, that Beerleyites and Parkinsonites were forming a coalition, and that my ownites could not maintain me in my place if I did not wipe a certain stain out of my character.

That stain was Pride; inasmuch as the opposing faction, led by mine host of the Thistle, averred that it was very ungracious in me never to have come down to the monthly meetings to take my glass of beer with the assembled brethren. I was too proud to associate with working men. I

was indeed spending my life among them and upon them, but the main point was the glass of beer. Besides, my pride was well enough known, for I had missed the annual dinner at another of my Clubs, and had put upon it the indignity of sending an apprentice, a mere boy, who could not carve a sausage. I was warned, therefore, by friendly Woodmen, that whatever I might think about the best employment of my time, if I did not go to the Woodman's dinner, I should in all probability get notice of dismissal from the Woodman's Club.

I revoked therefore my tacit intention to pay for the dinner, and abstain from eating it. True it is that the eating and smelling of a quantity of hot meat, and the breathing of tobacco smoke, in the middle of a hot working-day in July, can be considered only as a serious infliction; but I dared not trifle with my character. Already the growth of my private practice had been seriously retarded by my unprofessional conduct in not wearing a beaver hat. Subject to much physical fatigue, and liable to headache, I had found hats a source of torment, and wore therefore, in spite of much scandal, a light fur cap in winter, and in summer a straw hat, using Leghorn in deference to public notions of respectability. The want of a black hat retarded the growth of my private practice very seriously. A very lady-like individual, wife of a small grocer, Mrs. Evans, frequently declared

that "she had heard me to be clever, and would have sent for me in her late illness, but she could not think of having a doctor come to her house in a cap, it was so very unusual." As I really could not give in on the hat question, it was a lucky day for me when I afterwards bethought myself of making up for the loose style of dress upon my head, by being very stiff about the neck. I took to the wearing of white neckcloths with the happiest effect. Everybody thought of the Church: I looked so good and correct in a clean white neckcloth, that I drew a tooth for Mrs. Evans in the second week of it. My practice rose steadily from that date, and in popularity I became a rival even to the rector. What I should have done, if I had effected a crisis by repenting of my fur and straw, and resolving to wear a good hat for the remainder of my days, and be at peace with all men, I don't know. Hats I continue to abominate.

But as I had not then thought of the white neckcloth, it was necessary that I should appease my Club public, at any rate, by dining jovially in their company. I therefore not only took a ticket for their feast; but replied to the dubious inquiries of the stewards by a hearty promise that I would be there, unless most urgent matters hindered me.

There was a grand procession in the morning through our little town, when Club day came. The

Ancient Woodmen walked with banner, badge, and bugle under the hot sky, until one would suppose that they must have walked themselves out of all appetite for anything but liquid food. More urgent matters did *not* hinder me, and duly at half-past one I saw the food they came to; solid enough. My place was at the head of the table before a quarter of lamb; down the table there were joints of meat and dishes of ducks, a great many dishes of peas and a few dishes of potatoes. There was no bread used except by half-a-dozen of the hundred and twenty diners; the general sentiment being that the Ancient Woodmen could eat bread at home; that they had paid a certain number of shillings for their tickets, and were bound to eat the value of their money, which they could not comfortably take in bread. The same opinion operated against potatoes.

The colliers beat the potters hollow in the point of appetite. I have dined with City Companies, but even an alderman cannot handle a knife and fork in competition with a collier who is eating out the value of his dinner ticket, and endeavouring to secure a balance in his own favour, if possible. The actual manipulation of the knife may be more dexterous in aldermen; the colliers were sufficiently ungainly in the way of getting through their work, but the amount of work they did, it was a grand spectacle to see. Ducks were the favourite meat;

they were carved, invariably, and eaten, after a plan that would have surprised nobody had they been partridges: each duck was cut by main force into two equal parts, being regarded only as sufficient to supply two plates. As for my quarter of lamb — I am remembering, and not imagining — when I had cut off the shoulder joint and held it lifted on the carving fork in the vain expectation that somebody would produce a dish in which to put it, a worthy collier regarding that joint as a tender slice which he should be sorry to see given to another, pushed up his plate, and paralysed me for a moment with the hungry exclamation — “I’LL take that, if you please, Sir.”

So we began our dinner: how we went on, drank ale, and smoked, and sang, and how I had a speech to make and made it, how the Ancient Woodmen voted me a trump, how I retained and still retain the confidence of my Club, I need not go on to relate. It was my wish to make a little knowledge public that will help harsh critics of the country surgeon to more kindly and more just conclusions than they sometimes draw from awkward premises. In a vague way men are ready to confess that we give much of our toil very generously for little or no pay, but they have only a dim notion of the small annoyances we bear, of the unjust complaints that vex us most when we endeavour most to do our best. They do not practically understand the right

we have to generous consideration from the guardians of parishes and managers of charitable funds, and to respect and cordiality from those who are alone able to make worldly amends to us for the petty vexations and the very considerable sacrifices to which we cheerfully submit.

MISS HARRINGTON'S PREDICTION.

"JANET, I tell you again, you will rue this foolish marriage. You are only preparing a life of misery for yourself; and you will repent too late that you did not follow my advice."

Janet, between laughing and crying, shook her head, and twisted her apron-strings, as waiting-maids do on the stage. Then seeing that her mistress expected her to answer, she said, "But Ma'am, he loves me so much that I cannot be unhappy! He will be kind and steady, and how can I be miserable then?"

"'He loves me so much!' — how many women, Janet, that delusion has led to their ruin! What an absurdity! The only answer a silly girl can give, when warned of her folly, is, 'Oh, but he loves me so much!' And on this fickle fancy of an unprincipled man — all men are unprincipled, Janet — she expects to find her happiness for life!"

"I know, Ma'am, that you are against us girls in service marrying," answered Janet, gently.

"I have heard you say so often, and how silly you think us for giving up a comfortable home for all the misery women get in marriage. And yet, Ma'am, if you love a person, you would rather live in a hole in the ground with them, than in the Queen's palace without."

Miss Harrington frowned. She was a severe lady of the "nature repression" school; and she thought her waiting-maid's speech neither so womanly nor so modest as it ought to have been.

"I don't approve of women loving so very furiously," she said, with a sharp accent in her voice. "There are bounds of propriety even to the love of a wife; and as for an unmarried woman, Janet, whether engaged or not, she ought never to allow herself such an expression as you have made use of just now. It is not at all proper, nor what I approve of."

Janet's great hazel eyes looked down under their eye-lashes at this. She was a simple girl, and could not understand æsthetics. Her Rule of Right was contained in a very few broad touches, and Miss Harrington's metaphysical ethics were always lost on her.

"Well, go away now, Janet," she said, rather peevishly; "and if you have any common sense left, remember my warning. I tell you that this marriage with Robert Maylin will make you the most miserable woman in existence. He is a worthless fellow" — Janet pouted, and gave her head the

slightest possible inclination of a toss — “and he will get tired of you before the year is out. And when he has spent all your money, for he is marrying you for nothing else” — Miss Janet pursed up a very pretty pair of lips: “something better than that,” she thought — “and when he has drunk away all your income, he will get cross to you, and perhaps beat you, and then leave you on the parish. This is the history of nine-tenths of you young fools who marry for love, as you call it. And, who knows? — you *may* have some little children; the thing is not impossible; but if you have, what will you do when you cannot give them bread? Think of that! — a squalling starving family about you! Go along, you foolish girl. I am provoked with your obstinacy. To prefer that good-for-nothing fellow, and all his wicked ways to a comfortable home and an indulgent mistress — it is really too bad! And how I am to be suited when you leave me, I’m sure I don’t in the world know. But you girls are so ungrateful, it is of no use to be kind to you. As soon as you have got into our little ways, and begin to understand us, you leave us without gratitude or remorse, and we have all the trouble of teaching a new servant over again. There, go along — do; try if you cannot spend half an hour in the day usefully; and go and trim my blue cap, and do it better than you did last time. I won’t have Robert Maylin’s love in my work; and I

am sure since you have been mad after that fellow you have done nothing well, and scarcely done anything at all.”

And Miss Harrington, drawing her easy-chair closer to the fire, adjusted her spectacles, and began on the police sheet of the Times; feeling that she had disburdened her conscience, and performed her duty to society.

Janet shut the drawing-room door, thoughtfully: not because she believed implicitly in all the forebodings of her mistress; but they struck on her sadly somehow, and she wished they had not been said. But Robert Maylin, to whom she told a little — not all — that had passed, called Miss Harrington “a stupid old muff,” and told Janet so often that she was a fool to listen to her, that at last Janet believed him, and said, “Yes, she was a fool,” too.

And then he swore eternal love for the hundredth time that week; and looked so handsome while he did so, that Janet, gazing at him with a kind of wondering spell-bound admiration, thought there was more truth in one of his smiles, and more worth in one of his words, than in all Miss Harrington’s fancies and frets put together.

“I am sure you will always be kind to me, Robert,” she said, suddenly, laying her hand on his shoulder, and looking at him in her guileless way, right into his eyes.

She was a pretty girl, our Janet, with an open, truthful forehead,

and a loving smile; and Robert thought he had never seen her look so pretty as now.

"Kind, Janet? Am I a man and could I be anything else but kind to any woman in the world—still less to one I loved? I could not lift my hand against a woman, if you paid me for it. I am not one of those brutes who kick and cuff you about like dogs.—Kind! no woman ever found me unkind yet. I love them all too well for that—though, perhaps, a precious sight of you have found me too much the contrary," he added, with a slight laugh below his breath. Janet did not hear this last clause; which, perhaps, was quite as well, as matters stood.

Janet was comforted, credulous, and convinced. She knew nothing of a young girl lying pale in her shroud in a certain church-yard, because Robert Maylin had first loved and then deserted her. She had never heard either of Mary Williams, the wife of young John Williams, the baker, who took to drinking about a year after she had known Robert Maylin to hide her love and remorse together, and who had been willing to leave her three little ones, if he would have taken her off with him as he offered. She was ignorant of the history of the pretty housemaid in Berkeley Square, where Robert was footman, who had lost her situation—and more too—for love of that handsome villain; and who had been afterwards taken up near Waterloo Bridge, mad with

despair and destitution. People did say he had stolen her savings as well, though she was so infatuated with him she would not prosecute him; and only cried like one distraught when he left her to the workhouse or to the streets. She knew nothing of the life he had led since he left home, a bold and beautiful boy of fifteen, to seek his fortune in the world; and treated as slanders the faint rumour every now and then flying about, of the curse he had been to every pretty woman who had taken his fancy. She believed in his worth, because she loved him for his good looks; and she made, as all women do, the hero of her heart the model of her morality also.

The wedding-day came at last. Miss Harrington, who had been dignified and illused, sulky and snappish by turns, gave the dinner—from charity she said—gave the wedding clothes, because country girls have no notion of propriety, and she did not choose her old servant to disgrace her house; and she gave two-thirds of the furniture—"only to keep the poor wretch from the workhouse at first; she will be sure to go there in the end."

"It is not because I approve of the match, or like the man," she said. "I do neither; it is only from the merest charity that I give anything to them. It is so shocking to imagine that a person who has been as long about one as Janet has been about me, should go to the union and live on the

parish, after she has made one's very caps, and worn one's very gowns! It is horrible! — and I cannot bear the thought of it. So I have done all this just to keep her out of the House for my own sake. As far as she is concerned, she might go to-morrow for anything I should mind. Her folly in marrying that Robert Maylin deserves some punishment."

Miss Harrington was one of those old maids who are determined that Heaven shall have nothing to do with them. Their charity is only contemptuous almsgiving, their mortified affection, vindictive spitefulness; if they love you, it is from selfishness; and if they do you good, it is from selfishness again. She was resolute in making herself out as evil-minded as possible, and took a crabbed pleasure in being virtuous and appearing vicious. On the day of the marriage, she sat upstairs and cried the whole time; but she said it was from vexation at the blunders of the little red-haired parish oaf — she had chosen the ugliest and most stupid girl in the school — who had taken Janet's place. As for Janet — on the whole, she thought she was glad to get rid of her. She had found out that she did not quite suit her.

To do Robert Maylin justice, he was as much attached to Janet as he could be attached to any one. But his love was of a kind that did not wear well: it was love born of personal fancy alone;

drawing nothing of its nourishment from respect, and less from principle. It was all very well while the gloss of newness lasted on it; but it soon grew threadbare and shabby, and then he got tired of it. The first months of his married life went on smoothly enough. The pretty cottage and the pretty wife, the air of peace and love within those four walls, had a charm for Robert which surprised himself, vagrant as he was by nature. He liked his new occupation too — that of a market-gardener — and felt the effect of its healthful action on his frame, which was not a little enfeebled by his London habits. And being a very clever fellow, handy and capable, he soon learnt his business as well as the best of them, and made some splendid hits in cabbages and cauliflowers. It was a pleasant change to him altogether, and he did not regret his plush and gold-knobbed stick more than once or twice a week — when he was teased with snails, or baffled by blight.

But this season of pleasure did not last long. With the waning summer sun faded Robert Maylin's frail flowers of love; and when the autumn moon had passed away, scarce a leaf remained to scent the air. His garden became stupid, and his work degrading; his house was small and mean — so different to the jolly times of Chesham Place and Berkeley Square! His wife was growing ugly, and deemed tiresome; some-how he wished that he had never

married. He was a deal better off as he was. What need had he to screw himself up for life in a village, with a silly woman and a parcel of yokels? he used to say, as he went to the alehouse; where he found more amusement in skittles, and the barmaid's saucy blue eyes, than in his own home, or his own wife. This was his nature. If he had married an angel, he would have exchanged her for a devil; and six months of Venus would have seen him Medusa's lover on the seventh.

Janet saw the change, but she tried to soothe it away like a sickness. She did her best to make her house inviting, and herself smart — a quality which Robert placed at the head of all feminine virtues. But all would not do. He had wearied of matrimony as he had wearied of love so often before; and you cannot bring back the dead to life. He was tired of her affection, and bored by her attentions; and he wished twenty times a day that he had never left his plush and his foot-board. And at last he told Janet plainly, that she bothered him, and he wished she would leave him alone.

Janet had a pair of red eyes that evening when Miss Harrington sent for her to give her a scolding, and a baby's cap.

"Perhaps it teases Robert that I am changed, and can't do as I used, and don't look as I used," she thought, as she slowly walked to her former home. "When it is all over, and things put to rights

again, and when he has baby to play with he will like his own home again. Men are different to us, and don't feel the happiness we do in these things." And she concluded her soliloquy by sobbing bitterly, which of course was a manifestation of the happiness she was feeling at present.

When her mistress rated her for her red eyes, after she had scolded her sufficiently for her impropriety, and vowed that she had made an unhappy marriage after all — in the tone of a policeman charging her with murder, Janet stoutly denied all moral causes for depression, and stood by the physical like a heroine.

"One feels differently at these times, Ma'am, and one cannot help crying for nothing. It does one good, and seems to relieve one. Robert is kind as kind can be, and I have no fault to find with any one."

And then she sat down on a chair, and wept as if her heart was breaking.

When she went to bed that night, she asked pardon for her falsehood. But as she looked at her husband lying there, half drunk, and thought how handsome and manly he was, she felt she had been justified in lying for him. And then she pushed his curls from off his forehead; when he swore, and struck out clumsily, and called her bad names in his brutal, stupid, drunken sleep.

The baby was born, and Robert less inclined for home than ever. He hated to hear it cry

— and what baby will not cry? — and he hated to see his wife nurse, and fondle it. And how are babies to live, if wives don't nurse and fondle them?

Things went on in this manner; only getting worse as Robert fell from weariness to neglect, from neglect to dislike, and finally to ill-usage. Every tear from Janet was a reproach vehemently resented; every caress an annoyance brutally rejected; her plaintive voice was the very thing to drive him from home for amusement, and her forced cheerfulness sent him out of doors for quiet. Sad or gay, smiles or tears, love or reproach — it was all the same; he would be ill-used, and find an excuse for himself in her conduct.

Another baby was born — almost within the year — making such a rapid advance towards a patriarchal condition of household that Robert talked moodily of the workhouse. But Janet thought that drink, not babies, would bring him to the workhouse, if ever he went there.

Things grew worse daily; Janet had black eyes and bruised lips often now, and her gait and actions were those of a person badly lamed. Robert had taken to beat her whenever he was tipsy — which was almost every night — till sometimes she thought he would murder her. And if it had not been for the children, she would rather have preferred his putting her out of the way, as she

called it; if he would not have been hung for it!

One morning she rose early, after a night of heavy, dreamless sleep. But not so early as her husband, whose place by her was empty. As she glanced round the room, something strange and unfamiliar struck her. She did not at first understand what it was, but soon the open drawers, the rifled boxes, the scattered furniture, told her that she had been robbed while she slept so heavily that past night. Trembling she called her husband; but no one answered. Hurrying on a few clothes she ran downstairs, where a scene of infinitely worse confusion shocked and frightened her still more. The little stock of plate, partly bought by her own money, partly given by good Miss Harrington, and greatly prized, was gone; the best of the books — not best for their contents but for their bindings, which was all Robert Maylin was likely to think of — had likewise gone; the portable little prettinesses about the house; and, when Janet came to examine more minutely into matters, a small sum of money, which she had saved as a beginning for the children, had been carried off. All her best gowns and shawls were missing as well, and Robert Maylin with them. An amethyst brooch, which Miss Harrington had given her on her wedding-day; a little alabaster figure of more beauty than worth, but which Janet had loved almost like a living creature; and an old-

fashioned gold watch that had been an heir-loom in the family for generations, and which was popularly believed to have belonged to that fabulous squire, whom most country families claim as their original progenitor — these had disappeared, together with the rest; and poor Janet felt utterly bereft of every possession in the world.

Search was made throughout the country; but Robert Maylin was not to be found. Janet was obstinate in her belief in ditches and drunkenness, and often expressed her conviction that her husband would turn up again somehow. She refused positively to look on him as the thief, and used to cry bitterly when her neighbours, in their rough way, asserted that her own husband had robbed her. He might desert her, because he no longer loved her; but how could she think him capable of such a wickedness as this? However, a letter from Liverpool set the matter at rest. For, without touching on the robbery, Master Robert coolly asserted his intention of proceeding forthwith to the United States, whither he was driven, he said, by the fear of a large family, and from whence he would return when he could support his wife and children as became him. It was an artful letter, and left a large margin for future events. It ended by exhorting Janet to be a sensible girl, and not to fret after him; that he should work for her, and she would be better without

him. In which opinion many of the villagers concurred.

Janet found that loneliness is not always friendlessness. As if called up by magic, a host of kind hands pressed round her in her hour of need; a host of kind hearts offered her their sympathy, and loving faces spoke their pity. Miss Harrington was generous and acid as usual. She rated Janet for hours together for her folly in marrying that good-for-nothing fellow; for her wickedness in having two children so fast on each other's heels, when she had nothing to give them; and for her babyish belief in the possibility of any other robber than her husband. At the same time, she gave the babies food and clothing, and set up Janet as a green-grocer in the neighbouring town; for which business her apprenticeship in her husband's market-garden peculiarly fitted her.

Time wore on, and fortune gave good gifts to Janet. By steadiness to her business, she gathered a large trade together. Something, perhaps, was owing to her touching history, and something also to her touching manners; which, tranquil and gentle, had such a tinge of melancholy in them, that even a casual customer must have been won over. Her children were her pride. Well dressed, well educated, they might stand amongst the children of far grander people than she, as pretty and oftentimes better behaved than any of them. She did

not spoil them, though she sacrificed everything for them, but she was bringing them up with almost patrician delicacy, and with full as much patrician tenderness. They were sweet children, and she might well be proud of them, and not unwisely anchor her whole cargo of future happiness on their well-being and good conduct.

The children had been just put to bed, and Janet was working in the back parlour. The shop was shut, and all was silent; only the hurried tread of a few passers-by was heard, mingled with the shrill laughter of idle boys and girls congregated in the lanes by the scanty gas-lights of the little town.

A knock came to the street-door. Who could it be at this time of night? The widow led a quiet and respectable life, and was not accustomed to visitors so late as this — and was not fond of them either. However, it might be a neighbour wanting assistance in some way; so she rose and went to the door, which she opened with a kind of quake, feeling that presence of evil which sensitive natures do feel, even while undiscovered.

"Who is there?" she said, shading the candle with her hand, so that all the light flared upon her own face.

"Janet, to you not know me?" said a voice she knew too well. A man's hand touched her arm, and her husband strode into the shop.

He was paler than when she saw

him last, thinner, a trifle bald, and his hair was sprinkled with grey. His eyes were blood-shot, perhaps with travelling, and his whole appearance was worn and shabby. Janet set down the candle, and stood for a moment irresolute. She neither screamed nor fainted; but she looked ghastly by the flickering light, and she could scarcely breathe.

"Janet," said her husband, in his gentlest tone, taking her hand lightly between his own, as one holding by sufferance, not by right, "are you glad to see me again, or have I behaved so badly, and you have been too angry ever to forgive me? Shall I go back, Janet, to all the misery of my self-reproaches, feeling that you have not forgiven me, and that God has not accepted my repentance, or will you live with me again, a penitent and reformed man? I have repented, wife, most bitterly of all that I have done wrong against you. Will you not allow my penitence to produce my pardon? Eh, Janet?"

Janet was overcome. After all he was her own husband, lawfully married by the creed of her childhood, and bound by ties that no man was to put asunder — the minister had said so — and he was the father of her children. If she herself still nourished feelings of bitterness against him, had she the right to deprive her little ones of a father? Poor Janet! She gave a deep sob, and then flung her arms round the man's neck, and murmured some misquoted

passages about a prodigal son, which seemed to relieve her soul mightily, though they were not quite correct.

Robert was taken to see his children as they lay sleeping in their little cots by the side of the mother's bed. And the sight affected him much, to judge by his tears and upturned eyes, his low-breathed blessings and tender caresses. By the side of those little cots he told Janet how guilty he had been, but only for leaving her; he stoutly denied all knowledge of or participation in the robbery, occasioned, he suggested, by his leaving the cottage-door ajar; how deeply he felt his wickedness; and how resolved he was that a future of untiring good should wash out his past of evil. Janet, naturally a credulous woman — because a fond one — was doubly convinced, and doubly happy. She had received back, not only her husband, but a saint as well, and henceforth might expect sanctification of heart together with happiness of life in her renewed wedlock. She kissed her husband tenderly and welcomed him anew, saying, "I always believed you innocent!"

Janet's friends were all displeased when it was noised abroad that Robert had returned, and had been received by her. Miss Harrington withdrew her custom, and denied her house; and many of her old supporters grumbled at her loudly, and called her a fool for her pains. Janet let them grumble. Too happy in her love,

and too confident in her happiness, she was indifferent to the storm without; and, though not ungrateful for all that had been done for her, she felt that she had taken the better part by her reconciliation so fully, that these murmurs sank into insignificance before the weight of her spiritual convictions. If she had been foolish, yet she had been also morally right; and a conscientious person can well bear up against the charge of folly, when backed with this conviction of right.

"Janet," said Robert, after he had been with her about a month, "your custom has fallen off very much. Your books do not give one half they did before I came. How is this?"

He spoke in a dry unpleasant voice, with a sharp suspicious glance, and a dictatorial manner.

"I don't know, Robert," replied Janet, quietly, "unless it be that I have offended some of my friends, which I know I have done, and my business has suffered in consequence."

"We can't go on in this way," Robert said, with a still more unpleasant manner.

"Oh! I am not afraid! Steadiness will bring it all back again."

"And in the meantime are we to starve?"

"Starve! — no, dear. I have plenty. I have saved fifty pounds already. It is in the bank, and we shall do very badly if we eat up that before I get my custom back again."

Robert's eyes sparkled. "Fifty

pounds!" he said, coaxingly. "Little miser! you never told me of this!"

Janet blushed painfully. Something foreboded evil to her, and she would willingly have retracted her admission, if she could have done so. Not that she had any definite suspicion or any definite fear. It was simply the vague foreboding that usually accompanies a false step.

"It is for the children," she said hurriedly. "And so I keep it sacred, even from myself. Only the workhouse should drive me to use it."

This was said gently, but with a certain firmness of voice and decision of manner not to be mistaken.

Robert was silent. But all that day, and the next, and the day after, he was more loving, playful, tender, fascinating, than he had ever been; either before or after their marriage.

"You had much better sell your stock and good will and go out to America," he said, suddenly, on the fourth day. "You are losing your custom more and more every day, and soon you will have nothing left to sell. Take my advice, and part with all while you can command your market. You will do better with me in New York."

They were alone. It was evening, and the little ones were in bed. Robert drew his wife on his knee and kissed her.

"Sell all that you have," he repeated, "and come back with me

to America. I had a capital situation in New York, which I gave up to come to you; but I may have it again if I go back and ask for it within the year. My master promised it. Be advised by me, Janet. I know the world better than you do. And is not our fortune the same?"

Janet at first demurred, then wept, then relented, then refused again, wept afresh, and finally consented; won over by the grand promises and tender caresses her husband lavished on her alternately. He had behaved so well since he came back — he seemed to be so thoroughly reformed — that Janet felt she would have been wicked to have doubted him. And was she not bound by the laws of God and man to obey and follow him whithersoever he might command? Janet's religion somehow always took the form of conjugal obedience — though who should say it was from conjugal affection?

It was then agreed between them that a sale should be announced, and that Janet should dispose of her house and trade, her furniture, good will, everything she had called her own (Robert always said "ours"), and set out with her husband to the New World, to begin afresh, and enter on a new and blessed life of prosperity alone.

Amidst ridicule, entreaties to reconsider her step, and representations of the bitterest misery, amidst prophecies of desertion, perhaps of murder, and earnest

prayers to cast off this infatuation, Janet stole softly among her friends on the day of the sale, trying hard to keep up her heart, and to believe in her own wisdom, and her husband's goodness, but failing miserably, as each fresh volley of satire or of entreaty burst upon her. If she could have retracted she would; but the thing was done now; and right or wrong she must abide by her own decision.

The sale was effected, and by it Janet realised a large sum of money; larger than what she expected, or would have gained, had she not been so popular and beloved. Altogether, taking out the fifty pounds before mentioned, she made up one hundred and fifty pounds, and with this her husband asserted to her and everybody else, they could make their fortunes in five years.

They took ship at Liverpool and sailed for New York.

They had a prosperous voyage, and Janet and the children bore it well. Robert, though nothing like the old Robert of brutality and ill-usage, was yet nothing like the tender husband he had been of late. He was moody and snappish, and more than once he told Janet that a wife was a great hindrance to a man, and that if he had been alone with such a capital to start with, he would have been a gentleman in a year or two.

"But if you had been alone, dear, you would not have had such a capital," said Janet, simply. "You know I made it for us."

He growled something unintelligible, and walked away. Janet's heart sank within her.

"If I have been a fool after all! — if I have been deceived again!" she thought as she watched him stalking in the distance. But she would not give way to such a thought, and felt quite penitent that it had crossed her.

"You must not mind my humours," said Robert, coming back after a short time. "I was always a sulky, ill-tempered boy, and, Heaven mend me! I am not much better now. Don't mind me, Janet, I don't mean half I say."

He patted her head kindly, and kissed her forehead, and for the next two or three days they were very happy.

Land was in sight, and all was animation. People running frantically above and below, rushing after their luggage like mad things, crying with pleasure or stilled by anticipation, the fond heart beating, the needy soul hoping, mothers calling to their little ones to look at that dim strip in the horizon and to believe that it was America; all the bustle of a passenger-ship nearing port bewildered rather than amused Janet.

"Here, Janet, take out the money from that box," said Robert. "In all this confusion it is not safe, for I shall have to leave you on board while I go and look for lodgings. Take it out and I will secure it."

Janet obeyed unhesitatingly.

"Where shall I put it?" she asked. that. Rules must be obeyed, and discipline kept up.

"Sew it into the inside of my waistcoat," said Robert, quietly. "It will be safe there."

She did as she was told; stitching it in securely.

"I will come back again for you and the children," he then said, kissing her, "as soon as I have found lodgings. It is such a tramp for us all to go together; you stay quietly till I come and fetch you. Hurrah, Janet! we are at home at last!"

He ran up on deck gaily, and flung himself into the first boat going off to shore. As long as Janet could see him he stood in the stern, waving his hand and then his handkerchief.

Hours — long, weary, endless hours passed by, and no one returned for Janet. By degrees and in time the whole vessel was emptied, and only the wife and her two children remained. It was against rules that they should stay any longer, and the first mate came and told her they must "clear out."

"My husband has gone for lodgings for us, Sir," said Janet, trembling. "He has not come back yet, and I do not know where to go to."

The first mate was very sorry — they should have managed better — he would have allowed her to stay if he could, but it was against orders and he must obey his captain. He was really very sorry for her; but she must clear out in double quick time for all

There was no help for it. Janet was put on shore with her two children, and must fare for herself as well as she could. She had five shillings in her pocket, which she calculated would give them all supper and a bed to-night, and to-morrow she would find her husband if he was alive in New York.

Wandering about, all bewildered at the strange place, not knowing where she was or where she must go, holding her children in her hand, one of whom was crying bitterly from weariness and dread, she met a motherly-looking, handsome woman of middle age, with a kind eye and positive brow; a woman that made you love her and obey her at the same moment. She looked hard at Janet and half stopped. Janet, swayed by one of her usual impulses, stopped too, and spoke to her.

"My husband left me in the ship this morning," she said, "to look for lodgings for me and the children. I am afraid that some accident has happened to him, for he has never come back; I was obliged to leave the vessel; they would not let me sleep there —"

"It is against orders," said the stranger promptly.

"Yes, so the mate told me, Ma'am. But as I am a perfect stranger here, I don't know where to go to, and my children are getting tired and sleepy. Can you

tell me where I can find a respectable lodging for the night?"

"Come home with me," said the woman, after a moment's pause. "I see that you are a stranger, and I am sure you are respectable. I will give you a bed to-night, and you can look for your husband to-morrow. A fool! to leave you in this manner. What was the man about, I wonder?"

Janet thanked her gratefully, and the woman took her home.

They had supper and beds prepared for them; all done in a certain great-hearted, motherly, majestic way, that impressed Janet deeply. Not much conversation passed; for the poor girl was both too tired and too anxious to talk; but she kissed her hostess in a child-like loving manner, and cried on her neck, and clung to her tenderly, and thanked her with an almost passionate gratitude. "Not for herself so much," she said, "as for her dear children." And the stranger seemed to read right down to the bottom of her guest's heart, and to renew again and again all the freshness of her motherly cares. And so they parted for the night; Janet holding the hand of her hostess long and lingeringly, and wondering at herself afterwards at the strength of the impulse which attracted her.

She went to bed early as it was, but she could not sleep. A thousand nervous fancies, a thousand horrible fears, disturbed her. She tried to hope there was some mistake on her husband's part, but

she failed sorely in her attempt; and at last, abandoning herself to a fit of despair — almost like madness — she gave herself up to the terrible belief that she had again trusted, and been again deserted. — Deserted, robbed, left to starve and die, she and her children, in this strange, wild city! And this was the man she had loved so trustingly; this was the man who had perjured himself so fearfully!

A voice called cheerily through the hall — "Bessie! Bessie! wife! come down." A man's step strode rapidly through the rooms, and Janet heard her husband laugh as he met her hostess merrily, and called her "wife," and "sweet-heart." He was laughing gaily, singing snatches of popular ballads; and the mistress of the house was laughing too.

"You ungrateful vagabond," said the woman he had called Bessie. "Is this the way you behave to your lawful wife the first day of your return, after such a long absence? What trick have you been playing now, I wonder?"

Robert said something, but Janet could not catch the words. He seemed, however, to be giving the woman something, for she laughed gently and cried, "How beautiful!" and then she stifled her voice somehow, and then they both laughed again gaily, gaily; and in a short time they sat down to supper so merry and happy! while that poor pale girl lay like death between her children.

"What do you think I have done, Robert?" said the woman after a short pause.

"What, Bess? I am no hand at riddles, and cannot guess. Out with it, old lady."

"Why, I met a poor woman to-day with her two children; she had just come from England, and her fool of a husband had left her on board, while he went to look for lodgings for them. He left her so long that she was obliged to clear out before he came back. She is a nice, pretty, respectable young thing, and I was glad to serve her. Besides" — and that genial voice took such a tone of womanly tenderness, it made Janet's heart ache to think how sadly misplaced! — "she was a countrywoman of yours, dear, and I could not help thinking somehow of your sister, or — or — your first sweetheart."

When she said this, it seemed to Janet as if she kissed him.

"You shall see her to-morrow, dear, perhaps you may know something of her. By the bye I dare say she came over in your-ship! I never thought to ask her the name. How stupid of me! but how lucky that I met her. You may be able to do something for her — perhaps find her lout of a husband, and teach him not to lose his wife again. Poor young creature! It so went to my heart to see her look so pale and desolate."

Every word of which Janet heard as if a thousand trumpets had sounded.

There was a dead silence. It seemed as if her husband was too much startled, too much oppressed, to venture on an answer. Perhaps he was afraid of his voice, which would either betray his agitation to the one, or his existence to the other.

"Are you not well, my dear?" then said Bessie, kindly. "How pale you have turned all at once!"

"It is nothing, dear," answered Robert in so low a voice, that had not Janet's hearing been sharpened to intensity by agony, she could not have understood what he said. He seemed afraid of being overheard, she thought, and spoke almost in a whisper.

"But something is the matter, dear. Tell me what it is!"

"Nothing, nothing; only a little pain in my chest. Come! give me another glass of brandy; that will cure me, I warrant."

After this Janet heard nothing more distinctly. The conversation was carried on in a subdued tone, as between people sitting close, side by side. Only once Janet distinguished the words, "successful spec — above a hundred pounds — waistcoat — give it you to-morrow." Soon after this they went to bed, and Janet heard them both talking in low whispers, in the room next her own. She could distinguish their different steps across the floor, and hear their faintest movement through the thin partition. She even knew when they came to the side next her room, and could fancy all their actions. She herself lay as

still as death, for she thought that Robert was listening; she heard him come to the partition, and stand there for a moment quite quiet, as if to hear whether she was astir or asleep.

A few hours passed. They made the fond wife cast down her fondness as a winter tree its leaves; they changed the soft heart into one of stone and iron, and nerved the trembling hand and stilled the throbbing blood. They made her blush till her temples burnt with shame at her gross credulity — with shame at her childish faith; but they also made her heart spring up like a strong man's courage — masculine and resolute, equal to its fate. And this because of those two sleeping little ones. By herself she would have sunk utterly prostrate; as guardian to them she stood like a lioness at bay. Nothing stronger — nothing more determined — nothing braver drew breath in New York than that timid, patient, girlish wife, transformed into the heroine by maternal love!

She listened, and by their breathing she knew that Robert and his poor American wife were asleep. Even at this moment her woman's nature yearned in gratitude to that kindly face and great maternal heart; and she felt that she would have suffered any torment herself rather than have caused an hour's pain to one who had so blessed and befriended her.

"*She shall not suffer by me,*"

she thought, as she determined on her plan.

Quiet and pale as a ghost she rose — dressing herself noiselessly, and with incredible speed. She then took up her sleeping children, and dressed them, still asleep. Leaving them on the bed, she softly opened the door of her room, and stole to that of her husband. A faint light shone underneath and through the crevices: it was a night-light, which Bessie always burnt. She turned the handle and entered. By the glimmering of the light she made out the place where Robert had thrown his clothes, and walked softly to where they lay. She took up the waistcoat, unstitched the notes, and placed them in her bosom. As she turned to leave the room, with one last look of despair directed at him — one loving look of gratitude at her — her husband opened his eyes full upon her. She stood and met his eyes; then saying — "Take the curse of the widow and the fatherless, the curse of the deceived and the ruined!" she turned from him and left the room. He was too much stricken — partly by fear and partly by inability — to escape from the coil of circumstances which he had woven round himself, too much awed by her manner, and too much crushed by his conscience to answer. And so she escaped from the house without hindrance, and without disturbing the faintest dream of its kind hostess.

She took sail by a boat leaving

for England that morning, and returned to her old place. With her capital of one hundred pounds she set up anew, in another business, and soon regained all the friends she had lost. Foolish as she had been, what could they do now but pity her; and if they pitied, aid? Even Miss Harrington scolded her in her old way, and loaded her with presents as before; and Janet found that she was happier now than ever — in her quiet, gentle, saint-like way — since she had thrown aside her weakness, and been sufficient to herself. And she was right. In weakness lies misery; in strength of will and singleness of purpose lies peace, be the circumstances what they may.

Janet never heard of her husband again, until years after, when a letter came from "Elizabeth Maylin," telling her of his death. Though Bessie still preserved the name, more from habit than from pride, she knew now that she had not been his real wife. On his death-bed he had confessed all to her; and who had been that pretty stranger, whom she had taken to be a common thief and impostor. And Bessie wrote one of the noblest letters that woman ever penned to woman, and spoke of her unintentional wrong in such a large heroic manner, that Janet felt as if she had been almost the one to blame in having caused such evil fortune to one so great and good. But they made it up between them, and finally agreed not to

reproach themselves any more; and in future years, Bessie Maylin received one of Janet's children, when he had grown a man, and made him the heir of all her property. And then Janet wrote to her, and said how strangely they had both exemplified the truth of the old Hebrew words, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

LAST CHRISTMAS EVE.

CHRISTMAS Eve came to us darkly,
Drooping to our cottage door,
Not with brave and boisterous greeting,
As it used to come of yore;
Not with soft and silent snow-fall,
Or with frost-wind quick and keen;
Yet it brought the berries blushing,
And it brought the holly green.

Many busy footsteps pattered
Through our little thoroughfare,
Children sent on pleasant errands
For the dainties they would share;
Young and female forms were passing,
Lightly flitting to and fro,
With a quick throb in their bosoms,
With their faces in a glow.

And the clean and cheerful windows
Gleamed upon the dusky night,
And the mingled voices humming
Told of leisure and delight;
Genial voices linked together
In some old and homely rhyme,
In some old and hopeful carol
Fitted for the holy time.

In that little street of workers,
Brightening up from side to side,
One poor dwelling showed no signal
Of the merry Christmas-tide;
Feebly shone the simple taper
By the hearthstone dim and bare,
Poverty had cast its shadow,
Grief had hung its symbols there.

A forlorn and wasted widow
 Held her son upon her knee,
 Whose young stream of life was ebbing
 Back into a shoreless sea;
 Just as time with stealthy footstep
 Strode into another day;
 Death stood by the lonely mother; —
 That young life had ebbed away.

With the first burst of her anguish —
 "Hark what news the angels bring!"
 Rang from loud and hopeful voices,
 Rang from tuneful flute and string;
 And she thought she heard her darling,
 High among the radiant spheres,
 Singing with melodious gladness —
 "Mother, mother, dry thy tears!"

And she dried them and subdued them,
 Kept their fountains sealed within,
 Lest a show of outward sorrow
 Should be written down as sin;
 But a cheering faith came o'er her,
 That she was not quite alone;
 That the God-child of the manger
 Had the keeping of her own.

CUMBERLAND SHEEP-SHEARERS.

THREE or four years ago we spent part of a summer in one of the dales in the neighbourhood of Keswick. We lodged at the house of a small Statesman, who added to his occupation of a sheep-farmer that of a woollen manufacturer. His own flock was not large, but he bought up other people's fleeces, either on commission, or for his own purposes; and his life seemed to unite many pleasant and various modes of employment, and the great jolly burly man throve upon all, both in body and mind.

One day, his handsome wife proposed to us that we should accompany her to a distant sheep-shearing, to be held at the house

of one of her husband's customers, where she was sure we should be heartily welcome, and where we should see an old-fashioned shearing, such as was not often met with now in the Dales. I don't know why it was, but we were lazy, and declined her invitation. It might be that the day was a broiling one, even for July, or it might be a fit of shyness; but whichever was the reason, it very unaccountably vanished soon after she was gone, and the opportunity seemed to have slipped through our fingers. The day was hotter than ever; and we should have twice as much reason to be shy and self-conscious, now that we should not have our hostess to introduce and chaperone us. However, so great was our wish to go, that we blew these obstacles to the winds, if there were any that day; and, obtaining the requisite directions from the farm-servant, we set out on our five mile walk, about one o'clock on a cloudless day in the first half of July.

Our party consisted of two grown up persons and four children, the youngest almost a baby, who had to be carried the greater part of that weary length of way. We passed through Keswick, and saw the groups of sketching, boating tourists, on whom we, as residents for a month in the neighbourhood, looked down with some contempt as mere strangers, who were sure to go about blundering, or losing their way, or being imposed upon by guides, or admi-

ring the wrong things, and never seeing the right things. After we had dragged ourselves through the long straggling town, we came to a part of the highway where it wound between copses sufficiently high to make a green gloom in a green shade; the branches touched and interlaced overhead, while the road was so straight, that all the quarter-of-an-hour that we were walking we could see the opening of blue light at the other end, and note the quivering of the heated luminous air beyond the dense shade in which we moved. Every now and then, we caught glimpses of the silver lake that shimmered through the trees; and, now and then, in the dead noon-tide stillness, we could hear the gentle lapping of the water on the pebbled shore — the only sound we heard, except the low deep hum of myriads of insects revelling out their summer lives. We had all agreed that talking made us hotter, so we and the birds were very silent. Out again into the hot bright sunny dazzling road, the fierce sun above our heads made us long to be at home, but we had passed the half-way, and to go on was shorter than to return. Now we left the highway, and began to mount. The ascent looked disheartening, but at almost every step we gained increased freshness of air; and the crisp short mountain grass was soft and cool in comparison with the high road. The little wandering breezes, that came every now and then athwart us, were laden

with fragrant scents — now of wild thyme — now of the little scrambling creeping white rose, which ran along the ground and pricked our feet with its sharp thorns; and now we came to a trickling streamlet, on whose spongy banks grew great bushes of the bog-myrtle, giving a spicy odour to the air. When our breath failed us during that steep ascent, we had one invariable dodge by which we hoped to escape the “fat and scant of breath” quotation; we turned round and admired the lovely views, which from each succeeding elevation became more and more beautiful.

At last, perched on a level which seemed nothing more than a mere shelf of rock, we saw our destined haven — a grey stone farmhouse, high over our heads, high above the lake as we were — with out-buildings enough around it to justify the Scotch name of a “town;” and near it one of those great bossy sycamores, so common in similar situations all through Cumberland and Westmoreland. One more long tug and then we should be there. So, cheering the poor tired little ones, we set off bravely for that last piece of steep rocky path; and we never looked behind till we stood in the coolness of the deep porch, looking down from our natural terrace on the glassy Derwent water, far, far below, reflecting each tint of the blue sky, only in darker fuller colours every one. We seemed on a level with the top of Cat Bell; and the

tops of great trees lay deep down — so deep that we felt as if they were close enough together and solid enough to bear our feet if we chose to spring down and walk upon them. Right in front of where we stood, there was a ledge of the rocky field that surrounded the house. We had knocked at the door, but it was evident that we were unheard in the din and merry clatter of voices within, and our old original shyness returned. By and bye, some one found us out, and a hearty burst of hospitable welcome ensued. Our coming was all right; it was understood in a minute who we were; our real hostess was hardly less urgent in her civilities than our temporary hostess, and both together bustled us out of the room upon which the outer door entered, into a large bedroom which opened out of it — the state apartment, in all such houses in Cumberland — where the children make their first appearance, and where the heads of the household lie down to die if the Great Conqueror gives them sufficient warning for such decent and composed submission as is best in accordance with the simple dignity of their lives.

Into this chamber we were ushered, and the immediate relief from its dark coolness to our overheated bodies and dazzled eyes was inexpressibly refreshing. The walls were so thick that there was room far a very comfortable window-seat in them, without there being any projection into

the room; and the long low shape prevented the sky-line from being unusually depressed, even at that height, and so the light was subdued, and the general tint through the room deepened into darkness, where the eye fell on that stupendous bed, with its posts, and its head-piece, and its foot-board, and its trappings of all kinds of the deepest brown; and the frame itself looked large enough for six or seven people to lie comfortably therein, without even touching each other. In the hearth-place, stood a great pitcher filled with branches of odorous mountain flowers; and little bits of rosemary and lavender were strewed about the room; partly, as I afterwards learnt, to prevent incautious feet from slipping about on the polished oak floor. When we had noticed everything, and rested, and cooled (as much as we could do before the equinox), we returned to the company assembled in the house-place.

This house-place was almost a hall in grandeur. Along one side ran an oaken dresser, all decked with the same sweet evergreens, fragments of which strewed the bedroom floor. Over this dresser were shelves, bright with most exquisitely polished pewter. Opposite to the bedroom door was the great hospitable fireplace, ensconced within its proper chimney corners, and having the "master's cupboard" on its right hand side. Do you know what a "master's cupboard" is? Mr. Wordsworth could have told you;

ay, and have shown you one at Rydal Mount, too. It is a cupboard about a foot in width, and a foot and a half in breadth, expressly reserved for the use of the master of the household. Here he may keep pipe and tankard, almanac, and what not; and although no door bars the access of any hand, in this open cupboard his peculiar properties rest secure, for is it not "the master's cupboard"? There was a fire in the house-place, even on this hot day; it gave a grace and a vividness to the room, and being kept within proper limits, it seemed no more than was requisite to boil the kettle. For, I should say, that the very minute of our arrival, our hostess (so I shall designate the wife of the farmer at whose house the sheep-shearing was to be held) proposed tea; and although we had not dined, for it was but little past three, yet, on the principle of "Do at Rome as the Romans do," we assented with a good grace, thankful to have any refreshment offered us, short of water-gruel, after our long and tiring walk, and rather afraid of our children "cooling too quickly."

While the tea was preparing, and it took six comely matrons to do it justice, we proposed to Mrs. C. (our real hostess), that we should go and see the sheep-shearing. She accordingly led us away into a back yard, where the process was going on. By a back yard I mean a far different place from what a Londoner would so

designate; our back yard, high up on the mountain side, was a space about forty yards by twenty, overshadowed by the noble sycamore, which might have been the very one that suggested to Coleridge —

"This sycamore (oft musical with bees —
Such tents the Patriarchs loved)" &c. &c.

And in this deep, cool, green shadow sate two or three grey-haired sires, smoking their pipes, and regarding the proceedings with a placid complacency, which had a savour of contempt in it for the degeneracy of the present times — a sort of "Ah! they don't know what good shearing is now-a-days" look in it. That round shadow of the sycamore tree, and the elders who sat there looking on, were the only things not full of motion and life in the yard. The yard itself was bounded by a grey stone wall, and the moors rose above it to the mountain top; we looked over the low walls on to the spaces bright with the yellow asphodel, and the first flush of the purple heather. The shadow of the farm-house fell over this yard, so that it was cool in aspect, save for the ruddy faces of the eager shearers, and the gay-coloured linsey petticoats of the women, folding the fleeces with tucked-up gowns.

When we first went into the yard, every corner of it seemed as full of motion as an antique frieze, and, like that, had to be studied before I could ascertain the different actions and purposes in-

volved. On the left hand was a walled-in field of small extent, full of sunshine and light, with the heated air quivering over the flocks of panting bewildered sheep, who were penned up therein, awaiting their turn to be shorn. At the gate by which this field was entered from the yard stood a group of eager-eyed boys, panting like the sheep, but not like them from fear, but from excitement and joyous exertion. Their faces were flushed with brown-crimson, their scarlet lips were parted into smiles, and their eyes had that peculiar blue lustre in them, which is only gained by a free life in the pure and blithesome air. As soon as these lads saw that a sheep was wanted by the shearers within, they sprang towards one in the field — the more boisterous and stubborn an old ram the better — and tugging, and pulling, and pushing, and shouting — sometimes mounting astride of the poor obstreperous brute, and holding his horns like a bridle — they gained their point and dragged their captive up to the shearer, like little victors as they were, all glowing and ruddy with conquest. The shearers sat each astride on a long bench, grave and important — the heroes of the day. The flock of sheep to be shorn on this occasion consisted of more than a thousand, and eleven famous shearers had come, walking in from many miles' distance to try their skill one against the other; for sheep-shearings are a sort of rural Olym-

pics. They were all young men in their prime, strong, and well-made; without coat or waistcoat, and with upturned shirt-sleeves. They sat each across a long bench or narrow table, and caught up the sheep from the attendant boys, who had dragged it in; they lifted it on to the bench, and placing it by a dexterous knack on its back, they began to shear the wool off the tail and under parts; then they tied the two hind legs and the two fore legs together, and laid it first on one side and then on the other, till the fleece came off in one whole piece; the art was to shear all the wool off, and yet not to injure the sheep by any awkward cut: if such an accident did occur, a mixture of tar and butter was immediately applied; but every wound was a blemish on the shearer's fame. To shear well and completely, and yet to do it quickly, shows the perfection of the clippers. Some can finish off as many as six score sheep in a summer's day; and if you consider the weight and uncouthness of the animal, and the general heat of the weather, you will see that, with justice, clipping or shearing is regarded as harder work than mowing. But most good shearers are content with despatching four or five score; it is only on unusual occasions, or when Greek meets Greek, that six score are attempted or accomplished.

When the sheep is divided into its fleece and itself, it becomes the property of two persons. The

women seize the fleece, and, standing by the side of a temporary dresser (in this case made of planks laid across barrels, beneath what sharp scant shadow could be obtained from the eaves of the house), they fold it up. This again is an art, simple as it may seem; and the farmer's wives and daughters about Langdale Head are famous for it. They begin with folding up the legs, and then roll the whole fleece up, tying it with the neck; and the skill consists, not merely in doing this quickly and firmly, but in certain artistic pulls of the wool so as to display the finer parts, and not, by crushing up the fibre, to make it appear coarse to the buyer. Six comely women were thus employed; they laughed, and talked, and sent shafts of merry satire at the grave and busy shearers, who were too earnest in their work to reply, although an occasional deepening of colour, or twinkle of the eye, would tell that the remark had hit. But they reserved their retorts, if they had any, until the evening, when the day's labour would be over, and when, in the licence of country humour, I imagine, some of the saucy speakers would meet with their match. As yet, the applause came from their own party of women; though now and then one of the old men, sitting under the shade of a sycamore, would take his pipe out of his mouth to spit, and, before beginning again to send up the softly curling white wreaths of smoke, he would condescend on a short deep laugh, and a "Well done, Maggie!" "Give it him, lass!" for with the not unkindly jealousy of age towards youth, the old grandfathers invariably took part with the women against the young men. These sheared on, throwing the fleeces to the folders, and casting the sheep down on the ground with gentle strength, ready for another troop of boys to haul it to the right hand side of the farm-yard, where the great out-buildings were placed; where all sorts of country vehicles were crammed and piled, and seemed to throw up their scarlet shafts into the air, as if imploring relief from the crowd of shandries and market carts that pressed upon them. Out of the sun, in the dark shadow of the cart-house, a pan of red-hot coals glowed in a trivet; and upon them was placed an iron basin holding tar and raddle, or ruddle. Hither the right hand troop of boys dragged the poor naked sheep to be "smitten" — that is to say, marked with the initials or cypher of the owner. In this case, the sign of the possessor was a circle or spot on one side, and a straight line on the other; and after the sheep were thus marked, they were turned out to the moor, and the crowd of bleating lambs that sent up an incessant moan for their lost mothers; each found out the ewe to which it belonged the moment she was turned out of the yard, and the placid contentment of the sheep that wandered away up the hill side, with their little

lambs trotting by them, gave just the necessary touch of peace and repose to the scene. There were all the classical elements for the representation of life; there were the "Old men and maidens, young men and children" of the Psalmist; there were all the stages and conditions of being that sing forth their farewell to the departing crusaders in the "Saint's Tragedy."

We were very glad indeed that we had seen the sheep-shearing, though the road had been hot, and we were as yet unrefreshed and hungry. When we had understood the separate actions of the busy scene, we could begin to notice individuals. I soon picked out a very beautiful young woman as an object of admiration and interest. She stood by a buxom woman of middle age, who had just sufficient likeness to point her out as the mother. Both were folding fleeces, and folding them well; but the mother talked all the time with a rich-toned voice, and a merry laugh and eye, while the daughter hung her head silently over her work; and I could only guess at the beauty of her eyes by the dark sweeping shadow of her eyelashes. She was well dressed, and had evidently got on her Sunday gown, although a good deal for the honour of the thing, as the flowing skirt was tucked up in a bunch behind, in order to be out of her way: beneath the gown, and far more conspicuous — and, possibly, far prettier — was a striped petticoat of full deep blue

and scarlet, revealing the blue cotton stockings common in that part of the country, and the pretty, neat leather shoes. The girl had tucked her brown hair back behind her ears; but if she had known how often she would have had occasion to blush, I think she would have kept that natural veil more over her delicate cheek. She blushed deeper and ever deeper, because one of the shearers, in every interval of his work, looked at her and sighed. Neither of them spoke a word, though both were as conscious of the other as could be; and the buxom mother, with a side-long glance, took cognizance of the affair from time to time, with no unpleased expression.

I had got thus far in my career of observation when our hostess for the day came to tell us that tea was ready, and we arose stiffly from the sward on which we had been sitting, and went in-doors to the house-place. There, all round, were ranged rows of sedate matrons; some with babies, some without; they had been summoned from over mountains, and beyond wild fells, and across deep dales, to the shearing of that day, just as their ancestors were called out by the Fiery Cross. We were conducted to a tea-table, at which, in spite of our entreaties, no one would sit down except our hostess, who poured out tea, of which more by-and-bye. Behind us, on the dresser, were plates piled up with "berry-cake" (puff-paste with gooseberries inside),

currant and plain bread and butter, hot cakes buttered with honey (if that is not Irish), and great pieces of new cheese to be put in between the honeyed slices, and so toasted impromptu. There were two black teapots on the tray, and taking one of these in her left hand, and one in her right, our hostess held them up both on high, and skilfully poured from each into one and the same cup; the teapots contained green and black tea; and this was her way of mixing them, which she considered far better, she told us, than if both the leaves had been "masked" together. The cups of tea were dosed with lump upon lump of the finest sugar, but the rich yellow fragrant cream was dropped in but very sparingly. I reserved many of my inquiries, suggested by this Dale tea-drinking, to be answered by Mrs. C., with whom we were lodging: and I asked her why I could neither get cream enough for myself, nor milk sufficient for the children, when both were evidently so abundant, and our entertainers so profusely hospitable. She told me, that my request for each was set down to modesty and a desire to spare the "grocer's stuff," which, as costing money, was considered the proper thing to force upon visitors, while the farm produce was reckoned too common and every-day for such a choice festivity and such honoured guests. So I drank tea as strong as brandy and as sweet as syrup, and had to moan in secret over my children's nerves. My children found something else to moan over before the meal was ended; the good farmer's wife would give them each "sweet butter" on their oat-cake or "clap-bread;" and sweet butter is made of butter, sugar, and rum melted together and potted, and is altogether the most nauseous compound in the shape of a dainty I ever tasted. My poor children thought it so, as I could tell by their glistening piteous eyes and trembling lips, as they vainly tried to get through what their stomachs rejected. I got it from them by stealth and ate it myself, in order to spare the feelings of our hostess, who, evidently, considered it as a choice delicacy. But no sooner did she perceive that they were without sweet butter than she urged them to take some more, and bade me not scrimp it, for they had enough and to spare for everybody. This "sweet butter" is made for express occasions — the clippings, and Christmas; and for these two seasons all christenings in a family are generally reserved. When we had eaten and eaten — and, hungry as we were, we found it difficult to come up to our hostess's ideas of the duty before us — she took me into the real working kitchen, to show me the preparations going on for the refreshment of the seventy people there and then assembled. Rounds of beef, hams, fillets of veal, and legs of mutton bobbed, indiscriminately with plum puddings, up and down

in a great boiler, from which a steam arose, when she lifted up the lid, reminding one exceedingly of Camacho's wedding. The resemblance was increased when we were shown another boiler out of doors, placed over a temporary frame-work of brick, and equally full with the other, if, indeed, not more so.

Just at this moment — as she and I stood on the remote side of the farm-buildings, within sound of all the pleasant noises which told of merry life so near, and yet out of sight of any of them, gazing forth on the moorland and the rocks, and the purple crest of the mountain, the opposite base of which fell into Watendlath — the gate of the yard was opened, and my rustic beauty came rushing in, her face all a-fire. When she saw us she stopped suddenly, and was about to turn, when she was followed, and the entrance blocked up by the handsome young shearer. I saw a knowing look on my companion's face, as she quietly led me out by another way.

"Who is that handsome girl?" asked I.

"It's just Isabel Crosthwaite," she replied. "Her mother is a cousin of my master's, widow of a statesman near Appleby. She is well to do, and Isabel is her only child."

"Heiress, as well as beauty," thought I; but all I said was,

"And who is the young man with her?"

"That," said she, looking up

at me with surprise. "That's our Tom. You see, his father and me and Margaret Crosthwaite have fixed that these young ones are to wed each other; and Tom is very willing — but she is young and skittish; but she'll come to — she'll come to. He'll not be best shearer this day anyhow, as he was last year down in Buttermere; but he'll may be come round for next year."

So spoke middle age of the passionate loves of the young. I could fancy that Isabel might resent being so calmly disposed of, and I did not like or admire her the less because by and bye she plunged into the very midst of the circle of matrons, as if in the Eleusinian circle she could alone obtain a sanctuary against her lover's pursuit. She looked so much and so truly annoyed that I disliked her mother, and thought the young man unworthy of her, until I saw the mother come and take into her arms a little orphan child, whom I learnt she had bought from a beggar on the road-side that was ill-using her. This child hung about the woman, and called her "Mammy" in such pretty trusting tones, that I became reconciled to the match-making widow, for the sake of her warm heart; and as for the young man — the woe-begone face that he presented from time to time at the open door, to be scouted and scolded thence by all the women, while Isabel resolutely turned her back upon him, and pretended to be very busy cutting bread and

butter, made me really sorry for him; though we — experienced spectators — could see the end of all this coyness and blushing as well as if we were in church at the wedding.

From four to five o'clock on a summer's day is a sort of second noon for heat; and now that we were up on this breezy height, it seemed so disagreeable to think of going once more into the close woods down below, and to brave the parched and dusty road, that we gladly and lazily resigned ourselves to stay a little later, and to make our jolly three o'clock tea serve for dinner.

So I strolled into the busy yard once more, and by watching my opportunity, I crossed between men, women, boys, sheep, and barking dogs, and got to an old man, sitting under the sycamore, who had been pointed out to me as the owner of the sheep and the farm. For a few minutes he went on, doggedly puffing away; but I knew that this reserve on his part arose from no want of friendliness, but from the shy reserve which is the characteristic of most Westmoreland and Cumberland people. By and bye he began to talk, and he gave me much information about his sheep. He took a "walk" from a landowner with so many sheep upon it; in his case one thousand and fifty, which was a large number, about six hundred being the average. Before taking the "walk," he and his landlord each appointed two "knowledgeable people" to value the stock.

The "walk" was taken on lease of five or seven years, and extended ten miles over the Fells in one direction — he could not exactly say how far in another, but more; yes! certainly more. At the expiration of the lease, the stock are again numbered, and valued in the same way. If the sheep are poorer, and gone off, the tenant has to pay for their depreciation in money; if they have improved in quality, the landlord pays him; but one way or another the same number must be restored, while the increase of each year, and the annual fleeces form the tenant's profit. Of course they were all of the black-faced or mountain breed, fit for scrambling and endurance, and capable of being nourished by the sweet but scanty grass that grew on the Fells. To take charge of his flock he employed three shepherds, one of whom was my friend Tom. They had other work down on the farm, for the farm was "down" compared with the airy heights to which these sheep will scramble. The shepherd's year begins before the twentieth of March, by which time the ewes must be all safely down in the home pastures, at hand in case they or their lambs require extra care at yearning time. About the sixteenth of June the sheep-washing begins. Formerly, said my old man, men stood bare-legged in a running stream, dammed up so as to make a pool, which was more cleansing than any still water, with its continual foam, and fret, and struggle to

overcome the obstacle that impeded its progress: and these men caught the sheep, which were hurled to them by the people on the banks, and rubbed it and soused it well; but now (alas! for these degenerate days) folk were content to throw them in head downwards, and thought that they were washed enough with swimming to the bank. However, this proceeding was managed in a fortnight after the shearing or clipping came on; and people were bidden to it from twenty miles off or better; but not as they had been fifty years ago. Still, if a family possessed a skilful shearer in the person of a son, or if the good wife could fold fleeces well and deftly, they were sure of a gay week in clipping time, passing from farm to farm in merry succession, giving their aid, feasting on the fat of the land ("sweet butter" amongst other things, and much good may it do them!) until they in their turn called upon their neighbours for help. In short, good old-fashioned sheep-shearings are carried on much in the same sort of way as an American Bee.

As soon as the clipping is over, the sheep are turned out upon the Fells, where their greatest enemy is the fly. The ravens do harm to the young lambs in May and June, and the shepherds scale the steep grey rocks to take a raven's nest with infinite zest and delight; but no shepherd can save his sheep from the terrible fly — the common flesh fly — which

burrows in the poor animal, and lays its obscene eggs, and the maggots eat it up alive. To obviate this as much as ever they can, the shepherds go up on the Fells about twice a week in summer time, and, sending out their faithful dogs, collect the sheep into great circles, the dogs running on the outside and keeping them in. The quick-eyed shepherd stands in the midst, and, if a sheep make an effort to scratch herself, the dog is summoned, and the infected sheep brought up to be examined, the piece cut out, and salved. But, notwithstanding this, in some summers scores of sheep are killed in this way: thundery and close weather is peculiarly productive of this plague. The next operation which the shepherd has to attend to is about the middle or end of October, when the sheep are brought down to be salved, and an extra man is usually hired on the farm for this week. But it is no feasting or merry-making time like a clipping. Sober business reigns. The men sit astride on their benches and besmear the poor helpless beast with a mixture of tar and bad butter, or coarse grease, which is supposed to promote the growth and fineness of the wool, by preventing skin diseases of all kinds, such as would leave a patch bare. The mark of ownership is renewed with additional tar and raddle, and they are sent up once more to their breezy walk, where the winter winds begin to pipe and

to blow, and to call away their brethren from the icy North. Once a week the shepherds go up and scour the Fells, looking over the sheep, and seeing how the herbage lasts. And this is the dangerous and wild time for the shepherds. The snows and the mists (more to be dreaded even than snow) may come on; and there is no lack of tales, about the Christmas hearth, of men who have gone up to the wild and desolate Fells and have never been seen more, but whose voices are yet heard calling on their dogs, or uttering fierce despairing cries for help; and so they will call till the end of time, till their whitened bones have risen again.

Towards the middle of January, great care is necessary, as by this time the sheep have grown weak and lean with lack of food, and the excess of cold. Yet as the mountain sheep will not eat turnips, but must be fed with hay, it is a piece of economy to delay beginning to feed them as long as possible; and to know the exact nick of time, requires as much skill as must have been possessed by Eunice's father in Miss Austen's delightful novel, who required his gruel "thin, but not too thin — thick, but not too thick." And so the Shepherd's Calendar works round to yeaning time again! It must be a pleasant employment; reminding one of Wordsworth's lines —

"In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman
stretched
On the soft grass, through half the
summer's day," &c.

and of shepherd-boys with their reedy pipes, taught by Pan, and of the Chaldean shepherds studying the stars; of Poussin's picture of the Good Shepherd, of the "Shepherds keeping watch by night!" and I don't know how many other things, not forgetting some of Cooper's delightful pieces.

While I was thus rambling on in thought, my host was telling me of the prices of wool that year, for we had grown quite confidential by this time. Wool was sold by the stone; he expected to get ten or twelve shillings a stone; it took three or four fleeces to make a stone: before the Australian wool came in, he had got twenty shillings, ay and more; but now — and again we sighed over the degeneracy of the times, till he took up his pipe (not Pandean) for consolation, and I bethought me of the long walk home, and the tired little ones, who must not be worried. So, with much regret, we took our leave; the fiddler had just arrived as we were wishing goodbye; the shadow of the house had overspread the yard; the boys were more in number than the sheep that remained to be shorn; the busy women were dishing up great smoking rounds of beef; and in addition to all the provision I had seen in the boilers, large-mouthed ovens were disgorging berry pies without end, and rice-puddings stuck full of almonds and raisins.

As we descended the hill, we passed a little rustic bridge with a great alder bush near it. Under-

neath sat Isabel, as rosy red as ever, but dimpling up with smiles, while Tom lay at her feet, and looked up into her eyes; his faithful sheep-dog sat by him, but flapped his tail vainly in hope of obtaining some notice. His master was too much absorbed for that. Poor Fly! Every dog has his day, and yours was not this tenth of July.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

WHO and what was Hobson? I had often asked myself these questions. Often, when alone and miserable, had I been comforted by the selfish reflection that Hobson must have been worse off than myself. I think it is Rochefoucauld who says that it is wonderful with what patience we bear the misfortunes of our neighbours; and, in the same way, I found it surprising that no antiquarian — no large-hearted philanthropist — had been found to inquire into the birth, parentage, career, and terrible choice of Hobson. As I have declared, I had often been comforted when “the waves deepened on my path,” with the serene reflection, that if the bitter cup was almost a bumper for me, it must have been filled to the “beaded brim,” for my unknown friend Hobson. And then, when this reflection soothed my sorrow, when I forgot my cut finger in the reflection that Hobson’s arm must have been amputated, I have been led to dwell with interest on the

probable career and fate of this unfortunate gentleman. Hobson has immortalised himself, I thought, yet who knows anything of him and his memorable choice? I have had visions of him, jammed between two walls; required, with a halter about his neck, to marry an attractive bride of seventy-eight; quietly requested to give up his purse or forfeit his life; gently reminded that he must pay his friend’s bill, or renew it for double the original amount; or indulgently allowed to choose between the stake and the axe. It is a pity, however, I thought, that no antiquarian has been found to amuse himself with Hobson and his choice; and I felt inclined to give to any gentleman the liberty to make use of my suggestion of a work to be entitled “The life and Times of Hobson, together with some account of his Choice!” But, although it is difficult, I thought, for the inquirer not used to learned researches, to ferret Hobson from his obscure corner, and to shake from before his memorable name the dust of ages, it is not so difficult to recognise his descendants. Undoubtedly the Hobsons have spread themselves all over England. They are a woe-ful race, inhabiting the uncomfortable places of every city, the heroes of endless scrapes, the forlorn wretches who have never had a chance.

These, in brief, were my thoughts in regard to Hobson; when one day I chanced to communicate my deliberations to a friend, who

forthwith explained to me that he knew all about the hero of my philosophical moments. It appears that Hobson was by no means an unfortunate individual; that, on the contrary, he had a stern way with him of asserting his will, and that the choice to which his name is tacked for evermore was one that he imposed upon his customers. It seems that Hobson was an Oxford stable-keeper, and that he forced his customers to take the horse nearest the door. In no case might they choose; every ill that horse-flesh is heir to might afflict the nag nearest the door, but still Hobson would let no other animal leave the stable till this one was disposed of. And thus, Hobson's choice was no choice. I had thought often of Hobson as the forlorn victim of an adverse fate; but I found that he was Fate personified, and that he was the tyrant over Oxford equestrians.

I was walking in the streets of Birmingham one day, while its thousand chimneys were waging war with the sunlight. I was in a moody humour, and inclined to look out upon nature through smoked glass, when I stood still before a very pitiable object. It was the figure of a mere child, with a dull life showing through the eyes that should have been young and bright, and glad with the blue of heaven in them. What a face! What a head! It was swollen and shapeless — the forehead hung over the eyes; the jaws were coarse; and ill-health had burst hideously out about the lips.

Surely, I thought, there is a Hobson hereabouts, and this child is his victim; it has no choice but a life of misery. I asked the child about its mother, and its brothers and sisters. The old story fell from its poor lips — its mother away, and the brothers and sisters stupified by a neighbouring nurse. I meet Hobson's customers everywhere now. They crowd about me when I land at Belfast; they besiege my ear when I pause in the streets of Dublin; their childish voices ring upon my ear as I pass a certain establishment on my way from Cowes to Newport; their plaintive words are heard through prison-bars; the horse next the door has been a sorry one to all of them! Undoubtedly all these are customers of Hobson — doomed to his choice. At the cradle, I have watched the babyhood of one of Hobson's customers. Limbs that should have been round and pulpy, were limp and fleshless; eyes that should have been quick and sparkling, were dull and heavy; cheeks that should have bloomed, and been dimpled often with smiles, were flat and colourless; the baby voice that should have been musical, was a wail — an unceasing grumble; the breath that should have been pure and sweet, reeked with the smell of laudanum! There it lay, wearing away time till it had scrambled together sufficient strength to trot forth from the drug-room of its babyhood to the streets, foul and pent-up, of its terrible neighbourhood.

As it is formed and settled now, so, in after years, shall it bring forth good or evil fruit to the State. Its footsteps wander, and are without a purpose: it is a thing with senses, and little more; yet within lies the immortal germ, clouded with baby-poison, yet to be extracted by a skilful hand. But the child has only the choice of Hobson; therefore, no kind hand is stretched forth to sustain its better nature, and turn it from the pollution of its terrible neighbourhood. Hobson's choice is for it, as for its father and grandfather before it. How can it choose but be an outcast? There was poison in the atmosphere that surrounded its cradle, contamination in its play-ground; and how then shall the child fare, as I notice the sickly bud burst into the graceless flower? Its parentage, and the curse thereof, clings to it, as it wanders into the world to do the dreadful deeds that have been sown in its child's heart. A fire smoulders in the bosom of the young fellow, as he finds a sorry beast in the nearest stall for him! He has been at war with his fellow-man from the cradle. Not a passion has been restrained. His eye has ever dwelt upon hideous forms, and now it is dead to all beauty. Talk to him of the virtues that dignify and are the strength and charm of social life: your words are foreign to his ear — too heavy and sodden with pestilential atmosphere is his heart to vibrate with the tenderness of yours!

How can you talk to him of the equal chances of men — of the equal purity of all babyhood? By what subtle play of logic can you persuade him that there is not a curse upon his race — that he may escape from the tyranny of Hobson? He has his full measure of revenge, however; for he knows that his race costs the State a round sum yearly, in transportships, in penal colonies, in warm baths and patent cooking apparatus! He only wonders how it is that in these economical times his governors will not set to work in a more prudent manner — how it is that they let his brothers and sisters quietly grow up to follow the profession of robbers: for Hobson's customers of to-day know well enough, and their governors must know, that as surely as the law is a profession, so surely a proportion of the population is set aside to be drilled and tutored as robbers. And this profession has its averages of success and failure like any other. Hobson's customers count upon an average run in this country of nine years, at the expiration of which term they are content to retire to the Government retreats provided for them. Here they have no care for the morrow — they have their full measure of food, and a trip to a distant country where they settle for life. No qualms of conscience make the heart sick here, for their life has been only the natural development of their childhood. They own at once that Hobson has never given them a chance of

riding fair on a trusty steed. They point to their calamitous parentage in explanation of their deeds. Shameful Hobson! — a terrible fate this that he has imposed upon so many of us! A race foredoomed! — born to be thrown in the mud by Hobson's bad horses! How, ask earnest men, are we to relieve Hobson's poor customers from the terrible fate which is fastened upon them? Government Blue Books say, by patent soups to be given to them when they grow up; by snug prisons, warmed by ingenious processes; by dexterous oakum-picking, and other devices of this order. Other men have said that it is better to throw a guard about the baby's cradle than to sing a psalm at a bad man's deathbed; better to have a care while the bud is bursting to the sun, than when the heat has scorched the heart of the unguarded blossom. While these rival authorities are wrangling, Hobson's customers continue to break their necks with his faulty horseflesh. A mild philosopher dandles a baby customer in his arms, and serenely tests the purity of its pap-boat; while his rival theorist wields a policeman's truncheon, and dips a thermometer carefully into his pet felon's warm-bath.

The shade of Hobson who never gave a choice — of Hobson whose nearest horses have always been knackers for a large body of customers — laughs roguishly at these contending philosophers while they ride their hobbies, and

sees his victims, in crowds, scrambling on their broken steeds, and sprawling inevitably in the mud. Well, let us hope that we shall do something for Hobson's customers ere long; and not continue to plant poor devils upon vicious horses for the pleasure of paying their doctor's bill!

A DIGGER'S DIARY.

IN OCCASIONAL CHAPTERS.

[This is really a pleasant narration from actual experience. It is written by an old contributor to these pages, and reaches us in portions as it is sent from Australia.]

Monday, May 10th, 1852. — Met my old school-fellow Isaac Waits, on Tower Hill, with a very thick walking-stick in one hand, and an iron screw-and-pincer looking thing in the other. The smoke-coloured bowl of a Dutch pipe was sticking out of the top of his breast-coat pocket. Hadn't seen each other since we left school. Usual remarks — some, rather stupid on both sides — still, really glad to see each other. Looked hard at the iron screw-and-pincer instrument. Waits told me he was a clerk in a merchant's house. Thought he had an odd, rough appearance for a clerk, but had always been rather odd and dry in his ways. Asked him several questions, to which he returned abrupt and yet unsatisfactory answers. All the time we were talking, his mind seemed busy with something else.

"And so," said he, after staring awhile at the door-post of a Jew slop-seller's, where a pair of shiny black waterproof trousers were swinging to and fro overhead, "and so, you're apprenticed to a silversmith. How d'ye like it?"

I said, "Oh, pretty well enough."

"What's silver an ounce?" said he, swinging his great walking-stick, like a pendulum, between a finger and thumb, with a careless and indifferent air.

"About four and eightpence in pure rough ore," said I, "and five and eightpence fine silver. *Apropos*, what a thick walking-stick you've got!"

"Yes," said he, "it's a camp stool — opens into three legs at the bottom; but I don't see the *apropos*."

Explained that I was just thinking what a good stick it would be for a handsome ferrule, and chased silver top. Asked him what the heavy iron instrument was that he had in his other hand?

"This," said he, holding it up with a convincing look of great judgment, "this is worth its weight in gold — or will be. It's a screw-wrench."

"And where the deuce," said I, "are you going to work with this valuable screw?"

"Ah," said he, half winking one eye, "that's tellings. And so silver's only five or six shillings an ounce! Not worth picking up."

A sudden thought flashed upon

me. "You are going to the Diggings!" said I.

"Of course I am," said he, relaxing his hard features into a sort of commiserating smile, "Of course I am! all the pluck of London's going there, or will be, soon."

"All the dissatisfied pluck of London, you mean," said I.

"Well," said he, "are you satisfied? I am not. By the bye, what brings you up Tower Hill among the marine Jews?"

Assured him that I had only strolled up there to look for a chest that I could turn into a pigeon-house for some almond tumblers my aunt had promised me. Waits made a shrug with his shoulders; said the best thing I could do was to turn the tumblers into a pie, fill the chest with shirts, and socks, and things, and go with him to Australia. I laughed at the joke; almost took my breath away though — it was so abrupt. Said this was all stuff — my prospect as a silversmith was too good to leave. Besides, there was a great want of water in Australia, wasn't there? and this would soon put a stop to the gold riddling and sifting, wouldn't it? Port Phillip was also such a long way off! Waits wished me good day at this, saying over his shoulder as he was going, "That was the place for a fellow of spirit and strength who had some head-piece." I laughed at him.

Returned to business. Very unsettled all the rest of the day. The articles in our cases did not

look so bright as usual, and had rather a poorish white effect upon the eye.

May 11th. — Misdirected a chased silver salver, of seventy-three and a half ounces, and a dozen fiddle pattern forks, to Isaac Waits, Park Place, Peckham, instead of Colonel Thwaites, Park Lane, Piccadilly. Never found out the mistake till Waits brought them to me privately in the evening. Waits said, with provoking composure, that he saw my mind was not in its usual state. Very glad, though, to get back the plate so quietly. The governor would have put on his spectacles to ask me no end of questions, as to what I thought of myself. Had a good deal of talk with Isaac about Australian wool, and the state of agriculture there. A few words passed as to the rivers. Waits never uttered a syllable about gold. Tried hard to lead him into it, without exactly committing myself, but he sat like a post. I was determined not to open the subject. He went away early. Could not sleep all night for thinking of those stupid Diggings.

May 12th. — Wrote a note to Waits, to say I should be glad to see him on Sunday to dinner at my lodgings. I was so restless about Australia — not that I had the least thought of going there myself — that I determined to have a good talk with him about it, and have done with it. The subject was now a general topic of conversation, and *all* I wanted

was to understand the question once for all.

Intermediate days feverish and seedy. Dreamt two successive nights of Peckham being Peru — that is to say, "each seemed either," and that I was walking about the country all day in yellow spectacles, with a screw wrench in my hand, and the philosopher's stone in my pocket. Quite ashamed of myself when I awoke, though singularly happy and exhilarated while dreaming. Wondered what had come to me. Afraid I had caught a fever from the grating of an open sewer nearly in front of our principal window — *épergne* and *candelabra* department.

Sunday, May 16th. — A capital brill. Waits very silent, eating immensely. Fish slice never out of my hand till the bones lay bare. Same with the lamb and mint. Little or no conversation. A roast duck was a fool before him; and if ever a merchant's clerk punished a marrow pudding, Isaac Waits was the clerk to do it that day. Table cleared, and the first glass of wine inverted. Waits pushed the decanter into the middle of the table, and began to talk in a careless, drawling, steady-going way, and all about the gold diggings in Australia. What a field did he open before me!

"Mr. William Dixon," said he, in a rather formal, but impressive tone, "you are nearly out of your time — you are over one-and-twenty — and you don't ex-

pect to come into a fortune. Your aunt does the handsome thing by you, as far as the old lady can, you tell me — but she can't leave you very much. In short, you are not born with a silver spoon in your mouth—you must polish 'em up for the use of others — an't it true? You can't expect to set up for yourself, because yours is a business that needs a goodish capital. To be sure, silver articles an't worth much —”

“What do you *mean*!” said I.

“Silver articles an't worth much,” repeated he, imperturbably, “by comparison with gold. I don't wish to undervalue silver, it is a nice clean wholesome thing to eat out of; but for brilliant beauty, what claim has your most polished dish-cover by the side of a fine steel sword blade, or a new bowie knife; and, for utility, what chance has it beside a good iron pick?”

“What sort of pick do you refer to?” said I.

“The whole family,” said he, “in all its varieties, except that of the toothpick. Pick, pickaxe, mattock, hammer-pick, and so forth — all iron, of course. Whether in the form of a pick, a sword, a spade, a steam-engine, or a screw-wrench, iron is the metal which makes a country great; it turns fallow lands into fruit, and takes possession of foreign countries with all their jewels and gold. As for silver — but I don't wish to wound your feelings. You see, William (here Waits filled himself a bumper of

port), you see, William, ours is a great old country, where everything has gone on in a regular way for centuries. A new field and a fair field, my boy — a field flowing with milk and honey, and oil and wine, and overloaded with cattle, and wool, and copper, and gold-dust, and nuggets from an ounce to a pound and a half in weight — *that's* the field for fellows of spirit and enterprise, like us, Bill; and now's the time exactly for going there!”

As he said this, Isaac slapped me on one shoulder with his great, hard, bony hand, and filled himself another bumper of port. I joined him in this, and though I had never before fancied myself such a very enterprising spirit, the words of my old school-fellow, with his confident air and beaming face — and he, too, so habitually grave and indifferent a card — did certainly produce a strong effect upon me. I felt booked.

“Now, old chap,” said Isaac, laying one hand upon my arm in a kind way, very unlike his usual dry manner, “now, don't let me persuade you to do anything you don't fancy, and can't see your way in clearly, and believe to be for your own good. I wouldn't persuade you by any manner of means. I only say, if I did not believe in the thing, I would stay where I am. But I do believe in it, and I shall go by as early a ship as possible. You know I give up seventy-five pounds a year now, with the certainty of my

salary being raised to a hundred and fifty next year. Yet I go; and I would go, if Mr. James Roundareme offered me two hundred a year — ay, or even three hundred a year — even four hundred a year; ay, or even if old Abraham Roundareme himself called me aside, and offered me a pinch of black rappee out of his great tortoiseshell box, and promised to make me a junior partner when I had been ten years more in the office. I wouldn't do it. No, nor if he said five years. No; I wouldn't. I'm for the Dig-gings."

We sat silently for some time after this, taking wine thoughtfully — at least, I know I was very thoughtful, and had a strange feeling come over me, and cracked a nut now and then, and dipped it in the salt, and looked at it.

"Have you been long in these lodgings?" said Waits, gazing round the room.

"It really *does* seem a good thing for many a man to do," said I. It was not worth while replying about the lodgings. Presently I threw down the nut-crackers — large plated ones, that broke a piece out of a China dish — "Isaac!" said I, "I've half a mind to go. If things can be managed, I'm your man."

"If I'm not gone," said he.

"Gone!" said I.

"Yes," said he; "the ship I mean to sail in will go the moment she's ready. The Rodneyrig — thirteen hundred tons."

"But not in a week!" said I.

"Perhaps not," said he; "but it's as well to be in time. I have taken my berth."

"Ah," said I, "why, you never told me this before."

"Didn't see why I should," said he, "but now that you are really beginning to think of going, I wouldn't conceal anything from you. Who do you think is going besides?"

"I have no idea," said I.

"Why, Arrowsmith!" said he; "don't you remember Arrowsmith, who was at old Tucker's Academy with us?"

"What! John Arrowsmith who fought hulky Mercer?"

"Yes."

"And built the snow-house?"

"And swam across Bigley's Pond, after the otter."

"And always used to be chosen captain of the Banditti?"

"Yes; and took the lead in most things out o' doors."

"Then," said I, "my mind's made up. Isaac, old boy, I'll go with you and Arrowsmith."

"Well!" said Isaac. "I hope there'll be room for you."

"Room?" I exclaimed. "Why, you said the ship held thirteen hundred tons! Think what a stomach she must have!"

"True," said he, drily; "but thirteen hundred tons is still a limited space; and if she held thirty hundred tons, why thirty hundred tons would fill her, and no time to lose either, considering the numbers who are now preparing to go to Australia. I

wouldn't swear there was room for a single passenger more."

"Isaac," said I, laying my hand upon his shoulder, "don't talk in this way. I can't bear it. My feelings are not in a state to be met with any problematical difficulties, now that I have made up my mind. I'll call and see Arrowsmith — I'll write him a note to-night — what's his address? You'll tell him, when you see him, that I'm coming. He'll be sure to remember me, though we haven't met since we were at old Tucker's. We used to do 'Cordeery' together, don't you recollect, and afterwards Sallust. What a dab he was at hockey!"

Isaac nodded, and responded rather coolly, as I fancied, to the numerous questions I now put to him. He said, "Oh, you'll soon see." We parted with an agreement to meet in a few days to confer on the subject nearest our hearts, and in the mean time I was to see Arrowsmith, and ask his advice about the passage and outfit.

May 18th. — Perceived, for the first time, that it would be impossible for me to make a real move without consulting my aunt — in fact, without obtaining her consent, because of the tin. I also had to get clear of the remainder of my time with Mr. Buckles. How I longed to be out of the sight of him, and his glass cases.

Went to aunt in evening. Broke the matter to her by degrees, like a death in the family. She actually stopped me in the middle, saying,

she saw that I was thinking of going to Australia! To my surprise and delight she came into it at once, and even said the same thing had crossed her own mind. What a state the public feeling must be in about these wonderful Diggings.

May 19th. — Aunt wrote to Mr. Buckles concerning me. Old governor very good about the matter, answering by return, almost, and giving me up the rest of the time. All in the best sort of way, and saying several particularly handsome things about me; also saying much the same to me personally in the afternoon, and making me a present of one of the large silver pencil-cases — not valuable in itself, very much, but gratifying, as coming from so respectable and long-established an old screw. Called an hour afterwards on Arrowsmith. Not at home. In the evening also. Out of town. Left my card each time.

Called on Isaac Waits. Rather late, and he going to bed. Shown up to his bed-room. He, sitting on the edge of his bed in a pair of ugly short drawers, with brown and grey stripes, and smoking a Dutch pipe, listened to all I said — asking, doubting, conjecturing, planning — without making any reply, except now and then by a slight nod, or retaining the smoke in his mouth till it forced its way in two jets through his nostrils, and then giving me a knowing wink with one eye. At last, his stupid pipe being finished, he tapped out the embers against his

thumb-nail into the washhand-basin, leaving them smoking there, and then began to reply to one or two of my questions. Told me that Arrowsmith had gone abroad soon after he left old Tucker's, into some foreign army — believed he had been a lieutenant in the Columbian service, and that he had also been in a man-of-war some time, under Lord Cochrane, and seen a variety of desperate service in South America. Once had command of a foraging party up a fresh-water river, running far into the interior, and came back in a man-of-war's launch laden with spoils. Believed after this that Arrowsmith had been engaged in other parts of South America, and that he had also been to Africa, and, by way of a little variety, had once engaged in a cod-fishery on the banks of Newfoundland.

"Arrowsmith's the man," said I. "But you don't tell me what successes he met with in all his adventures. Brought back lots of dollars and doubloons, I suppose, from South America, and gold and skins from Africa, and the other places?"

"I don't doubt but he did," said Isaac; "but at any rate he has not saved much since I've known him."

"Gambles, perhaps?" I suggested.

"Don't believe it," said Waits.

"Fond of horses, or dogs and guns?"

"Don't believe it."

"Pictures, prints, books, perhaps?"

"Very little of them, I fancy."

"Taste for plate, or jewellery?"

"No, I'm sure he hasn't the least."

"Drinks!"

"No."

"What can he possibly have done with all the gold and silver, then; and the skins and things?" said I; and I also suggested some other ways it might have gone very easily.

"No," said Waits; "I don't much think any of these, or not so very much as that comes to."

"Perhaps," said I, "he never made any money!"

"I don't know," said Isaac; "if he only helps us to make money, we shall know how to keep it."

"I wish it wasn't such a deuce of a distance to Australia," said I; "if it were but a week or two, the thing wouldn't be so serious."

"Ah!" said Waits, very gravely; "it is a goodish distance across the sea. You've made your will, I suppose?"

"Good heavens, no!" said I; "do you think that necessary?"

"Of course," said Isaac; "if you've anything to leave."

"But I haven't," said I.

"Your aunt has, though," said he; "and if she hasn't made her will, the sooner you get the old lady to do it, the better."

I told Isaac I couldn't do such a thing — wouldn't hint at it for the world.

May 20th. — Received a note

from Arrowsmith in the afternoon, inviting me to breakfast on Saturday morning at 8 o'clock. Not a word more. Wish he had named a much earlier day. A later hour would also have suited me better, as my lodgings are at Somers' Town, and his at Walworth. But *n'importe* — we Australian gold-diggers must not mind a little distance.

May 21st. — Walked to Tower Hill, and looked at sea-chests, waterproof boots, and waterproof coats and trousers; inquired the price of red night-caps, chequered shirts, and blue frocks. Took cards of all the shops where they kept cards. Inquired about a screw-wrench of several intelligent Jews who were standing at their doors, but could learn nothing about such an article. Made my way hastily through Thames Street to St. Paul's, and on arriving at Ludgate Hill could not for the life of me recollect what I had come there for. Very vexatious. Walked anxiously up Fleet Street at a prodigious pace, and back again. Wanted to buy something at nearly every shop, useful for Australia, and which could not be got there. Felt as if I could walk any distance. Continually thinking of my visit to Arrowsmith. Wondered if he would talk much of his travels and adventures to induce me to join him.

Went to tea with aunt in the evening. She very good and kind about intended expedition, which now seemed almost certain.

Found her conversation, after a time, become scarcely tolerable. So sedate, and dull, and commonplace, and all about the old past, and worsted stockings, and things.

Saturday, May 22nd. — Arrowsmith's lodgings — half-an-hour before my time, and he not down. Wondered he could sleep at peace with such a new world of affairs on his mind. Breakfast-table laid — ham, dry toast in in plated rack, eggs, watercresses, &c., and a large bottle of green and scarlet Indian pickle, brought over by himself, no doubt. Something lying on the cloth, loosely folded in half a sheet of the Times. Partly open at one end — saw the muzzle of a rifled pistol, of course a revolver. Made a note immediately in my memorandum book as to revolver. Indispensable. Wondered Arrowsmith had not been up since six o'clock, preparing. Expected hardly to know him. He would be very much larger and immensely taller since he was at old Tucker's with me — also having a very different sort of face, much bronzed, with scars on the cheek and forehead from bullets and bursting shells, and cutlasses or tomahawks, and having a fierce eye, fit to pitch upon a new digging of a rich kind, and keep it. A slip of paper lying on the chimney-piece; could not help seeing that it was covered with figures and notes, no doubt of things he meant to purchase, and calculations of expenses — perhaps of gold dust of different

degrees of purity, or of mining and engineering operations. Up half the night at it, very likely.

A light foot on the stairs, the door ajar — and in walked a little white wiry-haired Scotch terrier, who cocked his ears at me, and held his head on one side, but said nothing. Clock struck nine, another light foot on the stairs, and in came Arrowsmith. He walked straight up to me, and shook hands with a cordial smile, and instantly began to talk about our old school-days, just as if we had been there a few weeks ago. He went on in this easy way, scarcely looking at me — patting his dog, making the coffee and boiling eggs in bachelor fashion, and asking very kindly after my aunt, though he had never seen her. He was really very little altered — though considerably broader, certainly not much taller — not at all bronzed, and without one single scar in his face after all he had done and seen. He never fixed his eyes upon me in a penetrating sort of way, to see if I should do for the Diggings, nor gave me any impression I had expected as to the man he had become, and all he was to do. I felt much disappointed in him. Still, all in a pleasant way. But what especially vexed me, if I may use so strong an expression, was the many questions he asked me about several fellows who had been with us at old Tucker's, but had turned out no great shakes, while he never even alluded to his travels and adventures, nor to the

gold diggings. I began to doubt if he were going there, fancying I must have misunderstood Waits, or that Waits must have been misinformed.

After my second cup, and having been quite unable to do more than crack my egg all to smash over the top, I could endure the perverse suspension no longer:

"Oh, by the bye," said I, as if suddenly recollecting the matter, "I wanted to talk with you a little about Australia."

"So I understood by your note," said Arrowsmith. There he stopped. "Well," continued he, after a minute, and looking up from his plate, "talk away!"

"I should rather wish," said I, "to hear you speak on the subject, as you are so much more conversant with it, and have a fund of information on the subject."

"I don't at all know that I have any such thing," said he; "in fact, I have only recently determined to go. I have simply made sure in my own mind of the two main points."

"And what are they?" said I, eagerly, upsetting, I regret to say, my egg all over the cloth, caused by the dog.

"Why, that there's no doubt about the gold," said he, "and also that men may have it for the digging — provided" (here Arrowsmith did look rather hard at me) "they can get there with tools and so forth, and are able to work hard, and hold out until they succeed."

"Oh yes," said I; "but you

know all about the best ships to go in, the fares, the sort of outfit, the various tools, engines, and implements."

"I can only say that I have taken my cabin already, in the Rodney-rig, which sails on the twentieth of next month from the East India Docks," said he; "and as to tools, implements, and engines, I consider them, for the most part, mere matters of speculation."

"I don't understand you," said I; and I certainly did not.

"I mean," said he, "that the proper tools, engines, and implements, may not be known here, or circumstances may cause changes on the spot, which cannot well be foreseen; and if they are known to those who deal in such things, there may be so large an importation of them in Australia as to supersede the trouble of taking them. The increased expense of purchasing them there may not exceed, or even equal, that of the purchase here, with the packing cases, carting, wharf dues, douceurs to storekeepers' men and ship-stowers, the freight, duty on arriving in Australia, carriage ashore by boats, portage, warehousing for a time, and so forth."

"*The deuce!*" said I.

"On the other hand," proceeded Arrowsmith, stretching himself, with legs out and his arms thrown up in the air, "there may be a large demand for all tools and implements, so that they may be worth enormous prices at the time we arrive; in which case

of course it will be fortunate for the man who has taken out a considerable stock, because he could select what he needed for himself and his party, and sell the remainder on terms that might pay for the whole, ten times over."

"Aha!" said I.

"Perhaps fifty times over — or a hundred times" — said he, "and his passage-money to boot — nobody knows; and because nobody knows, I call it speculation. I don't recommend it."

"Don't you!" said I; "not when you may get a hundred per cent. on your outlay, by George!"

"No," said he, "all things considered, I do not."

"Do you mean to speculate yourself?" said I, rather pointedly, by way of arriving at some fixed conclusion to guide me.

"I have given you my opinion, Dixon," said he curtly. "You must do what you think best."

Now, this seemed to me clearly declining the question. I made no remark. After proceeding some time, however, with my breakfast, though I could hardly swallow, I thought there absolutely must be several things, many indeed, which he could tell me about — things quite necessary to the undertaking. I was losing my opportunity with Arrowsmith if I did not elicit more than this. "I suppose," said I, carelessly, "I suppose I had better get some few articles as soon as possible — just a few that will be sure to be useful — perhaps indispensable. A chest of clothes for instance, a

small family of picks, and a screw wrench — eh? Also, a revolver, a good Dutch pipe, though I don't smoke myself, and a camp-stool, don't you think?"

Arrowsmith looked close down into his plate when I said this, to conceal his countenance, as I fancied. He then beckoned his dog, who instantly leaped up and sat upon his knees, and he and the dog both looked straight at me. They both had very grave countenances, and yet, as our eyes continued to look at each other, there was something so odd in the effect of it, that I could not help laughing. At this, Arrowsmith instantly sank back in his chair, and laughed immoderately, his dog barking at me all the time. I didn't see so much to laugh at as all this — it was absurd. Did not feel that I quite understood Arrowsmith. But he had always been a curious sort of a fellow.

After some desultory conversation, I told Arrowsmith I had quite determined to go to the Diggings, and that I should like exceedingly to make one of his party, and to go in the same ship with him.

"Dixon," said he, shaking me by the hand with a smile, "you shall be welcome to a corner in my tent; you are, I know, a good-hearted, honourable young fellow; you will be tolerably strong after a few weeks' training, and as you have seen nothing of life, and the world — beyond London life, and the dull routine of a silversmith's shop — a trip to

Australia will enlarge your experience, if it does nothing more. Lose no time, if you wish to go in the Rodneyrig. As for outfitters, one house is about as good as another; and as for tools and appurtenances, one house is about as bad as another, because as I said before, scarcely anybody knows what is wanted, or can calculate for changes. You will let me hear how you get on. I must now wish you good morning, for," said he (taking up the paper of figures from the chimney-piece, which I had fancied were engineering calculations), "I have a rather long washing bill to settle before I go out this morning."

I walked homewards very thoughtfully. I did not much relish the remark about the shop; and yet it was true enough. A "trip" to Australia, too, sounded strangely. I was not much impressed with Arrowsmith's qualifications as a leader. The important question of outfit seemed to me to be treated by him with a great deal too much levity; and as to what he said about tools and implements as mere matters of speculation, I could not help arriving at the conclusion that he was mystifying me, that he did intend to speculate himself, and largely too; and perhaps — for such is human nature — that he did not wish to have a rival in the market. I wondered how much money my aunt would advance for my outfit. All depended upon that, as to what I should do in this respect.

OVERLAND TOUR TO BERMONDSEY.

"WHAT is this smell?" "Oh it's the leather." — "But what is that *other* smell?" "Oh, that's the glue!"

Two million olfactory organs, mostly belonging to Her Majesty's subjects, are annually troubled with a visitation of a peculiar kind; and two million owners of those organs (more or less) annually exchange such questions and answers as the above, in respect to that visitation. It would not be safe to assert that the number is accurately two millions, or that it does not vary like other mundane things, from time to time; but the assertion may be hazarded, that nearly all the passengers by the Greenwich Railway are sensibly reminded of the possession of certain nerves, subject to a kind of titillation when excited by odours. There are mysterious roofs, chimneys, wooden erections, and open yards in the Bermondsey district, through which this railway passes, not very loveable to look upon, nor embalmed in sweet perfumes. Bermondsey, thereupon, acquires a dubious character in the minds of those who fly through it on the top of those innumerable brick arches, and who have not time to inquire into its more solid characteristics.

If the reader will make one in a tour to Bermondsey, we will start from London Bridge, which may be taken as the extreme north-

west limit of that region. We begin betimes in the morning, and at once encounter on the bridge sundry men and women, laden with large, sturdy bundles of bags and baggings, with which they are trotting along at a tolerably smart pace. The who, the what, and the what for, respecting these people and their bags, show that Bermondsey and its immediate vicinity have need of more canvas bags than any other district in the Metropolis. This demand gives rise to a busy trade of bag-making. There are so many corn-merchants on both sides of the Thames, so many hop-merchants in the Borough, so many wool-merchants in Bermondsey, and so many bags and sacks are required for the corn and hops and wool, that the making of these adjuncts gives employment to a very considerable number of poor people. The manufacturers or sellers have their warehouses mostly to the north of the bridge, but the actual stitchers live in the poor streets of Bermondsey; and the carrying of the canvas in one direction, and of the made bags in the other, is part of the duty of the bag-stitchers, who mostly have to take London Bridge in their way. This is one link in the Bermondsey chain.

We will next descend the forty or fifty steps at the foot of the bridge, and plunge at once into the water-side region connected with the coasting trade. It has very much of a Wapping character about it; yet it is not without sights and sounds, and odours,

belonging peculiarly to itself. Tooley Street (a name, as antiquaries assure us, growing out of a corruption of St. Olave Street) is mostly a street of shopkeepers; but, if we turn down any of the crooked, crabbed openings on the left, such as Mill Lane, or Morgan Lane, or Stoney Lane, we get fairly among the wharfs and warehouses. And a strange region they make. The street rejoicing in the name of "Pickle Herring," and its eastern neighbour "Shad Thames," do occasionally succeed in getting a gleam of sunshine; but they have to struggle for it, with the granaries on the one side and the warehouses on the other. Here we have a bit of roadway without any pavement; there a bit of pavement with one narrow track of roadway: at one place our proper route appears like an entrance to a warehouse; while, at another, a warehouse entrance seems to lie in our proper route. Below, we encounter barrels, casks, sacks, hampers, and bales, filled with various commodities. Above, we see galleries or gangways stretching across from the wharfs and warehouses to the granaries and corn-mills.

All kinds of mercantile odours present themselves for notice in turn. At a ware-house gateway we see a bill announcing a sale of raw goods at the Commercial Sale Rooms in Mincing Lane; the commodities are American horn-tips, East India buffalo horns, African cattle bones, ox and deer

skins, and odoriferous guano — all of which are "on view" in this Pickle Herring establishment. In short, as Tooley Street has its salesmen, factors, store-shippers, ship biscuit bakers, outfitters, ship-chandlers, and others connected with shipping and commercial matters, so does the Pickle Herring region bring us one stage nearer the actual ships and commodities themselves. And thus we have another link in the Bermondsey chain.

Advancing a little farther east, before leaving the water side, we come to Horsley-down and Saint Saviour's Dock, and here the granaries and steam corn mills are so many and so large, that they force themselves upon our notice. Besides the corn brought to London from our own counties, in coasters, which carry from two hundred to twelve hundred quarters each, it is now (thanks to corn-law repeal) brought also from foreign countries in loads of two or three thousand quarters each. After being measured by the City meters, and the City dues paid, the corn is carried to the granaries in Shad Thames, and elsewhere, where it is stored in vast quantity until required for selling, or for grinding. At these granaries, the granary-rent, fire-insurance, and wages for tending and screening, are said to amount to about seven shillings per week for one hundred quarters of corn. The steam mills for grinding the corn into flour on the spot, instead of sending it into the country to be ground by wind-

mills, may be regarded as one of the modern industrial features, almost unknown to our millers a few years ago. This vast corn-trade gives us a third link in the Bermondsey chain.

Further east we will not go; it leads to Rotherhithe, and its timber yards, and timber docks, its Surrey Canals, and Thames Tunnels. And yet we must go a little further east, even to see whether Jacob's Island has cleansed itself lately. Alas! it is very little more than an "Island of the Blessed" than in past years; and we must pity any Jacob who is obliged to live there. In days long gone by, Bermondsey had a rich and beautiful Abbey, supplied with water by a stream which extended to the Thames near this point; and the tanners, and curriers, and fell-mongers, the glue-makers and hat-makers, in more recent days, were dependent on this stream for a supply of water to aid their manufacturing operations. But now that the Abbey is gone, and that steam-engines are rapidly superseding water-wheels, and that water-companies are "laying-in" water, and that manufacturers are sinking Artesian Wells, the Folly stream has become Folly Ditch. A dirty ditch it was thirty years ago, when Wilkinson depicted it in his "Londina Illustrata;" a dirty ditch it was when "Oliver Twist" was written; a dirty ditch it still is. There are a few faint marks of improvement visible; but Jacob's Island and Halfpenny Alley,

and Farthing Alley, within, and around, and between which the Folly Ditch stretches its slimy length, are no credit to our sanitary age. There is a street called Hickman's Folly close at hand; who Hickman was, we do not know, nor whether Hickman belonged to the Folly, or the Folly to Hickman; but there the Folly, encompassing Jacob's Island, still is; and we are sorry to have to give it a place as a fourth link in the Bermondsey chain.

Now, we fairly leave the river, and skirt the land-ward boundary of Bermondsey. Another, and a totally different aspect is presented; we have got among the market-gardeners, whose treeless, but very rich grounds supply so largely to Covent Garden and other markets. It is said that, vast as is the metropolis, three-fourths of the vegetable supply for its two and a quarter million of eaters are grown within a radius of twelve miles from Covent Garden; and within a radius of fifteen miles there are two hundred thousand acres of land in the hands of market-gardeners, all labouring for London the Great. Of the ten thousand loads of turnips, the hundred thousand sacks of peas, the twenty million heads of celery, the forty million cabbages, the thousand tons of water-cresses, &c., said to be sold annually in Covent Garden Market, how much of this is grown in the Bermondsey region we cannot say. This we *can* say, that if the ruined Protectionists of more distant

counties wish to be convinced of the wonders of high farming; or to see what agricultural science, hand labour, and high wages can do for land which, without these appliances, would grow little else than rushes; let them take a survey of the low-lying market-gardens of Kent and Surrey. The enormous produce we have enumerated above is not got out of those grounds without immense capital and unwearied skill having been first put into them. Three and four crops a year off the same spots do not spring up spontaneously.

At two or three o'clock on market mornings the waggons are receiving their stores of fresh green vegetables, and wending their way through the London streets to the great central emporium. A boundary roughly marked out by Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, Deptford, and the Kent Road will include the market-garden region, to which our tour has taken us; there are here a few pleasant spots to meet the eye of the railway travellers aloft, as a small compensation for the doleful odours nearer town. The rows of houses hereabout are struggling in a neutral ground between town and country. We have Blue Anchor Road and Princes Road, Grange Road and Spa Road, Willow Walk and Page's Walk, all trying to put in a countryfied look, but all terribly near the tan-pits; Willow Walk has lost its willows, and has got leather and tan-turf instead. But giving the district all the benefit

of such fresh air scenes as it still presents, we must characterize this market-garden vicinity as a fifth link in our Bermondsey chain.

Now, however, we are about to plunge into Bermondsey proper — that strange region, which has more to do with leather and wool than all the rest of the metropolis besides. It was said a few years ago, that a circle one mile in diameter, having its centre at the spot where the Abbey once stood, will include within its limits most of the tanners, the curriers, the fell-mongers, the wool-staplers, the leather-factors, the leather-dressers, the leather-dyers, the parchment-makers, and the glue-makers, for which this district is so remarkable. There is scarcely a street, a road, a lane into which we can turn without seeing evidences of one or other of these occupations. One narrow road, leading from the Grange Road to the Kent Road, is particularly distinguishable for the number of leather-factories on either side; some time-worn and mean, others newly and skilfully erected. Another street, known as Long Lane, and lying westward of the church, exhibits nearly twenty distinct establishments, where skins or hides undergo some of the many processes to which they are subjected. Even the public-houses give note of these peculiarities, by the signs chosen for them, such as the Woolpack, the Fellmongers' Arms, Simon the Tanner, and others of like import.

The chief change observable since the above was written is the substitution of large new factories for some of the dingy, tumble-down, old ones; but it cannot be said that modern chemistry has yet done much to sweeten the processes, or the places where they are conducted, or the garments of those employed.

Look around, and see how these various trades depend one upon another; how they give to the Bermondsey chain a number of links which we can no longer attempt to register. Starting with the undoubted fact (let it have arisen how it may) that Bermondsey presents more tanning and leather-dressing than any other spot in England, or perhaps in the world, we find other undoubted facts accumulate under our hand in curious and very diverse ways. The sheep yields skin fitted for thin leather and parchment; and hence comes employment for the fellmonger, the leather-dyer, the parchment-maker, and others. The ox and the horse yields hides suitable for stout leather; and hence the labours of the skin-merchant, the tanner, the currier, and the leather-factor. But the English sheep-skins reach Bermondsey with the wool on; and from this arises a living for the wool-agent, the wool-stapler, the flock mattress-maker, and the hat-maker. The ox and horse-hides, too, are brought to market with the hair on; and this hair gives a busy activity to the hair-merchant, the horsehair-maker,

the hair-felt-maker, and so forth. Oxen and horses, sheep and goats, all have scraps and odds and ends of gelatinous matter about their hides or skins, which cannot be made into leather; and hence does the glue-maker derive a valuable store of materials. The spent bark, when all its tanning property is driven out of it, has still a power of yielding a smouldering heat; and hence the maker of tannurf, or "good burning turf," obtains his supply of materials. Thus it is that all those traders and manufacturers, rich and poor, congregate at Bermondsey, each one using up what the others leave.

You must not "walk in silk attire" in Bermondsey; put on thick boots, and accompany us to the Leather Market, suitably placed in the very heart of the tanneries. A butcher, buying a calf or a sheep at Smithfield, buys it skin and all; and whether he slaughters at home, or at famed Newgate or Leadenhall, the coat is still his property. He places it at the disposal of a skin salesman, whose rattling, springless cart, is one of the most intolerably noisy of London noises; the salesman conveys it, with numerous other brother-and-sister skins, to the skin-and-leather market at Bermondsey, and here it is bought by the fell-monger.

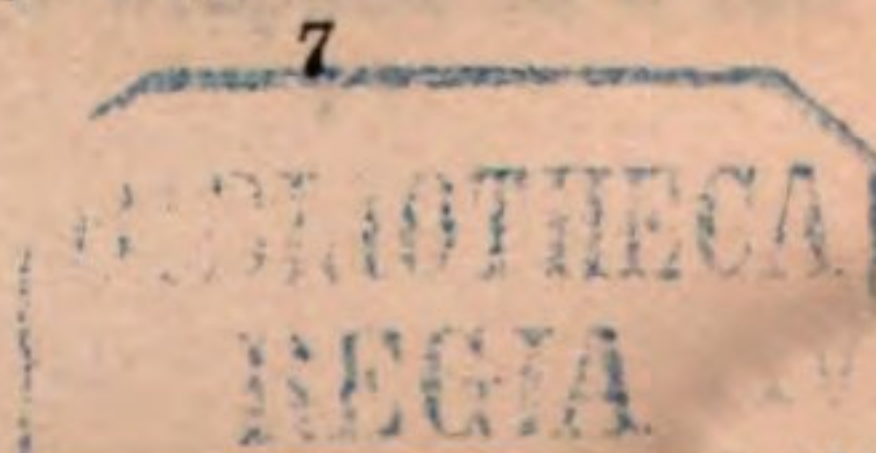
The skin salesman is simply a broker or factor; he acts for the butcher who sells and the fellmonger who buys, and receives a small commission for his trouble. This market is really one which might frown upon certain markets

much better known and more talked of in London; the leather people subscribed among them a joint-stock of fifty thousand pounds, about twenty years ago, with which they built a market and warehouses, not unworthy of a visit from those who live on the north side of the Thames. In the open market the skin salesman acts as broker between the butcher and the fellmongers, for the sale of the skins; whereas, in the warehouses, leather-factors act between the tanners and the dealers for the sale of leather. The skin salesmen rent certain bays and square compartments of pavement in the open market, where they transact their business. In a bright July day, with the thermometer at one hundred and ten degrees in the sun, a visitor had better contrive to have his handkerchief to his nose, and keep it there pertinaciously; but it is only just to say that the market is kept as scrupulously clean as possible.

Walk into this tannery close to the market (there are so many which answer to this character, that we are relieved from all personality in the matter). Amid the compound of villanous smells, much that is commercially and scientifically interesting presents itself for notice. The tanner, scorning the thin skins of the sheep, buys the tougher hides of the ox, cow, horse, and calf, and makes the Leadenhall hide-salesman the medium of his purchases—for Leadenhall Market turns up

its nose at Bermondsey Market, in respect to the hide trade. Arrived at the tannery, the hides are robbed of their horns, which accumulate in a heap in one corner, destined for the comb-maker, and the knife-handle-maker; they are robbed of bits and scraps, which go towards the formation of a glue-maker's heap in another corner; they are robbed of their hair by a steeping and scraping process, and thus the horse-hair worker is provided; and then they are plunged into vessels and tanks, the contents of which had better not be minutely examined. After months of steeping and turning, the hides have imbibed the tanning principle contained in the oak bark employed, and they have become leather. They are hung up, and dried, and beaten, and rolled, and a tough leathery result is obtained.

But a tannery is sweetness itself compared with a fellmonger's yard, in which sheep-skins, instead of ox-hides, are treated. Here's a gateway open, with a man wheeling a barrow-full of skins to a cart outside; but, oh, the sloppiness of the yard within, and the paddling about of the men in their be-slopped garments, and the ground-level tanks filled with slimy liquids of unmentionable composition! Yet, if the wool will not leave the skins without all these dirty doings, what is to be said? By dint of steepings, and scraping, and pullings, the wool is separated; it is sold to the wool-staplers, while the pelts



or shorn skins are sold to the leather-dressers and the parchment-makers.

Another peep: this is a leather-dresser's yard, where the thinner kinds of skins are made into leather; where, for instance, goat and sheep-skins are converted into "morocco" (real or imitative), or "roan," or "skiver," for chair-covers, bookbinding, shoes, slippers, pocket-books, and hundreds of other articles; where kid and lamb-skins are made into kid leather for shoes and gloves; where sheep and deer-skins are transformed into "shamoy" leather for various purposes. And although the processes necessary for this conversion partake of the characteristics so often mentioned, yet they are more interesting to witness, on account of the ingenious contrivances employed.

The smaller fabricators are many and varied; the currier is one who softens and perfects the thick hides which the tanner has prepared; the leather enameller, the leather gilder, the leather stamper, the leather stainer, pursue avocations sufficiently denoted by their names; and for all of these alike, Bermondsey is the head quarters, the heart and centre. So likewise of the parchment-makers; the sheets on which legal documents are engrossed, and the big drum with which M. Jullien astonished the world in his Exhibition Quadrille, might tell something of the sheepish doings of Bermondsey;

and the clippings of these parchmented skins furnish a size-making material. The sheep filaments, which are literally "done to fiddle-strings" in the classic regions of Cow Cross, belong not to our friends of Bermondsey.

Stop a bit near the Spa Road Station; let the eye follow the direction which the nasal organ points out; you have a glue-factory here. On one side are thousands of skinny fragments, drying in the open air; on another are the boilers and vessels in which these scraps are made to give up their gelatine; and on another are the stages filled with cakes of the gelatine or glue — not exactly "Wasting their sweetness on the desert air," but sharing it impartially among the railway passengers.

Let Russell Street (Bermondsey is not without this lordly designation) and its neighbourhood claim your notice for a minute; for here the wool-staplers have chosen to congregate. They purchase the wool as taken from the skins, sort it into qualities, pack it in bags, and sell it to the hat-makers and the woollen-manufacturers. Here is a waggon, destined probably to the Camden Goods Station; two men roll out from the warehouse a huge bag of wool, another paints some cabalistic characters upon it, another grips it with two formidable-looking grapnels, a couple more lift it waggon-high by a crane, and it is forthwith deposited by the side of its brother bags.

Should we wish to put to the test our Bermondsey theory, let the Post Office Directory — that huge mass of statistics — be appealed to; and let us ferret out the tanners, the dressers, the cutters, the enamellers, the gilders, the stainers, and the stripers of leather; the leather-factors and merchants, the curriers, the fell-mongers, the skin-merchants, the parchment-makers, the glue-makers, the wool-staplers. Here we find that the leather-dressers of Bermondsey muster thirty-eight strong, while the curriers are thirty-seven; the tanners give us forty-one out of forty-seven, in the whole of the metropolis, while the wool-staplers number twenty-seven out of twenty-eight.

Rambling about in search of these Bermondsey characteristics, we play at bo-peep with the railway arches, diving under them from time to time, until at length we arrive near our starting point, at that busy corner, where the two great hospitals and the two great railway stations have thrown the small streets quite into a state of bewilderment — the Maze has become a maze in more ways than one.

Here endeth our Overland Tour to Bermondsey — the Ey or Ei or Marsh of Beormund.

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF FLAX.

FLAX is the only perfectly unexceptionable fibre for a shirt. A silken shirt, which sounds so well in an Eastern tale, always makes me think of the Spanish Princess Isabella's vow (whence the once fashionable colour of Isabelle-yellow), and it also revives the libel which some traveller has published about the Persian gentry, namely, that though they bathed ever so often in the day, they were never clean, except while they were in the water. Flannel shirts partake too much of the vest, whether outer or inner, to allow a linen shirt to be dispensed with. As to flimsy, low-price-ticketed, cotton articles, run together with hot needle and burnt thread, indelibly stained with the tears of three-quarters-starved seamstresses — they ought to be torn into shreds, tossed into the streets on the first symptom of a hurricane, to be borne away for ever into empty space, like ephemeral and unreal phantoms as they are. In temperate language, they are abominable and unwearable. No argument shall ever persuade me to the contrary —

“ ‘Odious! In cotton! ’T would a saint provoke!’

Were the last words that poor *Scriblerus* spoke.

“One would not, sure, be *seedy* when one's dead;

So, Betty, ”

“please let the remains of poor *Scriblerus* be wrapped in a fair

linen shirt, when they are laid out to take their last long repose."

"Linen" is a word derived from the French *lin*, or the Latin *linum* — whichever you please — both meaning "flax." Our "linseed" springs from the same etymological root. We have seen that the courtesy of housewives admits hempen cloth into the catalogue of linen, but, granting all the merits of hemp, the indulgence is contrary to strict etiquette. By "linen," here, we understand "flaxen" and nothing else, while we are taking a cursory glance at the early history of a linen shirt.

All clothing is a something of which we have selfishly despoiled something else. Skins, furs, and feathers, are stripped from off other fellow-creatures, living or dead; vegetable garments are plunder taken from, or wheedled out of the earth. The shepherd shears the flock which he has fed and tended, to make him coats of wool; the husbandman feeds, and tickles, and currycombs the land, to induce it to send forth a sort of herbaceous hair and bristle, which he then rapaciously plucks up by the roots, to furnish himself with nether vestments. The natural history of a lady's muff, or the personal adventures of an Alpaca paletot, are subjects not devoid of interest; and, wishing that some clever hand may undertake them both, I will at once open the series by the Story of a Shirt.

Flax unadulterated is the only

permissible fibre, both for warp and woof; but flax must be grown before it can be so employed. Flax may be seen growing and in preparation in various parts of the world; but, to avoid confusion, I will now confine myself to what I have lately been beholding in the northern provinces of France.

I have not seen it mentioned in any treatise on the subject, but have observed the fact with my own eyes, that the best flax is grown on perfectly level ground. A flax field should be like a bowling-green or a billiard-table. The reason is the exact converse of that which makes hilly and mountainous ground the best adapted for forest land. The great object in flax culture is to obtain along, straight, unbranching stem, delicate rather than robust in its proportions. Wherefore the seed is sown broadcast, with a liberal hand, that the plants may shoot so thickly from the ground as almost to choke each other. They are thus drawn up, thin and wiry, without a lateral branch, like oaks too closely planted in a wood. Not a single flax plant should overtop another; the whole crop ought to rise from the earth as level as if it were clipped with a gigantic pair of shears during the entire period of its growth. But on unlevel ground, plants of unequal height do overtop each other, in exact proportion to the steepness of the ground. They individually catch more light and air; they shoot out a greater

number of side branches; and their woody fibre becomes firmer. The same conditions which bring the oak to perfection spoil the flax plant for our domestic uses. A crop of flax is an exceedingly beautiful object when it has obtained the height of two or three inches. The hue of its green is more delicate than that lovely colour which wheat displays in early spring, "when haw-thorn buds appear;" and the texture of the living down with which the earth is covered, exceeds everything that one can imagine in the way of velvet, plush, or Turkey carpet. Only there is no pattern on the ground — or ought not to be. The tint throughout the field should be as uniform as the blue of the sky above it.

The Field of the Cloth of Gold, close to Guînes, and not far from Calais, is well suited for flax-growing, and is consequently strangely altered since it was the scene of the rival display of finery between Francis I. and Henry VIII. Three hundred and thirty-three years, interposed between ourselves and any distant event, form a wonderfully clear medium through which to behold the vanity of vanities. The spot on which stood the palace-like tent of the big wife-killing bully, is now ploughed up for next year's crop, and is simply decorated with a post bearing the inscription of "CHASSE RÉSERVÉE." Every peasant proprietor of a paternal half-acre has now the right to placard this prohibition, often

in most unsymmetrical capitals, before the face of his noble neighbour. Feudalities are swept away, and fierce was the torrent which did so sweep them. The Forest of Licques, which crowns those hills in the background yonder, is no longer a temptation and a trap for cruel punishments. The ungentle hand, even the merchant-spicer, can easily and legally enjoy the pleasure of destroying whatever wild creatures he may find there. The fortifications of Ardres are being demolished, at the instance of a lady who longs for a glimpse of the country outside; people catch their eels, and shoot their wild-fowl, and drag their not-so-very-slow barges, fearless of the dangers which used to beset the French and English border lands. Guînes has become a nest of Young Ladies' and Gentlemen's Academies, instead of being the hiding-place and the spider's nest of the warriors and the traitors of olden time. Agriculture, water-conveyance, and the white-darting wreath from the distant railway, have taken the place of tournaments and war. The Field of the Cloth of Gold has become the Field of the Cloth of Flax. And three hundred and thirty-three years hence, when the Cloth of Gold shall be forgotten, or shall be voted a vulgar article through the satiating glut of Australian importations, the Field of Flax may still display its bright carpeting of green, and the Cloth of Flax may bleach ever triumphant

on the banks of the sluggish streams of the Calaisis.

On the Field of the Cloth of Gold itself, the only human habitation is a solitary road-side half inn half farm-house, which seems principally intended for the entertainment of the cocks and hens, and pigeons, and four-legged animals that have taken up their lodgings there, rather than to beguile the wayfarer into loitering on his journey. But just beyond the outskirts of this prancing-ground of the French and English monarchs, is a thrifty village, which we will call Les Saules, with a population amounting to nine hundred inhabitants, which population annually grows and sends forth flax to the amount of eight thousand pounds sterling, even in the imperfect state in which it leaves their hands.

The leading topographical features of Les Saules are pollard willows, rich meadows intermingled with patches of arable land, productive cottage-gardens, and plots of ground that have been dug with the spade. Little streams of soft and clear water wander hither and thither through the village, and wherever you go, you observe that almost every tenement has one or more rude clay buildings attached to it, in whose walls, instead of windows a row of squarish holes are broken, at about the height of a man, through which you can see daylight from the other side. These wretched-looking hovels are the workshops in which the

flax is prepared; and they not only are the sources of considerable wealth, but they also shelter a good deal of fun and merriment. The scutchers, to earn wages enough to keep them alive, are obliged, in winter, to begin working before daylight, and to continue their task some time after it has departed. The introduction of lamps or candles amongst such inflammable materials is carefully avoided; nor are they necessary, as the operations can be conducted as well by the aid of feeling as by sight; and during these hours of industrious obscurity, the imps of darkness are kept at bay by patriotic, amatory, and comic songs. The holes in the opposite walls are made for the purpose of admitting a current of air to carry off the dust — the great nuisance of this part of the business. I asked my acquaintance, Louis Carrou — (who fancied I must be connected with the great flax-growers of England, and was come over to engage French workmen, and who begged me to recommend him to a good place, as here he could only earn five-and-twenty or at the very most thirty sous a day, being paid by the pound weight, to support himself and wife and children) — I asked poor cheerful Louis why they could not avoid the dust, by working in the open air, under the shade of a tree, in fine calm weather. But no, he said, that would not do; the flax would get too dry, and would not work so well.

At Les Saules, the steeping of the flax is performed on the spot; and though some people may call it an offensive operation, it is in reality a very nice one. It is by no means easy to determine beforehand the length of time necessary for the steeping, so much depends upon the state of the atmosphere, the article required, and other circumstances; and if the fermentation of putrefaction does not go on equally throughout the mass, all the bunches of flax have to be taken out, and again packed together in their watery bed. To conduct this process with any certainty, samples are obliged to be drawn, from time to time, out of the centre of the mass, to ascertain whether the fibre can be easily separated from the straw; but unless a man has great experience, he is obliged to dry the sample stalks, before he can decide whether the steeping has gone far enough.

As soon as that point is determined, which generally happens at the end of ten or twelve days (though some flax is not steeped longer than four days, while other some remains submerged as long as three weeks), the stagnant water is immediately drawn off from the pond, and fresh running water is let in, to wash the flax-stalks and cleanse them from any mud or colouring matter which has been deposited upon them. Where there are no conveniences for doing this, the flax is taken out, spread upon grass land, and

exposed to the rain for several days, which has the same effect. Afterwards, the stalks are set upright in conical bunches, hollow in the centre, to dry as quickly as possible. The flax is now fit to be stored, either in barns, or in small stacks in the open air, to await further preparation at the leisure of the workman. All which has hitherto been done may be considered as belonging to agriculture; it now passes into the hands of the artizan and the manufacturer, although it may remain in the possession and under the roof of the original grower. The men who reduce the ready-steeped flax to a saleable condition for spinning, are here called *écoucheurs*, and they make a regular trade of it. It furnishes them with employment the greater part of the year, and when not so engaged, they mostly fill up their time by working on the land.

In order to see how flax becomes changed from the bunch of twigs which it is when the steeping is done, to the skein of silk which it resembles before spinning, I walked over to Les Saules the other day. A little boy with a scarlet night-and-day cap, lifted the tassel by way of salutation as I approached the cottage of Pierre Heurtreuil. Being expected, no diplomacy was necessary, and the work went on without interruption. There were two clay-built *boutiques* on the premises. Pierre, the master, was himself at work in one, with another man. In the second, four men were installed

in each angle, with their respective implements, as if they were playing a never ending game of "cat-get-a-corner." Louis Carrou, after making proper inquiries about the health of his mother and sisters, laid his half-finished task aside, and stepped into a little barn adjoining, that I might see the whole thing from the beginning. He then spread a sheaf of flax evenly and rather thinly on the floor, and pummelled it with a deadly weapon, which he called a *mail*. I cannot quite translate the word as mallet. It was something like a hearth brush without any hairs, and with a curved handle. The lump of wood from which the bristles would proceed, was stout and heavy, and cut at the bottom into sharp tooth-like ridges, which promised to have a similar effect upon the flax, to that of an elephant's tooth upon a branch of acacia. Louis, however, only beats the flax with his wooden grinder, he does not quite chew it into fragments. When his *mail* has munched it enough, he divides the sheaf into handfuls, in which it ever afterwards remains, and keeps them separate by laying them across each other in a circular fashion, making a sort of harmless Catherine-wheel. The bundle of handfuls is brought into the *écoucherie*, and each one is further crushed between the jaws of a thing standing on four legs, properly termed a *braque*, because *braques* is the French word for a lobster's pincers. Both

this and the previous operation really are modes of purposely imperfect mastication; the mumbly breaks the stalk of the plant but leaves the fibres uninjured and entire.

The *mail* and the *braque*, both tools for general service, are the property of the master; the other implements belong to the several workmen. After each handful has been well crunched and tasted by the wooden palate of the *braque*, it is tossed, after a twist, to the foot of the *écouche-pied* — an upright plank, with a horizontal slit a couple of inches, or so, wide, at the height of three or four feet from the ground, and firmly fixed in a solid slab of wood. With his left hand the scutcher introduces a tuft of *braqued* flax into the slit, so that it hangs down on the other side, and with his right he scrapes and chops at it with a tool called an *écouche*, something like a battle door, or a monstrous wooden butter-knife. A leather strap stretches just before his legs at the lower part of the *écouche-pied*, that he may not bark his own shins while scutching the flax. By these means, and by turning it about, the woody refuse is got rid of, and little else but the pure fibre remains. This is the state in which it is marketable, and is largely purchased (by the *pierre* or bundle of four French pounds), by the female amateurs of home-spun linen.

As yet, however, it is but an unfinished article; the fibres are still imperfectly separated from

each other, and a portion of useless substance still remains. But the ladies have it now in hand, and contrive to reduce it about one half in weight. It is carefully drawn through a couple of square combs (the coarser one with iron, the finer with brazen teeth), that are studded in formidable phalanx on the surface of one and the same plank, till the handful of scurfy-looking flax becomes a beautiful, soft, and silken tress, now resembling nothing so much as a lady's back hair, after it has undergone the mysterious manipulations of the toilet. Any forlorn, melodramatic heroine, requiring to electrify her audience by the recital of her stage sorrows, though really suffering most at heart from the scantiness of her natural periwig, has only to make a journey to Les Saules to obtain an unlimited quantity of flaxen locks. With these picturesquely dishevelled, and gilded by the beams of the rising footlights, or agitated by the breezes which rustle through the wings, she may successfully defy the oppressor and the tyrant. But the worthy maids and matrons here dream of no such vanities as those. Their souls are absorbed by the instinctive impulse of spinning. Round goes the wheel, and smooth glides the thread. The boiler boils it, the weaver weaves it, the bleacher bleaches it, the seamstress stitches it; and at last you have, on your delighted good-looking person, a shirt which will keep you warm and make you respectable for

years and years, outlasting whole warehouses full of the rubbishy nothings which a home-spinning dame would call dear at a gift.

THE LEAF.

I saw one leaf upon a tree remaining,
Which by a feeble trembling tenure
hung;
The cold chill winds of winter were complaining,
And heaps of dead leaves, wet with constant raining,
Were here and there in fitful eddies flung.

Still, in the piercing blast, this lone leaf quivered
As though each gust would force it from its hold;
Or, as it dying were, and feebly shivered
Ere to the dull cold grasp of Earth delivered,
And with its dead and rotting brethren rolled.

From the bleak North a fiercer blast came sweeping,
And from its tottering hold the leaf was hurled
Down to the ground; the bitter rain seemed weeping —
In its sad icy tears the dead leaves steeping —
While in the rushing wind they madly whirled.

And then it seemed the only hope had parted,
While desolation did supremely reign;
'T was like the last trust of the broken-hearted;
Yet was a consolation then imparted
Which eased my spirit of a weight of pain: —

For, as my heart was thus so sadly viewing
The dying leaf, and seeing but its tomb,
I thought upon the coming spring, renewing

All that seemed desolate, and for dead
 leaves strewing
 The laughing Earth with flowers of
 gayest bloom.

'T is thus we should for ever look at
 sorrow —

But as a casting our dead leaves away
 To give place to a brighter bloom to-
 morrow:

And from the fresh'ning face of Nature
 borrow

All joyous emblems — a perpetual
 May.

THE CAPTAIN'S PRISONER.

NOT many miles from Kendal, in Westmoreland, there is a little town which I will call Bridgemoor. Bridgemoor has a long, scattered, straggling street of houses built in the "any how" style of architecture. The market-place in Bridgemoor has a circular flight of steps in the midst, surmounted by a jagged stone stump — the pedestal, in old Catholic times, of Bridgemoor market-cross. There is a market-house, within whose cloister is a statue of Sir Gervase Gabion, Knight, of Gabion Place, hard by; who barricaded, loopholed, casemated, and held out the market-house, against Colonel Barzillai Thwaites, commanding a troop of horse and two companies of the Carlisle Godly train-bands, in the Cavalier and Roundhead days. The loyal baronet is represented in full Roman costume, including, of course, the voluminous periwig essential to strict classicality in those days. He stands in a commanding attitude, irremediably crushing with

his left sandal a hideous stone griffin, supposed to be an effigy of anarchy, or Cromwellism, embodied in the person of Colonel Barzillai aforesaid. The baronet's right hand holds and elongated cylinder of stone, which may be interpreted as a bâton, a telescope, or a roll of paper, and with which he points in the direction of his ancestral mansion, Gabion Place, nearly half of which mansion he had the patriotism to blow up with gunpowder about the ears of the Godly train-bands; in consideration of which eminent, loyal, and patriotic service, the inhabitants of Bridgemoor caused this statue to be erected to him in the market-house cloister; and King Charles the Second, on His Majesty's happy restoration, did him the honour of playing basset with him twice in the gallery at Whitehall, being actually, in addition, condescending enough to win two score pieces of him and to make two jokes on the fashion of his periwig; which was all he ever did for him.

Bridgemoor has, besides the architectural embellishments I have noticed, the usual complement of decent, or genteel, or stylish houses, being the residences of its clergyman, lawyer, doctor, and other local big-wigs. It has a quiet, humdrum, harmless population; and manners quite as harmless, as quiet, and as humdrum; but, amidst its general tranquillity, it possesses so great a warmth of feeling on a certain subject, that if a Certain

Personage were to come over from foreign parts and set up, aggressively and defiantly, his Toe to be kissed in Bridgemoor market-place, he would be told something from Bridgemoor folk that would, I warrant, astonish him.

Such is Bridgemoor, and such it was, with some few exceptions, one hundred and six years ago, when the story I have to tell had action. The same street, market-place, market-house, quiet humdrum people, and manners existed then as now; but, in 1746, the men wore cocked hats, and square cut coats; the ladies coifs, pinnars, and quilted petticoats. The Bridgemoor ladies now ride in railway carriages from the Bridgemoor station along the railway to Kendal; in 1746 they rode on a pillion behind John the servant-man. In 1746 the market-place could boast of two time-honoured monuments or institutions, called stocks and a whipping post; at which latter institution very many vagrants, male and female, were salutarily scourged by the parish constable "till their bodyes were bloodie," according to the humane letter of the more humane statute of Elizabeth in the case of vagrancy made and provided, for which see Mr. Burns his Justice. Both of these institutions, together with a cheerful-looking gibbet on an adjacent moor, on which fettered corpses swung in the northern blast, and which was the chief lounge for the Bridgemoor crows, ravens and starlings, and the terror of vinous farmers

returning from fair or market, have long since disappeared. So have some score cottages which tumbled down from time to time through rottenness, and were rebuilt in a more modern style. So has Gabion Place, the ancient mansion of the Gabion family which (house and family both), were pulled down one hundred and seven years ago in the manner I am going to tell you of.

In the fatal Forty-five, as all men know, Charles Edward Stuart came from France into Scotland, and from thence as far as Derby in England to fight for what he conceived to be his own. There were many widows and orphans made in England and Scotland, many tears of blood shed through his bootless quarrel for the crown with George of Hanover. In the more fatal Forty-six, after Culloden, there was martial law in the highlands of both countries. Dragoons scoured the country side in search of fugitive Jacobite officers, of Jesuits, and papal emissaries, of disaffected persons of every degree. Gentlemen's mansions were broken into, wainscoting was torn down, flooring wrenched up, pictures were pierced for the discovery of the "priest's hole;" farmhouses were ransacked, barns searched, hay and straw turned up with swords and bayonets lest Jacobite refugees should be concealed beneath. In every ditch, there was a corpse; in every rivulet, blood; in every farm field, a smouldering haystack, or a shattered

plough; in every house, fear and horror and trembling cheek by jowl with savage brutality and drunken exultation. On every hearth where the red stream of Civil War had flowed to quench the fire of love and household hope, there were the ashes of desolation. Women and young children slaughtered or outraged; men shot and hanged without trial or shrift or hearing; goods and chattels wantonly destroyed; crops burnt, homesteads rased; — such was martial law in Northern Scotland. In England and at Bridgemoor, its aspect, though somewhat less sanguinary, was as gloomy. One hideous and uniform system of military terrorism was in force; and though — from the number of persons resident in the northern counties who were attached to the existing Government, and had never taken any part with the adherents of the Pretender — there did not exist the same pretence for the wholesale plunder, spoliation, and blood-shedding with which Scotland was ravaged; still an unceasing round of domiciliary visits was made, and in almost every house military were quartered.

Of the many families directly or indirectly compromised by the political events of the foregoing, none were so seriously implicated as that represented at Bridgemoor by the Lady Earnest Gabion, who resided at Gabion Place, and superintended for her son the management of the vast estates he owned. The lady's husband, Ger-

vase Gabion, Lord of the Manor of Bridgemoor, died in 1725, leaving issue one son, Gervase Earnest, now twenty-two years of age. The family were rigid Catholics, and as rigid partisans of the House of Stuart. The last Squire Gabion had been intimately mixed up with the Earl of Mar's rash outbreak in 1715. In the course of a long sojourn in France before he could make his peace with the Government, he married, in 1720, the Lady Earnest Augusta Mary, sole daughter and orphan of Earnest Baron Brierscourt of Brierscourt, in the Kingdom of Ireland, who was attainted for his share in Sir John Fenwick's conspiracy; but escaped, went abroad, and — bidding adieu to the pomps and vanities of the world, political and social — took the cowl, and died in the famous Monastery of La Trappe. The Lady Earnest would probably have imitated his example, and have been received as a nun in the convent where she was already a boarder, had she not been, at the passionate instance of her brother, the titular Lord Brierscourt (who under the name of the Baron de Bricourt had taken service in the French king's Grey Musketeers), eventually persuaded to accept the hand of Mr. Gervase Gabion. They lived together very happily, as the story-books say, till the demise of the squire, who died in his bed, and in decent odour with Sir Robert Walpole, leaving an infant, as I have told you, who at two years of age became sole lord

of Bridgemoor Manor and of a rent-roll of twenty thousand pounds a year.

As the little lad grew he imbibed, together with a doting affection for his mother and a bigoted attachment to his Church, an attachment as doting as bigoted, as self-denying, as irrational may be to the princes and politics of that ill-fated, false, and faithless house, which never brought but misery and ruin upon the lands they ruled over. Everything around him conspired to confirm him in his love for the house of Stuart. The mother he idolised valued a golden crucifix she had received from James the Second, at Saint Germain's, next to the relics of the saints. His nurse was never tired of telling him of the great and good Earl of Derwentwater; of how he fought and bled for James the Third; of how the Whigs slew him on Tower Hill, in London, and of the brave words he spake to the people there; of how his body was brought home to the Lakes in earl's state and splendour, travelling only by night, and resting in Catholic places of worship during the day; of how she dressed him in a laced shroud when he came home. The peasants in the neighbourhood were for ever telling him that, when he was a man, he was to bring the rightful King home; his tutor, an Irish priest, mixed up Jacobitism and the Delphin Classics for him, and instilled the divine right of kings into his accidence. Is it to

be wondered at, therefore, that at eighteen years of age Gervase Gabion was compelled to leave even orthodox and Jacobitical Oxford, for openly expressed and obstinately maintained anti-Hanoverian principles; that at twenty-one he raised, equipped, and commanded as fierce a troop of Westmoreland troopers as you could find now in the Life Guards — that he went, over head and ears, for Charles Edward Stuart?

When Culloden had been fought, and the Prince was hiding, and the proscription came, a troop of Morrishes regiment of dragoons (the yellow horse) came to Bridgemoor. The name and character of the widow of Squire Gabion stood so high, she was so beloved far and near for her meekness and goodness, that her house, until the date of the commencement of this story, had been left sacred. But a strict watch was kept on her and hers.

The Lady Earnest had been, for nearly a score of years, in the habit of receiving, in the great oak parlour of Gabion Place, every night in the week save Sunday, the principal inhabitants of Bridgemoor. They ate and drank nothing, save on stated occasions, for which special invitations were issued; but the ladies brought their needlework, and the men played at a very solemn and intricate game called Trictrac. Two circumstances may have induced the Lady Earnest to hold these very frequent *réunions*. In the first place, there was no family in

Bridgemoor of sufficient rank to admit of her visiting them; in the next, she had been educated abroad, where it is the custom for the principal lady in a provincial town to "receive" six times a week. So, night after night, winter and summer, there assembled in the great oak parlour Doctor Boyfus the Esculapius of Bridgemoor, (sometimes Mrs. Boyfus,) and Mr. Tappan the solicitor; the three Miss Tappans, his elderly sisters (very assiduous in their attendance), Captain Limberup, who had been with the Duke at the battle of Hochstadt; one Mr. Paul, who had formerly dealt in druggets at Leeds, and was, consequently, somewhat looked down upon; but who was so devout a Catholic, so warm a Jacobite, and so good a man, that he had been admitted on a sort of good-humoured sufferance for full ten years as an honorary member of the Gabion coterie. Mrs. Vanderpant, whose husband, a Dutch sea captain, had been summarily shot by William the Third for tampering with the adherents of the Pretender, closes the list of the regular frequenters of the oak parlour. The rector of the parish, Doctor Small, came but seldom; he was a Low Church man, and was very much occupied with the composition of a folio refutation of Bentley's Phalaris. A non-juring archdeacon of the Protestant persuasion (very much put to his shifts, and forced to earn his bread as a travelling tutor) dropped in occasionally; but he talked

too much about Doctor Sacheverell, all of whose sermons he had by heart, and quarrelled too, with Father Maziere, the Irish Benedictine chaplain and tutor, whom I have not mentioned hitherto as one of the circle, he being as much an article of household furniture, as the great, long-backed arm-chairs or the trictrac board. Many a summer and winter's day had past and gone since young Squire Gervase had put his foot across his own threshold. In his place there came another visitor, unwelcome, though not unbidden; dreaded, yet nightly expected; courted, but hated and feared. This was Captain Seagreest, the commander of the troop of horse stationed at Bridgemoor. He was the Fate of the town, he held the strings of life and death; he could hang all Bridgemoor, so they said, as high as Haman, if he chose, in half an hour.

On a certain cold Thursday evening in November, 1746, Lady Gabion had determined to close her doors to her entire circle of visitors, as she had closed them on the preceding Tuesday and Wednesday. The existence, almost cloistral, led by those who dwell in small towns, creates in them a species of habit of analysing and explaining — to their own satisfaction at least — the minutest actions of their neighbours. All Bridgemoor was agog for the two days, and for a considerable portion of the two nights, to find a solution for Lady Gabion's seemingly inexplicable conduct.

On Thursday morning, after the reception by old Mr. Paul of a missive from the Lady Gabion, intimating her renewed inability to receive that evening, and begging him to communicate her apologies to her visitors in collective, public curiosity reached the boiling point, and well nigh boiled over. With this curiosity began to be mingled alarm, not for the health of Lady Gabion, but for her life. At twelve o'clock in the forenoon, old Mr. Paul, walking on the High Street, was smartly tapped on the shoulder by a tall man with a black campaigning wig, a scarlet coat, a grizzled moustache, an evil-minded cocked hat, cruel eyes, a great gash across the left cheek, a trailing sabre, and jack-boots with long brass spurs. Mr. Paul, a venerable man, of full seventy years, with flowing white hair and an infirm gait, trembled violently when he felt the hand of captain Seagreest on his shoulder, and when, turning round, he found himself face to face with that horrible trooper.

"I know what's going on up yonder," was the greeting of the dragoon.

"Know, captain?" faltered out Paul.

"Ay," responded his interlocutor, with an oath, "and so do you, you infernal Jacobitical old rag pedlar. *I've* watched the crew at the Place. I know their game, and I'll spoil it too. The old Cumberland witch, Bridget," he continued, "was in the market, almost before daylight this morning, and

bought eggs: the Gabion woman never eats eggs. She bought fowls: the Gabion woman never eats poultry. As I passed this morning after parade, I found the second window on the first floor of the left wing had been cleaned, and fresh curtained. I know who sleeps there when he is at home; and you know, too, you whining Popish hunks."

He struck the old man, sportively it may be, a blow on the cheek as he spoke, with his soiled gauntlet. Sportively, I hope, but rudely enough to bring a flush to the pale cheek, and a clench to the palsied hand, that, twenty years ago, would have been as good as a knock down blow to the ruffian soldado.

"Look you here, Master Teazle and Wool," he went on, gripping the retired cloth-merchant by the arm. "You are hand and glove with this Babylon baron's daughter; you mumble out of the same mass-book, and plot against His sacred Majesty together. Now mark! go you up, and tell my lady this, — she expects her son to-night. Don't lie, old Judas, and say she doesn't. In this pocket," and the captain slapped his thigh, "I have the proclamation for the taking of Gervase Gabion of Gabion, dead or alive, with two hundred pounds reward. I come to Gabion Place to-night. Either I go away the accepted suitor and affianced husband of my Lady Gabion, or I come away, to-morrow morning, with a sergeant and a squad behind me. I'll ride my

horse Turenne, d'ye hear; but I'll have the bridle of another horse in my hand, and on that horse shall be her dainty master Gervase Gabion, gagged, handcuffed, and with his legs tied underneath the horse's belly."

"Captain, captain!" faltered Paul.

"Tell her that!" concluded the captain triumphantly, snapping the fingers of the soiled gauntlet. "Tell her that her pet boy shall swing at Carlisle within a fortnight; that he shall be hanged, drawn, and quartered according to law, like a traitor as he is. Tell her *that*, and that I'll marry her afterwards into the bargain, if she isn't civil."

And with these words swaggered away, with much jingling of spurs and clanging of the sabre, Captain Jesse Seagreest of Morishes regiment of horse. He was as great a bully, ruffian, and gamester, as ever was permitted, in those somewhat free and easy Horse Guard days, to disgrace His Majesty's service.

The cloth-merchant hurried away as fast as his tottering limbs would permit him, in the direction of Gabion Place. He was panting and trembling with exhaustion and excitement when he reached the quaint iron gate, which gave entrance by a sinuous carriage drive to the picturesque old mansion. The old porter was not so deaf and stupid, but he sufficiently comprehended the importance of the occasion when Mr. Paul pencilled hastily on one of his tablets

a passionate request to the Lady Gabion, to let him have one minute's interview with her. Simon Candy, the lodge-keeper, was as devout a Catholic, and as staunch a vassal of the houses of Stuart and Gabion as can well be imagined, and he had no sooner read the words held before his eyes by the hand of the cloth-merchant, than, with a nod of acquiescence, he admitted him within the gate, and bidding him wait an instant before the lodge door, hurried away towards the house.

He returned almost immediately.

"My lady 'll see thee," he said. "Gang thee ways oup yander, lad: thee know'st t' way." The lad of eighty, having indicated to the lad of seventy the route he was to take, retired into his lodge.

Slowly and sadly — a contrast to the hurried eagerness with which he had approached the house — the ancient man proceeded upon his mission. Now that he was so near upon its completion an accountable reluctance seemed to take possession of him in unfolding its purpose. He trod laggingly through a trim, prim, square-cut garden, arranged in that Helvetico-Italian style of which Lenôtre was the inventor and prime professor. By hedges cropped like horsehair cushions, through quaint triumphal arches of herbage, under trees cut into fantastic shapes, by zig-zag flower-pots he went, the gravel rasping discordantly under his feet, the leaves of the evergreens souging

piteously. So, on till he came to a glass grapehouse, where was a large grapevine, near which, in a rustic chair, was a lady of a noble presence, with pale face and great brown eyes, a white hand, a supple yet commanding form, and fair hair. Nigh forty years had passed their hands across her features, but they had dealt with her lightly, and had left few scars behind. If her face had not been so deathly pale, and her eyes so sorrowful, she would have been beautiful.

The cloth-merchant was a plain man, and told what he had to say as plainly and succinctly as he could. "Dear lady," he said, in conclusion, "if what this murdering trooper says be true, tell us at least if he has reason for his suspicion. Let us see what we can do to hide the truth, to save our boy. There is not a soul in Bridgemoor, I will be sworn, but would go through fire and water to serve you — the swashbuckling dragoons excepted. Joe Limber-up (the captain) is in the commission of the peace. *He* might help us."

For reply she took him by the hand, and pulled him rather than led him into a little shed, outside where the gardener kept his tools. She closed the rickety door, she hung her mantle over the latch, she looked around so scared and bewildered, as if she feared the sparrows on the window-sill would carry her secret; then, pulling from her bosom a torn, dirty, crumpled piece of paper, she

thrust it into the old man's hand, and bade him read it.

It was a letter from her son, Gervase Gabion. It said that he was in prison, and in peril of his life; but that he had planned an escape. He indicated three days, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday in this same week, on which he might come disguised to Gabion. If he did not come on the third day he was to be considered dead. There was neither place nor date to the hurried scrawl which was as a life or death warrant to two human beings; but there was a postscript in which he bade his mother give a munificent reward to the messenger who had brought the letter.

"And this is Thursday," cried the lady. "He will be here to-night, and the red-coats know it, and they will carry him off and hang him!"

"Trust in me," responded Ezra Paul. "He shall be saved. I will have scouts posted all round the place all night, to watch for him; but, dear lady, you must disarm suspicion you must receive your usual visitors to-night."

"But the dragoon — the dragoon! *He* will be here."

"Curse the dragoon," cried Ezra, in his piping voice, "we will watch him. I'll get drunk, I'll poison him, I'll kill him."

Passing down the main street, by the threshold of the town-brewery, which had been converted into a temporary barrack, he was hallooed to by Captain Seagreest, who was smoking a

pipe and watching one of his troopers clean his famous horse Turenne with a wisp of straw, cursing the man heartily, and kicking him bewhiles.

"You've done your errand I see, old Slyboots," he roared out condescendingly. "See here, what a pretty paper-hanging I mean to cover my barrack-yard with."

Paul looked up. There was a proclamation offering the reward for the apprehension of Gervase Gabion, twenty-two years of age, light curly hair, blue eyes, six feet in height, a scar on the left hand.

The cloth-merchant shuddered, and, in as civil terms as he could command, notified to the dragoon that a slight indisposition, under which the Lady Gabion had been suffering, having yielded to two days' quiet nursing, she was willing to receive as usual that evening, and begged the favour of his company. To his unspeakable joy and relief the captain informed him, with a sarcastic bow, that duty would call him away the whole of that night from Bridgemoor, "and as for the little bit of business I have with my Lady Grandeur," he sneered forth, "that may as well be settled to-morrow evening as this." With this, Paul took leave of him.

"And yet," he said to himself musingly, as he bent his steps towards the abode of Captain Limberup, "there are some devil's thoughts under that campaigning wig of his. Is he going to scour the country with his

marauding, tapstering butchers? Yet his plan must evidently be to catch the bird in its nest. To have it taken elsewhere would spoil his plans. Perhaps he is only off on some drinking bout with the other Philistines at Kendal."

The Gabion "Thursday night" was held as usual. The dreary game of trictrac went on as usual. Prodigal Sons, and Sacrifices of Isaacs were worked in parti-coloured silks for chair covers or screens. Snuff was taken, quiet remarks hazarded, half-crowns decorously won and lost. Lady Gabion sat paler than she had been that morning, with forced conventional smiles playing on her wan lips. The ticking of the clock smote on her tympanum like a hammer on an anvil, the wind outside screamed as in pain, the twisted bell-pulls seemed as hangman's halters, the great oak parlour seemed to her as the Valley of the Shadow of Death. And, though the dreaded Seagreest was not there, his very absence increased instead of allaying her terrors.

Towards eleven of the clock of this same Thursday night, a young man riding a grey horse, with a docked military tail — as troop horses were docked then — and splashed, man and horse, up to the eyes, was making his way doggedly from Kendal to Bridgemoor. He seemed to know the country, for he avoided the main route, and came by a devious and

circuitous path. For all his caution, though, he was challenged once or twice by horsemen, but a few words, and the sight of a paper he carried in his breast, were a sufficient passport for him. He clattered down the main street of Bridgemoor, as far as the brewery barrack, in front of which stopping boldly and resolutely, he called to the sentry to call the sergeant of the guard.

In a minute or two the officer in question came forth from the guard-house, holding a lantern, and offering, in his unsteady gait, rolling head, and blinking eye, an interesting problem to the philosopher as to whether he were more drunk than sleepy, or more sleepy than drunk.

"I am on the King's business," said the man on horseback. "I am Corporal Harris of Hawley's dragoons, on my way to Lancaster. Here are my pass, papers, and billet. The mayor of Kendal has given me a billet on one Lady Gabion, of Gabion Place here. Which is the way to it?"

The sergeant held up his lantern to examine the papers which the horseman offered for his inspection.

"Good!" cried the sergeant, lowering his lantern. "Good night, comrade. Jolly good quarters you'll get at the popish woman's. Corporal Foss, Gabion him the way to Gabion Place!" Upon which the sergeant nodded, and returned, lantern and all, into the guardhouse.

Corporal Foss did as he was

bid, and, after watching the retreating figure of the horseman till it disappeared at the curve of the street, returned to the guard-house also.

"Sergeant Scales," he remarked to his superior officer, as the two resumed the consumption of two pipes and two mugs of beer, "wasn't that young fellow very like the chap proclaimed for, dead or alive, with two hundred shiners reward for nailing him?"

"Hang you for a fool, Corporal Foss!" responded the sergeant. "Didn't I see the Duke of Cumberland's own fist at the bottom of the pass? We should have more stripes on our backs than on our arm if we had stopped that cull, you whackhead."

As the Lady Earnest Gabion sat trembling in the great oak parlour alone, her guests having left her about half an hour, the ticking of the clock, sharp and distinct as it was, was suddenly rendered partially inaudible by the clattering of distant hoofs. The lady stood up in the middle of the chamber, so that when she heard the hoofs come nearer, nearer, nearer still; when she heard the lodge-gate open, a man dismount, the door-bell ring, the portal open, and the voice of Bridget the old housekeeper cry out below in joyful recognition, "My master—my young master!" she went down on her knees for joy and thankfulness.

"He is here! He is here, dear mistress!" cried the housekeeper, rushing into the room.

"Who is here?" asked a harsh voice, as a gaunt figure stepped from behind the tapestry on the landing and laid its knotty hand on Lady Gabion's arm. "Who is here?" asked Captain Seagreest.

"Let me go to my son!" screamed the lady.

"Hush, for Heaven's sake! hush, my dear mistress," said the housekeeper. "My lady is well-nigh distraught, your honour. The gentleman is one of King George's soldiers quartered here for the night, and here is his paper, Sir."

So saying, she held forth to the brutal trooper the BILLET, which the supposed corporal had put into her hand as he entered.

"Bah!" the captain replied with sublime contempt. "Go and see your baby, my lady. Make your most of him for five minutes. After that he belongs to me."

He loosened his hold of the lady, who sprang from his grasp like a bird. She rushed into the wide entrance hall, and folded in her arms the tall young man standing there.

"My own boy!" she cried, sobbing and kissing him passionately. Till, looking up in his face, she gave one loud and awful scream, saying, "*This is NOT my son!*" and fell down senseless.

"Goodness forgie us and save us if it is!" cried Bridget in an agony, "and yet how like! The very hair, the very blue een, and wavy hair, and all. Holy mother! the very mark on his hand."

"Not her son!" said Captain

Seagreest, stepping unconcernedly over the prostrate form of Lady Gabion, and staring the astonished soldier in the face, "Who are you, in the devil's name?"

"Corporal Harris, Captain Butt's troop, Hawley's dragoons," answered the young soldier drawing himself up, and saluting the uniform of his officer. "On my way to Lancaster with a dispatch to Colonel Tarleton. Here is my pass and papers, there is my billet for the night. God save the King, and confound the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender."

"Confound *you*, you mean," said Captain Seagreest. "You *are* Corporal What's-his-name! What business have you to be so confoundedly like the young Gabion? Go into the kitchen and get your supper."

MADAME OBÉ'S ESTABLISHMENT.

WHEN I first became acquainted with my pretty brisk hostess, she and her husband were just established, after several years of hard struggle, in a rather important looking house in the principal street of the French town where I occasionally take up my abode. We formed a strict friendship when she had received me as her lodger; for the little woman, who liked to talk, found in me a ready listener to all her stories of success and difficulty. Both she and her husband were so industrious

and persevering, that I felt sure they would get on, and I was scarcely surprised, after an absence of two years, to find that Madame Obé no longer let her lodgings, as she required more rooms herself and moreover was so much richer that she did not look to that mode of increasing her income: nevertheless, in spite of my apologies, she would not hear of my seeking another domicile, and insisted on giving up the rooms I formerly occupied for my behoof. As this arrangement entirely suited me, and evidently gave the little pair pleasure, I yielded to their wish and became once more their inmate.

Madame Obé's toilet is much changed since I first saw her, in her smart cap, with gold-coloured satin ribbons, which set off her bright silken black hair and rosy round cheeks to admiration: this cap was worn when she went out with Monsieur on fête days and Sundays, for the class to which she then belonged do not wear bonnets in France. The first thing that struck me this year was Madame Obé's new white bonnet, adorned with crimson and saffron-coloured flowers intermixed, which tints suit her brunette complexion as well as those of the former cap: she wears, when dressed, a black velvet mantilla, and pale yellow kid gloves, with finely worked sleeves and chemisette, and, in case of cold weather, she has an ermine muff. All this, because she is very careful and economical still, proved to

me that my industrious friends were making rapid strides towards fortune, and the smiling faces of both — their lively air and bustling demeanour — convinced me that all was going well with them. We have now two *bonnes* instead of one, and Madame Obé's cook, Elvire, is so clever, that it is by no means necessary now for her mistress to make herself hot in the kitchen, and descend to the dinner-table burnt and flustered, as she used to do two years ago. Madame Obé tells me that she has a particular dislike to the coarser part of housekeeping, and I never allude to the dishes that she formerly took pride in concocting with her own fat little hands, which are now much whiter than I remember them. There is great talk in our establishment of the insignificance of a country town and the superior advantages of Paris, where the qualities of a man of talent can find fitter appreciation: by this I am led to imagine that there is some idea of a removal to the great city one of these days.

Both Elvire, the cook, and Sabine, the many-officed housemaid, profess their desire to accompany a family to the metropolis; but a veil of mystery at present hangs over the purpose that may exist in certain minds on this subject, and I am too discreet to make any inquiries.

A wood fire is romantically considered by many as a rural delight, much to be preferred

to the black murky coal, which throws off showers of blacks and dims the lustre of a smart apartment; but, to an English recluse, who has little but his fire to enliven him, wood is far from offering the charm in reality which is supposed to accompany it. In the first place, almost all chimneys smoke abroad, and wood smoke stings the eyes, and is more subtle; in the next, it is fifty to one, after you have laid in your stock of logs, that you find the greater part so damp, that instead of burning up briskly, they lie and smother away, softly hissing and consuming without giving either flame or heat. Add to this, at a certain point they are sure to fall altogether on each side their chenets, or supporters, covering the hearth with ruins, and taking that opportunity of sending forth volumes of smoke from the half-burnt tips, which are pointed outwards, as a matter of course. Thus, the stranger in despair throws down all the instruments of torture he has been playing with *en amateur*, and summons the *bonne*, as I did Sabine the other day; and, in sulky and discontented mood points to the state of desolation but too apparent on the wide black yawning hearth.

"*Ah, tiens!*" said Sabine, as she knelt down with a determined air and apostrophised the refractory element; "we'll soon know the reason of this! What, you won't burn, won't you? I'll soon be your master — you had better make up your mind to do it."

During these observations she had put all straight.

"*Ah ça!*" said she, "now you have a fire fit for an Empire."

I could not help smiling at this remark from a young girl of seventeen, who probably knew but little of empires and principalities; and, being propitiated by the brilliant flames that threw a bright light over the before sombre room, I was shamed out of my surly mood by her patient good-temper, to address a few questions to the young priestess, whose touch the logs obeyed.

"Are you a native of this town?" I inquired, knowing that the question would elicit a little history.

"No," replied she, "I come from very far off indeed, all the way from Colomberque!"

"And where," said I, "is Colomberque?"

"Far away on the route of St. Omer, nearly three leagues from this — ah!" she added with a sigh, stooping down to arrange a bit of *braise* that had already fallen, "it is a terrible long way from the poor dear mamma, anyhow!"

"And have you any brothers and sisters?"

"Oh yes — my little sister Florentine is in service here at the baker's opposite; she is very young, only twelve, but very good, and never does anything without asking me, as, of course, I never do anything either without asking the poor good mamma."

"That's right," said I; "and how many more are there?"

"There are the two boys at home, one ten, the other eight, and papa is there too, you understand, so that mamma is not dull; but still, however, I write to her almost every week, and tell her we are better off here than at home, which makes her quite happy. She works at her needle, and papa works as a labourer, but, poor man! a tree fell on him, as he was cutting it, and ever since he has great pain in the side of his head, and is sometimes ill for weeks; besides poor Alexis's accident, which, you know, has quite disabled him. He was only two years old when he fell, and the doctor insisted that the arm was not broken, but it was; and, in consequence, he has quite lost the use of it, and is ill besides. He has great courage, and wishes to learn very much, so we go out because of this, otherwise we should stay at home, as we used, to mind our cows."

"You have cows, then?"

"Oh yes, and pigs, too, such dear little pigs: I used to be so fond of them, because we bring them up, and sell those we do not want for our own eating. In the country, you know, we do not live as we do here, but only eat bacon, which we keep up the chimney: once, when the great flood was, we had only one little pig in the stable, and both papa and mamma were out at work, and I was left to take care of the children, who were very little, for I was then only ten myself. Just at the bottom of our garden runs a river, and the rain had so swollen it, that the water had begun to rise higher and higher till it overflowed the whole orchard and garden and fields. The cows were in the stable, and our pig too, and all of a sudden I thought, What if the dear little animal should be drowned! so I ran out across the yard, which was beginning to be filled with water too, got to the stable, and carried away the pig in my arms. I was afraid the water would get into the house, so I shut all the doors, made the little ones go up-stairs, and put them to bed, and the pig in my bed with my youngest sister and me. Neither papa nor mamma came home that night, for the flood was so great that they could not cross the meadows, for our cottage is a good bit from Colomberque, where both were at work. I was not frightened, because I knew all was safe, and I knew, too, the reason they did not come; but, though Florentine and the others slept well, I could not, because the pig did nothing but grunt, it was so uneasy, not being in its usual place, poor thing! It was but just light in the morning when I looked out, and saw that the water was all gone down, and, presently, I heard mamma's voice calling. I ran down and opened the door, and she came in, very pale, and cried out, 'Where are the children?' I began to laugh, and pointed up-stairs, on which she flew up there like lightning,

and found them all, and the pig too. She was afraid I should not take care of the little ones, and that they were all drowned. Presently papa returned, and there he stood, and cried like a child, and kissed us all, and particularly the pig; for it would have been a great loss if he had been drowned, as two others had died, and there was only this one left. We have a good many hardships in the country; but yet one is sorry to leave home: however, it is necessary to decide when one grows as old as I am; and if we both go on well, we shall be able to do a good deal for the poor good mamma who loves us all dearly; but if I was to take the value of a sous from any one, she is capable of beating me. My youngest brother César is strong and as good as gold, and leads the other to school every day; and poor Alexis is so clever! he can read and write, and we think some day he will manage to get his bread some way, if his health were only better. César minds the cows now, as I used. Once I went with Florentine to cut grass for the cows at the top of a little hill, pretty steep, and had cut a great deal — more almost than I could carry, for I was quite small then — we had tied the great load which I carried on my head with cords, and fastened it round my neck and waist, and we set off back. I was quite glad at having got so much, but was not able to see where I was going, when my foot slipped at the steep part of the road, and down I rolled over and over, load and all. I must have been smothered, as I could not lift it off me, and the cords kept it tight, if Florentine had not thought of cutting the cords; as soon as she did, I was able to get out, and we managed, with two or three journeys, to get the grass home, which was a capital thing for the cows, and we were all so glad. It was so clever of Florentine to think of cutting the cords!”

Sabine would probably have found in her memory some other incidents in her long and varied life to tell me, if the obstinacy of the fire had not been subdued, and all excuse for lingering disposed of. Added to which the shrill voice of her master downstairs caused her to start away, with the parting remark, that I was quite at liberty at all times to call her, when my fire refused to obey. This promise of patronage I treasure up, as I feel sure that every day the same event will occur; the same necessity of opening all the windows to let out the smoke, and at the same time letting in the cold blast which blows all stray sheets of paper about the room, swells out the crimson and white curtains into supplementary drapery, bangs all the doors, and causes universal uproar; after which the logs blaze energetically for a few moments, and then sink into smothering repose amongst their *braise*. My hostess, who is economical of fire, as most French people are, comes smiling into my room with an elaborately carved

bronze article in her hand, which looks like a jewel casket of the Middle Ages, but which I find to be a *chaufferette* of bronze, which she proposes, with my permission, to fill with the little glowing half-burnt scraps of wood which give an appearance of warmth to my hearth, like the bits of tinsel at the tip of a *bon-bon* representing a cigar, destined on the day of Saint Nicolas to take in children of all growths. Throughout the winter, however sharp the weather may chance to be, she is content to sit in a fireless room with her feet on this machine, and professes to be rendered extremely comfortable by its influence. Her maids — when once set down to work at their needles, which they always find time to do for some hours of the day — have no other warmth than what a humbler *chaufferette* dispenses. She talks all the time she is filling her casket, and remarks as she retires, after numerous acknowledgments, "Well, if I have stolen the worth of two farthings, I have left your fire sixpence better." Which is quite true; for she has a lucky hand with the logs, and they always burn after she has placed them in order.

Monsieur, however, declares that he surpasses her in that accomplishment, as also in making the salad; consequently, a standing contention exists, in which a good deal of domestic wit and banter comes into play every day, relative to the goodness of that indispensable part of a French

dinner, the inevitable salad. Monsieur is certainly a wonderful little man! There is nothing he would not undertake, and but few things that he cannot do; he turns his hand to anything. We have, since I was last here, two rooms thrown into one to make a good dining-room; what hand but his removed the partition? — The panels of the three doors are painted with groups of flowers, fruit, game, and other adornments; who but he performed those miracles of art? Then there are three long windows in the room which open into an ugly dim court; these are now, by his skill, all encrusted with paint to imitate rough glass, and spotted with glowing stars in a most animated style. Over the dining table is a globe with a jet of gas, which makes the whole place luminous: his hand directed the pipe from his workshop below and brought it to bear upon his hospitable board. He gilds the numerous picture frames that adorn his house, he places stands and corner cupboards, he nails down carpets, he knocks up curtains — it is true that he fails in making his nails or screws keep together those unlucky gilded heads of curtain pins which, in every French house, seem only placed to fall, with a clatter, regularly every time the curtains are arranged.

Monsieur is very jocose: he knows every trick at cards, and no end to sleight of hand marvels; he can send a five franc piece through the table and you

hear it fall into a tumbler beneath, even while you think you are holding it in your hand enveloped in a handkerchief which he is whisking away; his dog can do things, taught by him, that no other dog can. If an acquaintance boasts of having made a good leap, he has made one at least three times as good; if a race has been run successfully, he can run twice as far and fast; he is the best rider of the country, which perhaps is not saying much; and as for sporting, no one has ever caught so many trout or such remarkably large pike. His friends are always playing him practical jokes but he is always more than even with them, and never, by any chance, out of humour if defeated in any of his plans, as he has instantly a better to replace the failure. He once, not only invented, but executed in miniature, a break to ward off danger in a railroad collision; he was about to apply for a patent for it, when decision was given that it would inevitably cause the death of all the passengers, even if it succeeded in stopping the trains; he was very confident about this discovery, and exhibited his pretty toy of a machine on his table to all comers, but I never ask about it now, and have not heard of any new wonders brought to light by his mechanical genius. He has made a little gutta percha fish, whose scales move and whose body is induced to take natural curves, to deceive the finny fools who trust in it; in this he has im-

proved on the lumpy model made in England, which was sent him as superior to French bait: he has been offered a large sum for his secret, but declines it. Monsieur is very gay and sings a great deal as he runs up and down stairs, but he, fortunately, does not play on any instrument. If his musical genius has not been developed he makes it up in his passion for pictures; his walls are hung with *chef d'œuvres* by unknown masters with impossible Dutch names, whose force appeared to lie in solitary windmills placed on gray heaths, overshadowed by ominous dark clouds in bundles; while others come out grandly in cabinet pictures of fat-faced maidens, holding shining brass pots at open windows, the seats strewn with carrots, and the whole adorned with gaudy curtains, in the manner of the first-rate masters in this impressive style. He has a disinterested friend of the Jewish persuasion who kindly sacrifices occasionally a miracle of art of this description at his request — always for a good consideration. Madame is extremely suspicious of this friend, and, whenever she has an opportunity, intercepts his letters, and does not mention the fact to her husband that a fine occasion is within his reach of becoming possessor of another treasure. Monsieur covers a good deal of canvas with his own inspirations in oil, for which he sometimes buys stupendous frames at sales, which he regilds and hangs up.

Madame never misses attending the Saturday market, even though the weather is unfavourable, and is always smartly dressed, as she is sure to meet more than one neighbour in whose eyes she would not like to appear in *deshabille*; "for you conceive," she justly remarks, "that one is looked upon according to one's costume, and every one knows that my husband is making money." The same motive actuates her on Sunday when she goes to the twelve o'clock mass, which Monsieur, who does not go, slyly designates "*Longchamps*, a place for brilliant toilettes." He is, however, quite as anxious as his wife that she should do him credit by her attire, and attends minutely to the effect of her colours; a piece of connubial care perhaps worthy of imitation in England. Madame Obé has an intimate friend who frequently goes to England; and, having an Anglo-mania, furnishes her house as nearly in an English style as she can manage it. There is some rivalry between the two ladies on this subject; and one piece of lately acquired furniture I found had caused much anxiety, as well as admiration, in the breast of my hostess. I was taken to see this coveted ornament, and found it to be an enormous circular mirror of the old English school, the frame adorned with the full complement of eagles, wheat-sheaves, wreaths of laurel with berries, and sprawling Cupids. My evident want of enthusiasm has given a

different turn to Madame Obé's feelings, and she has not mentioned her friend's acquisition since; but has occasionally thrown out hints that the taste of some folks is "*rococo*," and that they are apt to be seduced by "*rosignols*," a favourite term in these parts to express old-fashioned articles.

I cannot help being a good deal struck by the fact, amongst a people so fond of change as the French, there are some customs which never alter. For instance, no new year arrives which does not bring in its train the same amount of *bons-bons*, and gifts of all imaginable sorts, for young and old. Revolutions come and go, and dynasties sink and rise, but all France still keeps constant to its sugar-plums. A great day, before the greatest, is the sixth of December, which is dedicated to Saint Nicolas, a benevolent patron, whose special care is the entertainment of children. He used, in former days, to figure in effigy over the *bon-bon* shops in his bishop's costume, having by his side a tub full of children, one of which was always trying to get out; tradition says that he found some infants starved with cold one hard winter, at a period beyond the memory of man, and resuscitated them by his prayers; the lively one in the tub is intended to represent their sudden return to life. If his pictures and statues have been swept away in the course of progress, his influence is as great as ever, and

the worship paid him as sincere.

On the eve of the Saint, I went with Madame Obé to see the illumination in honour of the new Emperor of France, who was proclaimed in the market place in the morning, to a remarkably silent audience. Sabine, on my return home, as she placed my tea on the table, with the philosophical and familiar remark, that "no sooner was one meal ended than another begun," paused as if expecting that I should ask some question; but finding I did not, she volunteered to tell me of a surprise that she had prepared for her little sister Florentine, the assistant at the baker's opposite. "I would not buy her *bons-bons*," said she, with dignity, "there was no use in that; but I have bought her a little jacket, one of those pretty knitted ones which are so warm and useful; not maroon, because of the flour, but a grey blue. I have just run over the way to give it to her mistress, who promises to put it under her pillow when she is asleep: she will find it in the morning, and be so astonished at who could have put it there!"

"But she will think it was Saint Nicolas, no doubt," I remarked.

"Ah, bah!" said she, contemptuously; "it is only the ignorant who believe such nonsense."

She had given five franks for this little present; and, as it was within my knowledge that her gains for the month only amounted to ten, I was able to appre-

ciate the liberality of Sabine's offering, particularly as I suspected the chief part of the remainder was destined to her mother's use when she arrived in the "cousin's cart," as was probable, next market-day.

DOWN WITH THE TIDE.

A VERY dark night it was, and bitter cold; the east wind blowing bleak, and bringing with it stinging particles from marsh, and moor, and fen — from the Great Desert and Old Egypt, may be. Some of the component parts of the sharp-edged vapour that came flying up the Thames at London might be mummy-dust, dry atoms from the Temple at Jerusalem, camels' foot-prints, crocodiles' hatching places, loosened grains of expression from the visages of blunt-nosed sphynxes, waifs and strays from caravans of turbaned merchants, vegetation from jungles, frozen snow from the Himalayas. O! It was very very dark upon the Thames, and it was bitter bitter cold.

"And yet," said the voice within the great pea-coat at my side, "you'll have seen a good many rivers too, I dare say?"

"Truly," said I, "when I come to think of it, not a few. From the Niagara, downward to the mountain rivers of Italy, which are like the national spirit — very tame, or chafing suddenly and bursting bounds, only to dwindle away again. The Moselle, and

the Rhine, and the Rhone; and the Seine, and the Saône; and the St. Lawrence, Mississippi, and Ohio; and the Tiber, the Po, and the Arno; and the —”

Peacoat coughing as if he had had enough of that, I said no more. I could have carried the catalogue on to a teasing length, though, if I had been in the cruel mind.

“And after all,” said he, “this looks so dismal?”

“So awful,” I returned, “at night. The Seine at Paris is very gloomy too, at such a time, and is probably the scene of far more crime and greater wickedness; but this river looks so broad and vast, so murky and silent, seems such an image of death in the midst of the great city’s life, that —”

That Peacoat coughed again. He *could not* stand my holding forth.

We were in a four-oared Thames Police Galley, lying on our oars in the deep shadow of Southwark Bridge — under the corner arch on the Surrey side — having come down with the tide from Vauxhall. We were fain to hold on pretty tight, though close in shore, for the river was swollen and the tide running down very strong. We were watching certain water-rats of human growth, and lay in the deep shade as quiet as mice; our light hidden and our scraps of conversation carried on in whispers. Above us, the massive iron girders of the arch were faintly visible, and below us its pon-

derous shadow seemed to sink down to the bottom of the stream.

We had been lying here some half an hour. With our backs to the wind, is it true; but the wind being in a determined temper blew straight through us, and would not take the trouble to go round. I would have boarded a fireship to get into action, and mildly suggested as much to my friend Pea.

“No doubt,” says he as patiently as possible; “but shore-going tactics wouldn’t do with us. River thieves can always get rid of stolen property in a moment by dropping it overboard. We want to take them *with* the property, so we lurk about and come out upon ’em sharp. If they see us or hear us, over it goes.”

Pea’s wisdom being indisputable, there was nothing for it but to sit there and be blown through, for another half hour. The water-rats thinking it wise to abscond at the end of that time without commission of felony, we shot out, disappointed, with the tide.

“Grim they look, don’t they?” said Pea, seeing me glance over my shoulder at the lights upon the bridge, and downward at their long crooked reflections in the river.

“Very,” said I, “and make one think with a shudder of Suicides. What a night for a dreadful leap from that parapet!”

“Aye, but Waterloo’s the favourite bridge for making holes in the water from,” returned Pea. “By the bye — avast pulling lads!

— would you like to speak to Waterloo on the subject?"

My face confessing to a surprised desire to have some friendly conversation with Waterloo Bridge, and my friend Pea being the most obliging of men, we put about, pulled out of the force of the stream, and in place of going at great speed with the tide, began to strive against it, close in shore again. Every colour but black seemed to have departed from the world. The air was black, the water was black, the barges and hulks were black, the piles were black, the buildings were black, the shadows were only a deeper shade of black upon a black ground. Here and there, a coal fire in an iron cresset blazed upon a wharf; but, one knew that it too had been black a little while ago, and would be black again soon. Uncomfortable rushes of water suggestive of gurgling and drowning, ghostly rattlings of iron chains, dismal clankings of discordant engines, formed the music that accompanied the dip of our oars and their rattling in the rullocks. Even the noises had a black sound to me — as the trumpet sounded red to the blind man.

Our dexterous boat's crew made nothing of the tide, and pulled us gallantly up to Waterloo Bridge. Here Pea and I disembarked, passed under the black stone archway, and climbed the steep stone steps. Within a few feet of their summit, Pea presented me to Waterloo (or an

eminent toll-taker representing that structure), muffled up to the eyes in a thick shawl, and amply great-coated and fur-capped.

Waterloo received us with cordiality, and observed of the night that it was "a Searcher." He had been originally called the Strand Bridge, he informed us, but had received his present name at the suggestion of the proprietors, when Parliament had resolved to vote three hundred thousand pound for the erection of a monument in honour of the victory. Parliament took the hint (said Waterloo, with the least flavour of misanthropy), and saved the money. Of course the late Duke of Wellington was the first passenger, and of course he paid his penny, and of course a noble lord preserved it evermore. The treadle and index at the toll-house (a most ingenious contrivance for rendering fraud impossible), were invented by Mr. Lethbridge, then property-man at Drury Lane Theatre.

Was it suicide, we wanted to know about? said Waterloo. Ha! Well, he had seen a good deal of that work, he did assure us. He had prevented some. Why, one day a woman, poorish looking, came in between the hatch, slapped down a penny, and wanted to go on without the change! Waterloo suspected this, and says to his mate, "give an eye to the gate," and bolted after her. She had got to the third seat between the piers, and was on the parapet just a going over, when he caught

her and gave her in charge. At the police office next morning, she said it was along of trouble and a bad husband.

"Likely enough," observed Waterloo to Pea and myself, as he adjusted his chin in his shawl. "There's a deal of trouble about, you see — and bad husbands too!"

Another time, a young woman at twelve o'clock in the open day, got through, darted along; and, before Waterloo could come near her, jumped upon the parapet, and shot herself over sideways. Alarm given, watermen put off, lucky escape. — Clothes buoyed her up,

"This is where it is," said Waterloo. "If people jump off straight forwards from the middle of the parapet of the bays of the bridge, they are seldom killed by drowing, but are smashed, poor things; that's what *they* are; they dash themselves upon the buttress of the bridge. But, you jump off," said Waterloo to me, putting his forefinger in a button hole of my great coat; "you jump off from the side of the bay, and you'll tumble, true, into the stream under the arch. What you have got to do, is to mind how you jump in! There was poor Tom Steele from Dublin. Didn't dive! Bless you, didn't dive at all! Fell down so flat into the water, that he broke his breast-bone, and lived two days!"

I asked Waterloo if there were a favourite side of his bridge for this dreadful purpose? He re-

flected, and thought yes, there was. He should say the Surrey side.

Three decent looking men went through one day, soberly and quietly, and went on abreast for about a dozen yards: when the middle one, he sung out, all of a sudden. "Here goes, Jack!" and was over in a minute.

Body found? Well. Waterloo didn't rightly recollect about that. They were compositors, *they* were.

He considered it astonishing how quick people were! Why, there was a cab came up one Boxing-night, with a young woman in it, who looked, according to Waterloo's opinion of her, a little the worse for liquor; very handsome she was too — very handsome. She stopped the cab at the gate, and said she'd pay the cabman then: which she did, though there was a little hankering about the fare, because at first she didn't seem quite to know where she wanted to be drove to. However she paid the man, and the toll too, and looking Waterloo in the face (he thought she knew him, don't you see!) said, "I'll finish it somehow!" Well, the cab went off, leaving Waterloo a little doubtful in his mind, and while it was going on at full speed the young woman jumped out, never fell, hardly staggered, ran along the bridge pavement a little way passing several people, and jumped over from the second opening. At the inquest it was giv' in evidence that she had been

quarrelling at the Hero of Waterloo, and it was brought in jealousy. (One of the results of Waterloo's experience was, that there was a deal of jealousy about.)

"Do we ever get madmen?" said Waterloo, in answer to an inquiry of mine. "Well, we *do* get madmen. Yes, we have had one or two; escaped from 'Sylums, I suppose. One hadn't a half-penny; and because I wouldn't let him through, he went back a little way, stooped down, took a run, and butted at the hatch like a ram. He smashed his hat rarely, but his head didn't seem no worse — in my opinion on account of his being wrong in it afore. Sometimes people haven't got a half-penny. If they are really tired and poor we give 'em one and let 'em through. Other people will leave things — pocket-handkerchiefs mostly. I *have* taken cravats and gloves, pocket knives, tooth-picks, studs, shirt pins, rings (generally from young gents, early in the morning), but handkerchiefs is the general thing.

"Regular customers?" said Waterloo. "Lord, yes! We have regular customers. One, such a worn out used-up old file as you can scarcely picter, comes from the Surrey side as regular as ten o'clock at night comes; and goes over, *I* think, to some flash house on the Middlesex side. He comes back, he does, as reg'lar as the clock strikes three in the morning, and then can hardly drag one of his old legs after the other. He

always turns down the water-stairs, comes up again, and then goes on down the Waterloo Road. He always does the same thing, and never varies a minute. Does it every night — even Sundays."

I asked Waterloo if he had given his mind to the possibility of this particular customer going down the water-stairs at three o'clock some morning, and never coming up again? He didn't think *that* of him, he replied. In fact, it was Waterloo's opinion, founded on his observation of that file, that he know'd a trick worth two of it.

"There's another queer old customer," said Waterloo, "comes over, as punctual as the almanack, at eleven o'clock on the sixth of January, at eleven o'clock on the fifth of April, at eleven o'clock on the sixth of July, at eleven o'clock on the tenth of October. Drives a shaggy little, rough poney, in a sort of a rattle-trap arm-chairsort of a thing. White hair he has, and white whiskers, and muffles himself up with all manner of shawls. He comes back again the same afternoon, and we never see more of him for three months. He is a captain in the navy — retired — wery odd—wery odd—and served with Lord Nelson. He is particular about drawing his pension at Somerset House afore the clock strikes twelve every quarter. I *have* heerd say that he thinks it wouldn't be according to the Act of Parliament, if he didn't draw it afore twelve."

Having related these anecdotes in a natural manner, which was

the best warranty in the world for their genuine nature, our friend Waterloo was sinking deep into his shawl again, as having exhausted his communicative powers and taken in enough east wind, when my other friend Pea in a moment brought him to the surface by asking whether he had not been occasionally the subject of assault and battery in the execution of his duty? Waterloo recovering his spirits, instantly dashed into a new branch of his subject. We learnt how "both these teeth" — here he pointed to the places where two front teeth were not — were knocked out by an ugly customer who one night made a dash at him (Waterloo) while his (the ugly customer's) pal and coadjutor made a dash at the toll-taking apron where the money-pockets were; how Waterloo, letting the teeth go (to Blazes, he observed indefinitely) grappled with the apron-seizer, permitting the ugly one to run away; and how he saved the bank, and captured his man, and consigned him to fine and imprisonment. Also how, on another night, "a Cove" laid hold of Waterloo, then presiding at the horse gate of his bridge, and threw him unceremoniously over his knee, having first cut his head open with his whip. How Waterloo "got right," and started after the Cove all down the Waterloo Road, through Stamford Street, and round to the foot of Blackfriars Bridge, where the Cove "cut into" a public house. How Waterloo cut in too; but

how an aider and abettor of the Cove's, who happened to be taking a promiscuous drain at the bar, stopped Waterloo; and the Cove cut out again, ran across the road down Holland Street, and where not, and into a beershop. How Waterloo breaking away from his detainer was close upon the Cove's heels, attended by no end of people who, seeing him running with the blood streaming down his face, thought something worse was "up," and roared Fire! and Murder! on the hopeful chance of the matter in hand being one or both. How the Cove was ignominiously taken, in a shed where he had run to hide, and how at the Police Court they at first wanted to make a sessions job of it; but eventually Waterloo was allowed to be "spoke to," and the Cove made it square with Waterloo by paying his doctor's bill (W. was laid up for a week) and giving him "Three, ten." Likewise we learnt what we had faintly suspected before, that your sporting amateur on the Derby day, albeit a captain, can be — "if he be," as Captain Bobadil observes, "so generously minded" — anything but a man of honour and a gentleman; not sufficiently gratifying his nice sense of humour by the witty scattering of flour and rotten eggs on obtuse civilians, but requiring the further excitement of "bilking the toll," and "pitching into" Waterloo, and "cutting him about the head with his whip;" finally being, when called upon to answer for the assault, what Waterloo described as

"Minus," or, as I humbly conceived it, not to be found. Likewise did Waterloo inform us, in reply to my inquiries, admiringly and deferentially preferred through my friend Pea, that the takings at the Bridge had more than doubled in amount, since the reduction of the toll one half. And being asked if the aforesaid takings included much bad money, Waterloo responded, with a look far deeper than the deepest part of the river, *he* should think not! — and so retired into his shawl for the rest of the night.

Then did Pea and I once more embark in our four-oared galley, and glide swiftly down the river with the tide. And while the shrewd East rasped and notched us, as with jagged razors, did my friend Pea impart to me confidences of interest relating to the Thames Police; we between-whiles finding "duty boats" hanging in dark corners under banks, like weeds — our own was a "supervision boat" — and they, as they reported "all right!" flashing their hidden light on us, and we flashing ours on them. These duty boats had one sitter in each: an Inspector: and were rowed "Ran-dan," which — for the information of those who never graduated, as I was once proud to do, under a fireman-waterman and winner of Kean's Prize Wherry: who, in the course of his tuition, took hundreds of gallons of rum and egg (at my expense) at the various houses of note above and below bridge; not by any

means because he liked it, but to cure a weakness in his liver, for which the faculty had particularly recommended it — may be explained as rowed by three men, two pulling an oar each, and one a pair of sculls.

Thus, floating down our black highway, sullenly frowned upon by the knitted brows of Blackfriars, Southwark, and London, each in his lowering turn, I was shown by my friend Pea that there are, in the Thames Police Force whose district extends from Battersea to Barking Creek, ninety-eight men, eight duty boats, and two supervision boats; and that these go about so silently, and lie in wait in such dark places, and so seem to be nowhere, and so may be anywhere, that they have gradually become a police of prevention, keeping the river almost clear of any great crimes, even while the increased vigilance on shore has made it much harder than of yore to live by "thieving" in the streets. And as to the various kinds of water thieves, said my friend Pea, there were the Tier-rangers, who silently dropped alongside the tiers of shipping in the Pool, by night, and who, going to the companion-head, listened for two snores — snore number one, the skipper's; snore number two, the mate's — mates and skippers always snoring great guns, and being dead sure to be hard at it if they had turned in and were asleep. Hearing the double fire, down went the Rangers into the skippers' cabins; groped

for the skippers' inexpressibles, which it was the custom of those gentlemen to shake off, watch, money, braces, boots, and all together, on the floor; and there-with made off as silently as might be. Then there were the Lumpers, or labourers employed to unload vessels. They wore loose canvas jackets with a broad hem in the bottom, turned inside, so as to form a large circular pocket in which they could conceal, like clowns in pantomimes, packages of surprising sizes. A great deal of property was stolen in this manner (Pea confided to me) from steamers; first, because steamers carry a larger number of small packages than other ships; next, because of the extreme rapidity with which they are obliged to be unladen for their return voyages. The Lumpers dispose of their booty, easily, to marine store dealers, and the only remedy to be suggested is that marine store shops should be licensed, and thus brought under the eye of the police as rigidly as public-houses. Lumpers also smuggle goods ashore for the crews of vessels. The smuggling of tobacco is so considerable, that it is well worth the while of the sellers of smuggled tobacco to use hydraulic presses, to squeeze a single pound into a package small enough to be contained in an ordinary pocket. Next, said my friend Pea, there were the Truckers — less thieves than smugglers, whose business it was to land more considerable parcels of goods than the Lumpers could manage. They sometimes sold articles of grocery, and so forth, to the crews, in order to cloak their real calling, and get aboard without suspicion. Many of them had boats of their own, and made money. Besides these, there were the Dredgermen, who, under pretence of dredging up coals and such like from the bottom of the river, hung about barges and other undecked craft, and when they saw an opportunity, threw any property they could lay their hands on overboard: in order slyly to dredge it up when the vessel was gone. Sometimes, they dexterously used their dredges to whip away anything that might lie within reach. Some of them were mighty neat at this, and the accomplishment was called dry dredging. Then, there was a vast deal of property, such as coppernails, sheathing, hardwood, &c., habitually brought away by shipwrights and other workmen from their employers' yards, and disposed of to marine store dealers, many of whom escaped detection through hard swearing, and their extraordinary artful ways of accounting for the possession of stolen property. Likewise, there were special-pleading practitioners, for whom barges "drifted away of their own selves" — they having no hand in it, except first cutting them loose, and afterwards plundering them — innocents, meaning no harm, who had the misfortune to observe those foundlings wandering about the Thames.

We were now going in and out, with little noise and great nicety, among the tiers of shipping, whose many hulls, lying close together, rose out of the water like black streets. Here and there, a Scotch, an Irish, or a foreign steamer, getting up her steam as the tide made, looked, with her great chimney and high sides, like a quiet factory among the common buildings. Now, the streets opened into clearer spaces, now contracted into alleys; but the tiers were so like houses, in the dark, that I could almost have believed myself in the narrower bye-ways of Venice. Everything was wonderfully still; for, it wanted full three hours of flood, and nothing seemed awake but a dog here and there.

So we took no Tier-rangers captive, nor any Lumpers, nor Truckers, nor Dredgermen, nor other evil disposed person or persons; but went ashore at Wapping where the old Thames Police office is now a station-house, and where the old Court, with its cabin windows looking on the river, is a quaint charge room: with nothing worse in it usually than a stuffed cat in a glass case, and a portrait, pleasant to behold, of a rare old Thames Police officer, Mr. Superintendent Evans, now succeeded by his son. We looked over the charge books, admirably kept, and found the prevention so good, that there were not five hundred entries (including drunken and disorderly) in a whole year. Then, we looked into the store-room; where there was an oakum smell,

and a nautical seasoning of dread-nought clothing, rope yarn, boat hooks, sculls and oars, spare stretchers, rudders, pistols, cutlasses, and the like. Then, into the cell, aired high up in the wooden wall through an opening like a kitchen plate-rack: wherein there was a drunken man, not at all warm, and very wishful to know if it were morning yet. Then, into a better sort of watch and ward room, where there was a squadron of stone bottles drawn up, ready to be filled with hot water and applied to any unfortunate creature who might be brought in apparently drowned. Finally we shook hands with our worthy friend Pea, and ran all the way to Tower Hill, under strong Police suspicion occasionally, before we got warm.

MY SHADOWY PASSION.

I AM stating nothing but a simple truth, when I declare that, without any previous acquaintance with its owner, I fell in love with a shadow. Who that has seen Mademoiselle Cerito, in the beautiful vision of "Ondine," dancing in simulated moonlight, has not felt that if some capricious power had made the dancer invisible and left the shadow, he might easily have fallen in love with the graceful, flitting shade upon the ground? But mine was simply a shadow on a blind. To worship a symbol, without any correct idea of the attributes of that which it symbolises, is ido-

latry; and into this idolatry I fell. I knew my danger. If disappointed, I should not be able to console myself by saying, "Ah, well! it was of Julia or Louisa that I was thinking after all." I had begun with a shadow; and let the substance turn out what it might, I must be content.

I admit that it was my own fault. While those who fall in love with a substance, do so unsuspectingly — entrapped by overconfidence in themselves, or led into it, like Benedict, by the schemes of others — I deliberately resolved to cultivate my passion in the teeth of much discouragement. "Surely," I thought, (or something else within me thought without deigning, till long afterwards, to apprise me of its conclusions), "in loving a shadow, all else must be shadowy, even to the common dangers of love." An argument of which I might have found a hundred analogies to demonstrate the fallacy. But my mind was obstinately made up. I sat at the window of my solitary room, as soon as the oil-lamps hung across the narrow straggling street were lighted, and watched the window nearly opposite — sitting in the dark that I might not be observed. There was the shadow to be seen every evening, and just above it, the complete outline of a sleeping bird in a cage, hanging by a cord. Whether this object, whose form I watched so intently, was old or young, ugly or pretty, sour or good-tempered, I did not know, I saw only that it was a woman, and that it did not wear spectacles. My feeling for some time might have been one of mere curiosity; for never in the daytime, when the blind was up, could I see there the slightest trace of woman or birdcage. Soon after dusk the curtain would drop suddenly, the light came, and there was the bird and my shadow, working or sometimes (as I fancied) reading. At first I thought that I could smoke very well in the dark, and that I would sit and watch from sheer lack of a more definite purpose. My first intimation that curiosity was changing into love, was my readiness to construe all indications to the advantage of the shadow. Blind to its defects — as when men are enamoured of a substance — I persisted, when the outline was altered from some cause, in believing that the very fairest form that it ever assumed was its true one — an unreasonable belief; since, according to the position of the light, the ugliest features may be made to show well in shadow — while the prettiest may become hideously distorted. But who but a man wilfully blinded would not have felt serious doubts when that face — sometimes of ordinary dimensions — became ridiculously elongated, when that bosom suddenly grew to matronly breadth; when a nose would sometimes flatten like a negro's, and again grow out to unusual length — only once in a whole evening be-

coming an ordinary nose — at which time alone I capriciously believed that she was standing with mathematical exactness between the lamp and the blind. To see (when I indulgently supposed that she had taken the lamp in her hand, and stooped to pick up something) her form suddenly shoot up, till I could not see her head, and she stood there, looking like a decapitated giraffe; and sometimes to behold her, from some cause, as suddenly crushed down into a dowdy likeness of a caravan dwarf — was enough to provoke the laugh that is fatal to a wavering passion. But no; I might have been impatient at these distortions, but I was too far advanced for laughing.

I forgot to mention that the narrow, straggling street, of which I have spoken, was the Rue d'Aimette, in the City of Rouen — since pulled down for the approaches to the great square of St. Ouen, and re-built with houses very different from those old, overhanging, low-doored, and small-windowed tenements of beams and stone-grey plaster, in which we lived. I was a stranger, without a friend in Rouen. Mr. Guindé, the celebrated historian (whose acquaintance I had made in Paris), had employed me to decypher ancient English and French manuscripts, in the library of Notre Dame, for his use in writing his well-known History of the Parliament of Normandy; a labour that occupied me many months. And thus my days were

spent in straining my eyes over yellow parchments, and my evenings in watching the shadow on the blind.

I had felt lonely — very lonely: perhaps this contributed to my interest in the shadow. It was winter time, and my labours in the library ceasing at dusk, my evenings were proportionately long. One afternoon, a fog, of the old familiar colour of the parchments I had been poring over, came creeping up from the river, till I could not distinguish the opposite walls. That night, I betook myself gloomily to read beside a miserable fire. The next night was foggy again. No Platonism could be more abstract and self-sufficing than my passion; but if I were to be denied the very lightest food that ever love was nourished on, I felt that it must be starved into action. Therefore, the next afternoon, meeting the fog creeping up the street again a little after sunset, I went directly over to the porter's lodge of the house opposite; and, having remarked to the porter (whom I knew slightly) that it was very foggy, asked him who lived on the second floor on that side of the house.

The porter glanced at the hooks for hanging the lodgers' keys within the lodge, and answered, "M. La Roche."

"What is his business?"

"I never knew. I am not curious."

Now, it is a general maxim, that when the porter of a large

house in France does not know the business of any one of the lodgers, that lodger must be engaged in concerns of a secret and extraordinary nature. This fact, therefore, I noted.

"Has he a wife?" I asked nervously.

"No; only a sister."

"Indeed! I never saw either him or his sister."

"Very likely; he seldom goes out except at night; and the young lady scarcely ever, unless she walks in the garden behind the house."

"And his name, you say, is—"

"Hush!" said the porter, suddenly turning towards the door. I turned also, and saw there a tall man, with a stoop in the shoulders, long dark hair, and a face with such hideous features and such a repulsive expression, that I could scarcely refrain from uttering some exclamation.

"Any letters for me, M. Grégoire?" asked the stranger.

"None, Sir," replied the porter; and, to my great relief, the hideous countenance disappeared.

"That was M. La Roche," said the porter, when he was gone.

"Indeed! is his sister then—" I was about to add "like him," but could not make up my mind to put a question so important: so I merely said, "older or younger than he?"

"Younger. But if you should—"

"What?"

"If you should wish—"

Without in the slightest degree divining the drift of his question,

I interrupted him by saying, "Oh no! not at all; I'm much obliged to you," and hastened out.

Shall I call it a proof of my infatuation; or shall I regard it (as I did then) as an indication of the high and etherial nature of my sentiment, that I shrunk, thus instinctively, from a personal knowledge of the owner of my shadow? I am inclined to take credit for it. The event of all this (as you are aware, if you are a philosopher) enters not into this question. I have a right, in defending my conduct at that time, to take my stand where I stood at that time. I might (some would say) at once have questioned the porter, and thus, perhaps, have saved myself the folly of wasting my time night after night. But I was not wasting my time. The emotional part of my nature, and the divinest faculty of imagination, must be nourished, if I am to become in all parts well proportioned; and for these, illusions are an excellent food. If the contemplation of a mere shadow will serve to lift me, and keep me for many days above the smoke and air of this dim spot, then, although I may suddenly drop down to earth again, I shall carry with me the benefit of that pure atmosphere that I have breathed; the quality of the spirit will be improved, which I take to be the aim of all education.

After this defence, I trust that no one will think contemptuously of me when I relate that, on the following afternoon, my old ene-

my, the fog, having missed his way, and wandered (as I heard afterwards) about the marshes behind the Faubourg d'Éauplet, I planted myself again at the window, and watched as before. But this time the birdcage was there with the bird (still standing upon one leg, and with his head sunk into his neck, motionless on his perch), but my shadow was not. Afterwards, horrible substitute! the gigantic brother must have walked across the room towards the window; for I saw the shape of his hideous head appear at the top of the blind, and slowly sink (like the ghost of Banquo), till the whole dreadful spectre vanished. When, after an hour's watching, I saw at last my shadow approaching; saw it set a box (I think) on the table; saw it place a chair or something like it, beside; saw it stand a moment before sitting down, and, with arms upturned, arrange its back hair, and fix it again with a comb — did I have no misgivings? No thoughts of the possibility of a family likeness? I did; but I deliberately refused to entertain them, and inhospitably drove them out as soon as they presented themselves.

But one day fate willed that (unlike the dog in the fable) I should drop my shadow for a substance. I was in the cathedral on a Sunday afternoon, listening to the chaunting of the singers hidden in the choir, when suddenly catching the dull sound of the closing of the baize-covered door

behind me, I looked round involuntarily, and saw such a pretty face, that I secretly felt it (in spite of my philosophy) to be worth all the shadows in the world. I will not describe it; first, because those romancists who delight to catalogue each separate item of beauty, with all the minuteness of a slave merchant haggling with the Sultan's eunuch, have never yet been able to present to my imagination the total of a human face: and next, because to describe it in detail would give a false impression of that sudden glance in which, without taking account of the character of her nose, or the colour of her eyes, I saw that she was beautiful. Into the poor-box I saw her drop a coin, and, let the truth be told, without any apparent desire to conceal her charity from the world. Then she passed on; and taking one of the straw chairs in the middle of the nave, and balancing it on two legs — as is customary in French churches — leaned over the back of it, and in that devout posture began (as I charitably hoped) to say her prayers. And now, as I sat behind her, a symmetrical figure, dressed in black, a lace veil, flung back, as well as a pair of chocolate-coloured boots became deeply interesting. "The tyranny of material forms," as a German philosopher would say, "was re-established." How could a poor shadow, a mere negation of light, a nothing, owing its existence (if it could be called an

existence) solely to the juxtaposition of a something, prevail against these attractions, which, in a bar of wintry sunlight, falling through the high arched window, were each a reality, with a shadow into the bargain? Assuredly, if I had thought of my shadow in that moment, the probability of some resemblance, however small, existing between a brother and a sister, would have seemed to me to have increased ten-fold.

The attendant was lighting the candles, when she rose to go away, passing me again so closely that she brushed my foot with her dress, and by that wondrous touch rendered me entirely deaf to the singing in the choir. When the baize-covered door slammed to again, and the singing in the choir broke out afresh, the hymn that they were chaunting was such a worthless, old-fashioned, hacknied tune, sung with such preposterous energy and noise, that it was intolerable. Had not my thoughts been occupied with the chocolate boots, I had assuredly not endured it so long. "How jarring," thought I, as I walked on tip-toe towards the baize-covered door, "is this tasteless music; in a church more rich in workmanship than the bridal lace veil of a queen."

O daughters of the early world, whose ears and fingers yielded gold enough to make a monstrous idol! not less than you, the Norman woman worships gauds and trinkets. As I came out from the cathedral porch, behold, I saw a

pair of chocolate boots standing quite still in the light from a shop front — the very first of a row of jewellers' windows, all glittering, shameless, in the Sabbath afternoon. It was but for a moment, but the pang that it caused me was the first penalty I paid for my interest in a substance. When the chocolate-coloured boots walked away, I walked away too; and, as it happened by the same street. I was not following them. I merely took the way to my home; but, through street after street, the owner of the boots kept still before me, till she turned at last into the Rue D'Aimette. Drawing nearer to the house where I had so often seen the shadow on the blind, a hope that hardly dared declare itself made my heart throb like wine poured out of a narrow-necked bottle. Only a few yards from the door she looked back for a moment and hesitated. Perhaps she thought that some one had followed her. A child watching a spinning teetotum dying out upon the line that separates a prize from a blank, knows something of the anxiety that I felt at that moment. But I was soon relieved. I saw her distinctly enter the very house, and in spite of all doubts which (considering the great number of families always living in a large house in France) I might reasonably have cherished still, I decided at once that this was the identical substance of the shadow I had worshipped.

With what anxiety did I watch

the blind that night! fancying how, if by some transmigration I could become that bird, I would pretend to be asleep like him, and sometimes hear her talking secrets to herself, or humming tunes, or laughing suddenly at some recollection, and many other notions of the kind, none of which had ever come into my head till I fell away from the wiser form of shadow worship. But that time I think she sat behind the light, for I saw nothing but the birdcage, and I went to bed in an ill-humour, having said bitter things against my landlady, because my candle, being loosely set up, fell out of its socket as I walked with it across the room.

Having now, as I believed, seen the original of the shadow — my passion began to ripen fast. No more fogs compelled me to visit the porter again; for which reason I determined to visit him without compulsion, and renew our conversation.

"Good morning, Mr. Grégoire."

"Good morning, Sir."

"You were saying, 'that if I should wish —'"

"Yes; I remember. To see a really pretty girl, you should go to the Cathedral any Sunday afternoon" —

"I know," I interrupted. "A young lady of common height, black hair and eyes, small nose, clear skin, black shawl and dress, and a pair of chocolate boots."

"And wears a bonnet," he added; the latter article being extremely rare in Rouen at that

time, and generally considered as a mark of great gentility.

"Mr. Grégoire," I said, "a place where I may see so beautiful a face, any Sunday afternoon, is worth knowing. It is no fault of yours that I accidentally discovered this before you had an opportunity of completing your information. I am not so mean as to take advantage of this fact. Do me the favour — if you are a loyal man — of accepting a portrait of his majesty King Louis Philippe."

Mr. Grégoire took a bright five-franc piece that I gave him; and, gently remonstrating, deposited it in a greasy leathern bag, which he drew from somewhere under his blouse; while I, having laid this foundation of our friendship, and judging it well to pretend to have at present no other feeling than curiosity towards the owner of the chocolate boots, said, "Ah, well! Beauty does not interest me. A mere shadow has been hitherto the object of my gallantry. I think I can dispense with anything more substantial at present."

This must have been quite unintelligible to Mr. Grégoire, but he was a quiet man, and "*nil admirari*" (though he did not know how to say it in Latin) was his motto. This was all that passed between us at this interview.

For six days I saw the shadow on the blind; on the seventh I met the substance in the Cathedral; which seemed to me now like a very great deal of dry bread

to a very small quantity of sack. On the eighth day I entered the porter's lodge again, with a nosegay, and a letter, and another five-franc piece.

"Monsieur Grégoire," I said, with a little hesitation, "if you would do me the favour to give this note and these flowers privately into the hands of the lady they are addressed to."

"Mademoiselle La Roche!" he exclaimed, with apparent surprise, the superscription catching his eye.

"I have known her long," I said, thinking to relieve him of responsibility in having previously given me information about her: "that is to say, her shadow."

"Her shadow?" said the porter, looking puzzled.

"Yes. Her window, you know, is opposite mine."

"It is."

"On the blind of that window, long before I knew Mademoiselle La Roche, I used to see and take an interest in her shadow. So, you see, although you first gave me her name, and told me that that ugly fellow was her brother, our acquaintance is not your fault."

"Englishmen are so eccentric," said the porter.

I felt tempted to unfold to him a little of my theory of shadow worship, but recollecting the fate of the whimsical author of *A Journey round my Room*, who, having begun to explain philosophically a simple question from his man-servant, stopped short

on perceiving that his pains were thrown away, and was thence triumphantly supposed to have been posed by the latter, I determined rather to submit to be considered eccentric.

"I may depend on you," I said.

"My word of honour," replied Mr. Grégoire, with the grace and dignity of a crowned king. My candle might have fallen out of its socket many times that night, before I could have found it in my heart to say a bitter thing against my landlady. I had seen my shadow again, and the birdcage, and — what was more important than all that night — I had also seen the shadow of a nosegay in a vase, placed between the light and the window, according to a request in my letter. Three days after — I know not by what means — I received a note.

"Sir, — Your whimsical description of your interest in my shadow has amused me so much, that I have tried to persuade myself that there can be no harm in receiving from a stranger so pure and graceful a present as a few flowers. I placed them near the window last night, as you requested. You say you have seen me lately. I entreat you to avoid meeting me at present. You who have so long shown yourself capable of silence must promise me to remain strictly faithful to my shadow for — say six months. By-and-by you shall know the reason of all this. Meanwhile, if you obey me, it will be a strong proof of your sincerity. But,

above all, do not make the porter of the house in which I live your confidant in this matter. Address me, in future, at my friend Mademoiselle Polart's, Rue Robec, No. 8. My brother has already seen you in the 'loge,' and he is very suspicious. MARIE STUART LA ROCHE."

"Six months!" I repeated, as I finished the reading of this letter. "Would that I had to toil seven years, as Jacob toiled for Rachel; that you might see the strength and endurance of my love. I read it a dozen times, and wondered if a Frenchman, who had been familiar with the words from childhood, could see more meaning in them than I did. I analysed even the subscription — the heartless French form of 'assurance of esteem and distinguished consideration,' which I have not thought it worth while to transcribe, and found a meaning in every word. But that constant craving, which distinguished my new sentiment from its original form, began to trouble me. A shadow every day, with the occasional feast of a letter, seemed to me a very spare diet for a strong, hearty, growing passion like mine. The love of Jacob for Rachel, I felt, must have been of a very cool, business-like character, and not at all to be compared with mine. "I must have been a fool," thought I, "to think of pleasing a Frenchwoman, by being ready to wait for her any length of time." Before I went to bed that night I had despatched

another letter to the address she had indicated. This was her reply: —

"Sir — I assure you that your idea of my brother's character is quite a mistake. He is no tyrant. If I condemn myself, at present, to almost total seclusion, it is because I feel it to be necessary for his sake. I may confide to you the fact, that his present occupation is such that we cannot admit strangers here — not even a servant. Judge, then, how necessary to him is the presence of one upon whose prudence he knows he can depend. Adieu! Be discreet and patient.

"MARIE STUART LA ROCHE."

Here was a tantalising mystery, indeed! Her brother's occupation required a beautiful and accomplished girl to shut herself up (except going to church once a week) for six months, never so much as showing her face at the window, save when the blind was down at night. What honest business could explain that? Was that monster — as far removed from her in mind as in body — persuading an inexperienced girl to aid him in some dishonourable pursuits; bringing her, perhaps, to ruin with him? Was he a midnight robber or assassin? I thought of his herculean form, and of some mysterious murders lately committed in the streets of the city, and pictured him stealing up the dark staircase at night — like Cardillac the jeweller — fresh from some horrible deed.

This must be it: unless he was a coiner. Yes; he might be a coiner; he *was* a coiner; I had no doubt of it. Till, lying in bed awake, it struck me that he was, perhaps, a political conspirator. This would account for the desire for privacy. He had papers about. He was making an infernal machine. It would not do for his sister to expose her beauty to the world, and attract strangers to watch about there. Otherwise, what was there particularly dangerous in my being in the porter's lodge? This milder hypothesis seemed to me a sudden inspiration. "She is in hourly danger," I said, "Dark plots are forming around her; barrels of gunpowder are under her bed. Her brother, with horrible imprecations, forbids her to pry into their contents. She sees a dreadful machine with rows of iron barrels, and is told to ask no questions. Her brother mysteriously implores her to keep at home, and like a noble, self-sacrificing creature, she renounces all for him."

My suspicions became more and more painful; but I did not dare to hint them to her. In spite of her injunction, I watched in the cathedral unobserved, and saw her again, dressed exactly as before. I thought she looked paler, and her face haunted me. The next night, I watched till I saw the door of the porter's lodge open, and I glided in and crept up the stairs. I thought, if I could listen at the door a moment, and perhaps hear her

voice, which I had never heard yet, it would be a relief. There was a lamp on the staircase, but it was nearly burnt out, and I groped my way up in the dark. I listened at her door, but could hear nothing. A light came through the keyhole, and a curiosity — which was perhaps my secret motive in coming there — prompted me to look through. But I was disappointed. I could see no one, nor anything more suspicious than a fireplace and a picture on the wall.

I was turning my eye from side to side, to get as wide a range of sight over the room as possible, and was wholly absorbed in my expectation of seeing something remarkable, when I felt myself suddenly grasped by both arms from behind.

"I know you," said a voice, "though we are in the dark. I am tempted to throw you headlong down the well of the staircase."

"Let go," I said, struggling. "Scoundrel! spy!" he exclaimed.

"Let go!" I repeated, still striving in his terrible gripe, "and I will explain my conduct frankly."

"I know your purpose," he replied, giving me a sudden swing round that hurled me against the opposite wall, and taking my place at the door. "I suspected you the first time I saw you. You have been prying here before."

Scarcely waiting to hear his last words, I felt so exasperated with his violence, that I rushed at him,

and struck him several times with my fist. Immediately after, the blows of a stick began to fall upon my back and shoulders, like the strokes of two blacksmiths beating at the same piece of iron on an anvil. Warding off the blows with my arm, I rushed at him again; but a second time he hurled me against the wall, and suddenly opening the door, he entered and closed it in my face, turning the key.

My position was embarrassing. To batter the door would have been as ridiculous as to have been caught listening there. I resolved to retreat, and meditate some scheme for vengeance at leisure, I walked about the streets for some time, and thought of the stanzas in Corneille's tragedy, in which the Cid describes the conflict of love and honour, when called upon to avenge the insults of Don Gomez. From this, it will be supposed that my bruises were not of a serious character: but my humiliation was great. I would have given an Aldine copy of Erasmus, with the signature of Montaigne upon the title page (if I had possessed a copy of Erasmus with that valuable addition), to have known whether his sister was in her room during our fracas. I passed by the window and saw a light there, but no shadow. I determined to go home and write a long letter, in which I hinted my suspicions of her danger, and entreated her to confide all to me.

Her reply was longer coming

this time. Meanwhile the horrible brother haunted me; I compared him to that furious and unreasonable genii, who would hear no explanation from the unfortunate merchant, who, peacefully eating his meal by the wayside, and flinging his date stones over his shoulder, had unintentionally knocked out his miserable one eye. There was cunning, malignity, and injustice, and even a consciousness of supernatural power, all to be discerned in that hideous countenance, that I had never forgotten since the moment when it suddenly appeared, set in the frame of the porter's doorway. I knew he had not walked up the stairs when he found me at the door: I must have heard him if he had. He was probably at a few thousands of leagues distance, engaged in some nefarious business; when knowing by some means that I was looking through his keyhole, he vanished, and in a moment reappeared behind me on the landing. This might naturally have led me to suspect that his sister was some wrinkled old hag, whom his magic art made beautiful, in whatever eyes he pleased; but it did not. And, herein, I cannot blame myself, consistently with my philosophy of illusions. For I hold that Titania was blessed even in her love for Bottom, the weaver, and was not at all to be pitied until the spell was broken.

This was the third letter that I received from Miss La Roche: —

“SIR, — I am much grieved that

you should have suffered from my brother's violence on my account. How could you be so mad as to enter the house, after I had told you the danger? My brother is very unreasonable, but you must be patient with him, and forgive him, as I do, for my sake. I will explain to you everything — as I might have done at first, if I had foreseen this misfortune. My brother, I assure you again, bears no resemblance to the monster which your imagination has pictured him. His personal defects, I am sure, do not prejudice you against him; and his slight failings, in other respects, I think you will forgive when you know him better. Listen, then, to the simple explanation of the mystery which has so troubled you. Five years ago, my brother was a chymist; he served the dyers with ingredients for dyeing. One day he heard that Jacob Garcia, a Spaniard, had discovered a new scarlet of more brilliancy than had hitherto been known, and that he had sold his secret for a million of francs. My brother's mind was captivated, and he began to experimentalise for further improvements. The pursuit became a passion; he gave up his business and came to Rouen — our native city — to continue his experiments in secret. Drawing near (as he assures me) to the attainment of his object, he is become, after five years' research, more and more anxious lest his secret should be stolen from him. For this reason he never allows any stranger to enter here. His apparatus and materials are always exposed, and the slightest trace, he imagines, might afford a clue to his mystery. I have told him that he exaggerates the danger, but his anxiety only increases. It has become almost a mania; and his eccentric and irritable nature, I feel, will not be improved until his labours are ended.

"This, Sir, is why I entreat you, at present, to be contented with my shadow.

"MARIE STUART LA ROCHE."

Here was a reasonable explanation. Why, of course, I might have guessed all this, but for an unfortunate propensity to imagine marvels. How could I sufficiently apologise to this noble and disinterested girl, for my absurd suspicions. Her wise and gentle tone, her devotedness to her brother, her compassion for failings — that highest proof of a thoughtful mind — made me ashamed of my own weakness. I wrote to her again promising to wait patiently, and excusing my folly on the plea of my anxiety for her welfare; and assuring her that since her explanation, I felt the highest respect and esteem for her brother. I confess, however, that my antipathy for him was not diminished, and that if I happened to go out late, I had no desire whatever to meet him in our lonely street.

My labours in the library were now ended, and nothing but my shadowy correspondent retained

me in Rouen. One Sunday I resolved again to watch for her in the Cathedral, concealing myself as before. She came as usual, and wore chocolate boots again. Standing behind a pillar, I saw her once more go out by the baize-covered door. When I thought that she had time enough to disappear, I went out also. But, as I stood in the porch again, I saw her, to my astonishment, standing with a stranger, talking, in the very centre of the market-place! Could it be possible that this story of her brother's pursuits was but an ingenious fiction intended to deceive me, and prevent me for some purpose discovering that she had another lover? I could not believe that. It must be some relative. She had said that they were natives of Rouen; they had of course connexions in the city.

She took his arm, and they walked away together, while I followed them at a distance, determined to note any further indications of the nature of their acquaintance. Keeping close in the shadow of the houses, in a narrow lane, I saw the stranger place his arm round her waist, which she suffered without resisting, and they walked on thus till they came to the street in which she lived. There they stopped, as if deeming it imprudent to go further together, and stood again talking for some time at the corner of the lane. At last I saw them embrace each other, so long and earnestly, that I felt the evidence of her treachery to be complete;

and finally they separated, and walked away, in opposite directions, in the same street.

I had never imagined such duplicity. Such a beautiful girl to turn out the cunningest hypocrite I had ever met with! All my old suspicions of her horrible brother were at once revived. I shuddered to think what might have been her real motive in trying to keep my passion alive for six months. Perhaps to give her time to draw one victim into her brother's power, before beginning with me. At any rate, I resolved to overtake her, and tax her at once with her faithlessness, in order to remove all ground for doubts. So I walked after her rapidly till within a few yards of her, when she heard my footsteps and turned round.

"Is that you, Adolphe?" she said, for the overhanging roofs made it quite dark upon the pathway.

"No," I answered coming forward. "It is I — another of your lovers — your shadow-worshipper. You know me."

"There is some mistake, Sir," she said, evidently trembling. "The darkness has deceived you."

"No," I answered, "there is no mistake" — for I took her trembling for a sign of guilt. "I am your simple correspondent, to whom you told that pleasant story about the dye. Do you not blush a deeper scarlet than Jacob Garcia ever discovered?"

"I don't know who you mean, Sir, by Jacob Garcia," she interrupted.

"Jacob Garcia the Spaniard, I mean: he who set your fiendish brother's head a-fire, till he gave up the chemistry business, and shut himself up with you, and became very irritable, and could not bear you to look out of window."

"Indeed, Sir," she said, "there is some mistake. I have no brother. I don't understand you. Pray let me go."

"I am not mistaken," I persisted. "You think I have only seen you once; but I have watched you many times in the Cathedral. I have discovered your duplicity, this very night. Miss La Roche," I continued impressively, intending to warn her of the results of such faithlessness —

"No, Sir, indeed," she interrupted, "that is not my name. I have heard that name somewhere — I don't know where. My name is Mademoiselle Antoinette: my other name is Duchemin."

"Ay, ay," said I, "you have a lively fancy. You can invent names — whole histories when you please. Serpent, confess that you know who I am."

"For shame!" she said, beginning to shed tears; "you would not dare to insult me thus, if Adolphe were near. He would kill you on the spot."

"Your tears betray you," I said, with the stern perseverance of Milton's Samson; "I am satisfied. Henceforth —"

But my manner becoming very impressive at this point, she shrank back in alarm; and then, seizing the opportunity, she darted away,

and in a moment disappeared through the entrance to her house.

In spite of my philosophical theories, I felt compelled to take the ordinary view of things which, in calmer moments, I should have undoubtedly rejected. I was, in short, vexed at having been her dupe, and tempted to rush up the stairs again, and provoke her Goliath of a brother to instant combat. I felt that I could have returned from the fight, carrying in my hand his hideous head (with the expression of contemptuous defiance with which he began the strife still upon its features), swinging it to and fro, by its long black hair, with very great satisfaction. It would have been sweet to hang his scalp at my girdle. I could have felt great pleasure in drinking beer out of his skull in the Scandinavian paradise. All which ideas passed through my mind while I was crossing the road, and before I had caught sight of my shadow, seated as usual on its shadowy chair. When I saw this, my mind was troubled. She had not had time to mount the stairs and take off her bonnet; I suspected that the brother's magic was again employed to deceive me: but the bare possibility of the porter having made some mistake occurred to me, and I crossed the road again, and entered the lodge.

"Mr. Grégoire," I said, "did you not tell me that the name of my opposite neighbour is La Roche?"

"Without doubt."

"And that she was to be seen in the Cathedral any Sunday afternoon; that she was of common height; had black hair and eyes; wore chocolate boots: and never appeared without a bonnet?"

"Pardon," replied the porter; "you confound two people. I spoke then of Mademoiselle Antoinette — a very different person."

"But *I* was speaking of Miss La Roche. You told me that was my neighbour's name."

"I did. But, said I, if you wish to see a *really* pretty young woman, look at Mademoiselle Antoinette, or rather I meant to say so when you stopped me."

I was confounded.

"Monsieur is so hasty — so very eccentric," said the porter, following up his advantage. "But you said you knew Mademoiselle La Roche; and it was not for me to say anything against her."

"Against her!" said I. "What is there to be said against her? Speak; I shall not be offended. You may depend upon my secrecy."

"Mademoiselle La Roche is a very good young woman," replied Mr. Grégoire, shrugging his shoulders; "and they say a very sensible young woman."

"But in face," said I, instinctively interpreting the shrug of his shoulders, "is the very counterpart of her horrible brother. Is it not so?"

"Not *quite* so ugly," said the porter, shrugging his shoulders again.

That shrug was sufficient. I fled precipitately, and the next morning departed for Paris, without even having seen or desiring to see the object of my truly shadowy passion.

OLD ECHOES.

YOU wonder that my tears should flow
In listening to that simple strain;
That those unskilful sounds should fill
My soul with joy and pain —
How can you tell what thoughts it stirs
Within my heart again?

YOU wonder why that common phrase,
So all unmeaning to your ear,
Should stay me in my merriest mood,
And thrill my soul to hear —
How can you tell what ancient charm
Has made me hold it dear?

YOU smile to see me turn and speak
With one whose converse you despise,
You do not see the dreams of old
That with his voice arise —
How can you tell what links have made
Him sacred in my eyes?

O, these are Voices of the Past,
Links of a broken chain,
Wings that can bear me back to Times
Which cannot come again;
Yet God forbid that I should lose
The echoes that remain!

CHIPS.

CLEAN WATER AND DIRTY WATER.

THE steep town of Barnard Castle on the river Tees, not unknown in military annals, insert-

ed, the other day, an important page in sanitary history. A few of the most enlightened and energetic of the eight thousand who now inhabit that ancient patrimony of John Baliol, formed themselves lately into a Local Board of Health; and, taking powers under the Public Health Act — and, with them, advice and assistance from the General Board of Health — have completed efficient sewage and water works, with a degree of success and economy which ought to encourage all the ill-drained and badly watered towns in the kingdom to follow its example. What Barnard Castle has done, many other places (most places indeed) can do more easily and cheaply; for local difficulties had to be overcome, not existing in every other town.

Although Barnard Castle has beaten a large field of competitors in sanitary improvement by coming to the winning post first, yet it is gratifying to learn from a speech delivered by Mr. Chadwick on the spot, that there are now seventy-three cities and towns where surveys preparatory to new works are either complete or are in progress. There are, also, fifty-four cities and towns where plans for complete works of drainage and water supply — for the entire abolition of all cesspools; for constant instead of intermittent supplies of water to be carried into the very poorest cottager's room; and for the removal of all stagnant waters — are in various stages of progress: several being comple-

ted. The house supplies of water will be given at one-half the previous rates levied for an imperfect distribution of by no means pure water; and the house purification will be effected at half the existing charge for cleaning cesspools, drains, or sewers of deposit. As a result of the Local Boards joining with the General Board of Health in these objects, and carrying them on under their sanction, the greatest of all conceivable engineering difficulties will be overcome: namely, that of making the expense of the works not exceed the previous estimates. This, however, must be fully verified by extended experiment before it can be universally believed. It was actually fulfilled in Barnard Castle; from that town being blessed probably with an uncommonly shrewd local board, and a curiously conscientious engineer.

The provisional orders, which the General Board of Health furnish to the localities applying for them, have all the force of local Acts of Parliament, the lowest price of which is two thousand pounds. The cost of such provisional orders and of other preliminaries was, to Barnard Castle, exactly one hundred and sixteen pounds. The expense of the works themselves will be amply defrayed by a special district rate of one shilling and sixpence in the pound, to expire in thirty years; which is less than the rates now paid for cleansing cesspools, mending pumps, and purifying and renewing foul water-pipes.

For twopence farthing a week in addition, every imaginable sanitary luxury will be brought into the meanest cottage; and most of this sum will be saved in the economising power of the water (which is derived from a hill-spring a mile from the town) in the use of tea and soap.

The Local Board adopted the new principle of seeking springs where natural springs of soft water are to be found; or, where natural are not to be found, looking for some suitable stratum, and making artificial springs, by laying down earthenware drain-pipes on the principle of agricultural drains, and collecting spring water. In the present instance, natural springs upon search were found.

In connexion with the new drainage works the idea of brick sewers was given up, and there will soon be neither a cesspool, nor a brick sewer in the place: the whole of the new sewers and drains are of earthenware.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Melbourne, Nov. 12, 1852. — To all whom it may concern: — once for all, digging is so very arduous and precarious a work that very few, excepting labouring men, can continue it profitably. *They* can attempt it without capital, or with only thirty or forty pounds each, because if they fail, they can work on the roads, or at something else, until they have accumulated enough to try their luck again at

digging. But, it is not a work for men of education and different habits of working and living. Besides suffering from a new set of muscles called into arduous activity, they will have to eat dirt, drink dirt, breathe dirt, get only dirty water to wash in (and but little of that), and have their souls obscured in clouds of dust and clouds of dirt during the whole period of their labours. So much for spade, and pick, and cradle, and pan work, as digging is at present constituted. As soon, however, as machinery comes to be employed, and companies are well established, matters will be different.

The greatest profit is derived from buying and selling gold and other things. A large capital is of course best, but not necessary, as the money may be turned over once a fortnight, or once a month at farthest. With three hundred pounds a man may realize from fifty to three hundred per cent. in a short time. Fifty per cent. is nearly certain, and a hundred per cent. is an ordinary transaction.

It should be remembered that a sum which is a fortune to a working man hardly repays others, and by no means those who have a certain moderate income, for the adventure. When companies are well formed and properly worked by men who really know what they are about, and when machinery is employed, then it will be a different thing, and the head will be worth more than the hands. The expense of living is so great in

Melbourne, that six hundred a year does not produce half the sustenance that may be had in England for two hundred a year. Comfort is unknown here — that is, in the town; although a house and garden in the bush is a very different thing. At present all the varieties of the English climate, and in far greater severity — especially with regard to floods of rain, and dense clouds of hot blinding dust — rage in the golden land.

There are thousands of persons, many of them females and children, daily landing at the wharf, who cannot either for love or money, get places wherein to lay their heads. Imagine a gloomy day (of which there are many at the present season), the rain descending in torrents, and the unpaved streets a morass: the river steamers running up and down the Yarra, between the town and Hobson's Bay (where the shipping are anchored) all day long, to convey at each trip hundreds of newly arrived emigrants: the passengers are landed, bag and baggage, on the wharf, among hundreds of their fellow-sufferers, and are left ruthlessly to their fate. The men of the different parties disperse about the town in quest of lodgings; the women seat themselves upon their piled up luggage, gather their wondering children around them, and await the husbands' or brothers' return with hope and confidence. Husbands, fathers, and brothers do return; but after long absence, with

wearied feet, flushed faces, and sinking hearts. They have made a tour of the town, and there is no lodging to be had — they are absolutely houseless.

Besides this, every article of consumption is enormously dear — store-room for luggage (if found at all) is ruinous. Again the men start wildly on the same errand, and again return unsuccessful. I have seen tears rolling down more than one manly fellow's face, as he has stood contemplating his wife and children reduced to such hard necessities; and it is painful to witness the stunned look of despair, or the agony of grief and tears with which the English women receive the cruel intelligence, and clasp with streaming eyes their homeless little ones to their hearts.

The feverish bustle and excitement at the wharf is increased by a novel kind of sale or market, which is incessantly being held, and which, in itself, is also a disagreeable and ominous "sign of the times!" The wares thus sold in the open air consist of the household furniture, the little lots of goods brought out as speculations, or often the personal "kit" only of many of these people, who, unable to find storage for their things, except at a rent which would in a few days or weeks swallow up their whole intrinsic value, are compelled to sacrifice their property for anything that it will fetch. In short, there is a disagreeable effect about this first landing — a kind of

damper thrown upon the hopes and prospects — a change in the bright ideas originally formed — a demolition of the visionary castles built since leaving Europe, which (or I am much mistaken in the expression of the human countenance) very few fail to feel on touching the shore.

From every part of the world as well as from Great Britain, vessels are daily pouring in, filled with living cargoes, to swell the houseless number. I have, not once, but frequently within the last month, counted in the daily returns of published arrivals, from two to three thousand passengers and emigrants in a single day, and we are told that this is as yet but the commencement. What to do with this superabundance of population is now the great question — where to lodge them, and how to feed them? Immense numbers, it is true, hurry at once to the mines without delaying in Melbourne, and the once lonely road from thence to Forest Creek and the Bendigo Diggings, is now little less thronged than that between London and Epsom on a Derby day, although with a somewhat different-looking class of travellers. Nevertheless, the town remains crowded to suffocation; every house doing treble duty by accommodating three times its proper quantum of occupants — wooden villages are rising in the suburbs, and encampments of tents line the banks of the Yarra, or spring up like mushrooms in the flats adjoining the town.

The social condition of the colony can never be much worse than it is at this moment. The law, enforced as it is by a few underpaid policemen and a handful of soldiers only, is almost powerless, at a time when it ought to display itself in its fullest vigour. The streets at night are filled with prowling desperadoes, ticket-of-leave holders, expirees or escaped convicts from Van Dieman's Land, while the roads to the mines swarm with mounted ruffians of the same class, who, under the name of bush-rangers, emulate in Australia the doughty deeds of the Dick Turpins and Claude Duvals, who in former times took the road on our English heaths and highways. Murders, robberies, and outrages of every kind are so fearfully prevalent as to have become wearisome in their constant repetition, and even the quietest and most peace-loving individuals in the community cannot now stir out of their houses after dark, without carrying with them the protection of revolver, dagger, or life-preserver. You will find that the newspapers I send with this parcel fully bear me out in this description of the golden age in Australia. I would draw your particular attention to the Argus of Monday the nineteenth of October, in which you will find a detailed account of the proceedings of a party of five or six armed bush-rangers, who actually, on a fine sunshiny afternoon, took possession of the public road leading from Melbourne to St. Kilda and Brighton,

within three miles of the metropolis, and for upwards of two hours, robbed every individual (upwards of thirty) who passed up and down the road; taking them afterwards into the bush, tying them together, and detaining them as prisoners, until they had brought their day's operations to a satisfactory conclusion. I might cite numberless other instances of similar lawless outrages, but I think that this in itself is a sufficient specimen of the unprotected state of the colony, and the insecure tenure by which we hold our property and our lives.

But what is to be done to improve this state of things? It is an easy task to blame the Government for want of forethought in providing for a crisis, which it was certainly not difficult to foresee. Still it is easier to find fault than to remedy the evil. To provide homes for the houseless without labourers, and protection to the community without an adequate police, is a task which might puzzle the rulers of a far older and more firmly consolidated community than ours.

Then as to prospects at the mines — it is true there are gold escorts coming down, week after week, with unheard of quantities of gold, and ships are starting every now and then for England; perfect sailing gold mines in themselves. Still, calm statistics, although less exciting, are, after all, more certain means of getting at the riches of the gold fields

than such criterions; and statistics tell us, that there are so many thousands of diggers at the mines; that the yield of gold is so many thousand ounces, and that this yield divided among these people will not give to each individual as much as will amount in sterling money to thirty shillings a week; which sum, at the prices for provisions now charged, is barely sufficient for the miner's keep. It is true that it is a lottery, and has some *bonâ fide* prizes; but a little consideration will tell every reflecting mind that for all those who get more there must be some who get even less than the above-mentioned average. And such, indeed, is the case. It requires no prophet to foretell that thousands of our new arrivals will soon get heartily sick of the laborious and ill-rewarded toil, and be compelled to betake themselves to pastoral and other pursuits. It is on this result that the squatters and other persons interested in a plentiful supply of cheap labour, build their hopes, and are anxiously looking.

Having depicted the darker prospects of the newly arrived emigrants at the present crisis, it is only fair to add that wages of mechanics and labourers are, at the present crisis, enormous. From one pound to twenty-five shillings per day being not unfrequently paid to some descriptions of artisans. How long this will last, taking into consideration the present rush of the whole world to Victoria, and the com-

petition which must follow, cannot be foretold.

WALLOTTY TROT.

THERE was once an old woman who lived with her daughter at the side of a hill in the midst of a forest. They were very poor, their only means of support being the thread which the daughter spun with her distaff and spindle; and she, poor girl, worked early and late to earn enough for their wants. It so happened that the king's son, while hunting, went astray in the forest, and entered the widow's cottage to inquire his way. He was greatly struck with the girl's beauty, and not less with the numerous hanks of yarn which attested her skill and industry. He inquired how it happened that they had collected such an immense pile; when the old woman — concealing the fact that this was nearly an entire winter's store — declared, that her daughter had spun the whole in a week. "In a week!" exclaimed the astonished prince; "if this be true, I have found a wife more worthy and valuable than any other in the country. I will send you a load of flax; and if she has it spun by the end of a week, I will make her my bride; but if not, I will have you both cut in pieces for deceiving the son of your sovereign." The terrified girl saw next day a train of laden mules coming to the cottage; she went out into the forest to weep

over her destiny, when she met a decrepid old man. On learning the cause of her weeping, "Do not weep, daughter," he said; "I will execute the task imposed on you by the prince, provided that you will either give me your first-born son when he is twelve months and a day old, or that you shall, in the meantime, find out my name." The maiden, wondering greatly, agreed to the terms; the old man conveyed away the flax from the cottage, she did not know how; and returned it in the form of beautiful yarn just before the week had expired. The prince found all as he had wished, and married her; they were very happy, and when the princess had a son, the joy of the prince knew no bounds. But alas! the year came near its close, and the princess had not yet found out the name of the mysterious old man: she dreaded to lose her little son, and yet dared not tell her husband. The prince, seeing his wife one day disconsolate, told her an anecdote to amuse her. He had been hunting, and lost his way in the forest; he looked around, and saw a cave in which an old man was spinning with a sort of wheel, such as the prince had never before seen; and the old man was singing,

"Little my mistress she knows my name,
Which shan't be forgot, which shan't
be forgot,
When a prince as heir to the fortunes I
claim
Of Wallotty Trot, Wallotty Trot."

The princess instantly guessed

that this must be her mysterious friend. When the year and day expired, the old man appeared and claimed the child. "Stop," said the lady; "your name is Wallotty Trot." It was so; and the old man said that, to reward her ingenuity, he would teach her how to use the wheel, which had enabled him to spin the flax so quickly. Having done so, he disappeared, and was never seen again; but the prince and princess taught this new branch of industry to their subjects, and so enriched their country as to become the admiration of surrounding nations.

Such is an epitome — shorn, we fear, of much of its story-telling attractiveness — of a legend which the late Dr. Cooke Taylor heard from the lips of an old woman in Ireland, and which he believes to be nearly identical with one preserved by the brothers Grimm in Germany. That the old woman believed in her story is very likely: people have believed much worse stories in their time. It is, in truth, one among many examples of a curious tendency in the popular mind — to attribute to fairies or good people, or mysterious people of some kind or other, all useful inventions, the date or the introduction of which is not well known.

The spinning-wheel marked one stage in the great history of clothing — one of the greatest of our social histories. Weaving was, in all probability, an earlier art than spinning; because reeds and rushes

and straws, ligaments and fibres and rootlets, can all be woven in their natural state. But spinning was, nevertheless, one of the earliest arts; the distaff and spindle were known to most of the chief nations of antiquity; they are known by everyday use to the Hindoos at the present day; and they were the recognized means of spinning until comparatively modern times. The "spinsters" or spinners with the distaff and spindle, included the high-born and wealthy ladies of our feudal days. Who was the real Wallotty Trot that invented the spinning-wheel, will, in all probability, remain an unfathomable mystery; but, be he who he may, he was the Arkwright of those days; he levelled one of the roads which led to the gigantic manufacturing system of the present times. Unless the yarn had been spun more rapidly than the distaff and spindle could accomplish it, rapid weaving would have been useless, and improvements in looms unsought for; the spinning-machine would not have appeared, for want of its progenitor the wheel; the steam-giant would not have been called in aid; and the neat cotton dresses and merino gowns, the net collars and silk kerchiefs, the white stockings and tidy shirts, would not (as now) have been attainable by the families of working men. If social evils have accompanied these changes (and such is doubtless the case), let us not ignore them; we can talk of the great changes themselves, and still do justice

to those — whoever and wherever they be — who yearn to pluck out the tares from among the wheat.

What a mighty contrast exists between the manufacturing systems of the last century and the present! If, for example, we take the production of woollens and worsted, we find that Norfolk carried on this branch of industry long before the West Riding of Yorkshire; that serge, and camlets, and other coarse goods were the chief products; and that much of this work migrated to Yorkshire about sixty or seventy years ago, on account of the water power and the cheap coal which that county possesses. But, whether in Norfolk or Yorkshire, in Kendal or in the West of England, the cloth manufacture, before the introduction of machinery, presented an aspect which to us now would seem most strange. No factories: scarcely even workshops. The cloth-maker, the monied man who had to bear the commercial responsibility of supplying the markets, picked up or gathered up his wares in an extraordinary way. In the first place he had to travel about on horse-back, to buy the wool, on which the labour of the handicraftsman had afterwards to be bestowed; he visited the sheep-farmers, and also those privileged towns which had the "staple," or market for wool, and purchased his material in bits and scraps. He next availed himself of the aid of sorters who slowly separated the wool into parcels, cutting up with a

hatchet or with scissors those fibres which were too long. When the sorters had finished, the combers took away the wool to their own homes, combed it into "laps," and brought it back again to the manufacturer. The wool was then carefully packed, strapped to the backs of mules, and carried out to the country districts, in the cottages of which it had to be spun; and not only was this done in the neighbourhood of the large towns, but to very great distances from those towns. In order to save his horse's legs and his own time, he conveyed the wool to one agent in each village, and left him to distribute it among the villagers. The wife and daughters of the cottager, with the old one-thread wheel, spun the wool into yarn, which the agent called for, and sent back to the manufacturer. Another running about ensued: the yarn had to be sent to the weavers. These weavers lived here, and there, and everywhere; they had to be sought out, and the yarn placed in their keeping. When returned in the shape of cloth, the material had yet to be scoured and fulled, dyed and shorn, and had to go out on its travels again before this could be accomplished.

Nor were the cotton districts less marked by the rambling nature of the manufacturing arrangements; although, from the comparative recency of the cotton trade in England, the circumstances were not quite parallel.

The cotton yarn was mostly spun in the houses of the peasants near and around Manchester and Bolton, and other Lancashire towns; the wives and daughters spun it in the intervals of farm labour; and travelling chapmen went with their pack-horses from door to door, to purchase the yarn. The supply was very uncertain, and the weavers were thus frequently brought to a stand-still for want of material; the prices paid for yarn were often high — so high, indeed, as to encourage much of that children's labour which has since become a feature in manufacturing districts. Very frequently the father was a weaver, and the mother a spinner, both working on different sides of the same humble room. Sometimes the manufacturer gave out warp yarn, with raw cotton for weft yarn, to a cottager, and left him, with his family, to perform all the operations necessary for converting the material into cotton cloth. Travelling pedlars took advantage of this system to tempt the housewives into dishonesty; they offered trinkets for purloined bits of cotton, which it was hoped would not be missed by the manufacturer.

The system pursued among the manufacturers themselves contrasted no less strangely with that which is so familiar to us. The roads of Lancashire were so bad, that cotton could be conveyed from town to town only by pack-horses. Dr. Aikin, who lived at Manchester when the manufac-

turing system was about developing its gigantic proportions, says that previous to 1690 there were no capitalists among the Lancashire cotton manufacturers; every man worked hard for a livelihood, whether he employed others or not. During the next period of thirty or forty years the manufacturer worked hard and lived plainly, but he accumulated a little capital; he sold his goods to wholesale dealers who came to him. "An eminent manufacturer of that age used to be in his warehouse before six in the morning, accompanied by his children and apprentices. At seven they all came in to breakfast, which consisted of one large dish of water-pottage, made of oatmeal, water, and a little salt, boiled thick, and poured into a dish; at the side was a pan or basin of milk, and the master and apprentices, each with a wooden spoon in his hand, without loss of time dipped into the same dish, and thence into the milk-pan; and as soon as it was finished they all returned to their work." About the middle of the last century, and down to the time of Arkwright's epoch, the manufacturer gradually established a larger system of dealings. Instead of sending chapmen with laden pack-horses to the small dealers in the small towns, the chapmen merely carried patterns and received orders; and in proportion as the roads became improved, waggons were employed instead of pack-horses. At length came the inventions of

Watt and Arkwright, Crompton and Hargreaves; and Lancashire underwent a social revolution such as the world has rarely witnessed.

Let a second Wallotty Trot enable us to jump over a period of sixty or eighty years, and set ourselves down in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Scene the First: a Lancashire cotton-mill. Take it where we will: it matters little — Manchester, Bolton, Oldham, Ashton — any will do. It is a brick building of vast length and height, with as many windows as there are days in a year, or perhaps more. Dull are the bricks, unadorned are the windows, and monotonous the whole appearance of the structure: be factory labour good or bad, the factory itself is certainly not a “thing of beauty” in its externals. But it is a grand machine in its organism — the mind, the fingers, and the iron and steel, all work together for one common end. A bale of cotton goes in at one door, and the cotton comes out at another, in the form of woven calico or fustian; and a thousand human beings may be marshalled in the path from the one door to the other. The building consists of six or eight stories, and each story of vast rooms or galleries, with many-windowed walls. There is machinery to lift the workers to the upper floors; machinery to raise and lower the cotton; machinery to work the mules and the looms. There is gas for win-

ter-light, warm air for cold days, and ventilating currents of cool air for warm days. The cotton is conveyed in its bag, perhaps to one of the upper floors, and it travels downwards from floor to floor, as the order of processes advances; a “devil” tears the locks of wool asunder; a “scutcher” blows away all the dirt; a “carding-machine” lays all the fibres parallel; a “drawing machine” groups them into slender ribbons; a “roving machine” slightly twists them into a soft spongy cord; a “mule” or a “throstle” spins the roving into yarn; and men and women, boys and girls, tend on the machines while all this is being done. There is no running about from cottage to cottage, to get the carding done at one place, the spinning at another, the weaving at a third; all is done as part of one great process; and not only so, but most of the machines feed themselves with the material on which they are to work. All the real labour is performed by machines; the attendants are engaged in minor but nice adjustments, which the machines cannot do for themselves. It is a mistake to suppose, as some do, that factory labour reduces the factory workers to mere machines: their duties require much quickness, delicacy, and discrimination. And when the yarn has been spun, and has been conveyed down to the weaving-shed, we here find a thousand wonderful machines weaving calico by miles; the

machines doing the hard work, and women and girls attending to adjust and supply them. And when the calico reaches the warehouse, we find hydraulic presses and steam presses to pack it into compact masses; while, in the counting-house, the manufacturer and his clerks are carrying on correspondence with every part of the globe, watching the pulsation of the market, and making sales and purchases with (often) a very slender margin of profit.

Scene the Second: a Leeds Flax Mill. If, in respect to the Lancashire cotton factories, one general type might serve for all, without special reference to one particular establishment, such is not the case in respect to flax-mills; for there is one at Leeds so striking, so original in its aspect, so advanced in its organization, as to stand out in broad distinction from all others. This is the celebrated establishment of Messrs. Marshall. What are the objects to be attained in a great building devoted to manufactures? To exercise a ready supervision over the whole of the arrangements and operations; to provide facilities of access to all the machinery; to obtain a uniformity of temperature and moisture (very important for some purposes); to avoid draughts of air; to establish good ventilation; all these, added to the ordinary mechanical requirements of the work to be done. Now, it occurred to Messrs. Marshall that one monster room might effect all

this; and they constructed a monster room accordingly. They procured designs and drawings from M. Bonomi, derived from the temple architecture of Egypt, and sought how to throw boldness and massiveness into a one-story building. An entrance like an Egyptian temple, a façade of stone, surmounted with a bold cornice; a chimney having the form and proportions of the far-famed Cleopatra's needle — these meet the eye on the exterior. In the interior we find a room nearly four hundred feet in length, by more than half of this in breadth — five times as large in area as Westminster Hall. The roof of this vast hall is supported by half a hundred pillars, and is lighted by ten thousand square feet of conical skylights, occupying the summits of small domes or ground arches. On the floor of this room are ranged rows of machines in almost countless number, by which the flax can be wrought into linen yarn, and a thousand or more of busy workers are tending these machines, with ample space to move about. The two-acre roof is formed of concrete so firm and durable that vegetable mould can be spread upon it, grass grown in the mould, and thus a field made on the top of a factory. The drainage of the field (the rain water of the roof) is carried down the fifty hollow pillars to the ground underneath, as was done at the Crystal Palace. Beneath the vast room are large machines and furnaces for venti-

lating and warming it, and also some of the apparatus for setting in motion the hundreds of flax machines. Here, therefore, not only are the operations of hundreds of cottages and cottagers concentrated in one building, but the building itself may be said to be concentrated in one room, where all that mechanical skill can effect is effected, to make every hour's work do the best that it can. Flax cannot be wrought and spun without much dust and a little wet; but the workers can pursue their labours with much less of personal discomfort than under any variety of the older system.

Scene the Third — a Bradford alpaca-mill. Alpaca, by the care now bestowed upon its production, is made to produce fabrics of much beauty for ladies' dresses, not only in its uncombined state, but also when combined with silk and cotton. Mohair, too, (the hair of the Angora goat) has come greatly into favour. Bradford contains many immense factories — on the Lancashire plan — for working up wool, and alpaca, and mohair into cloth or stuff; and more are being built: but if the world will continue to demand more stuff, more alpaca, more mohair, there must be an increased expansibility in the manufacturing arrangements for their supply. And thus do we find a clue to the origin of *Saltaire*. Mr. Titus Salt, one of the magnates of industry at Bradford, has several establishments in the town

which have grown with the growth of manufactures; but the time has come when organization and centralization are wanted; and these are about to be obtained by a scheme of (perhaps) unparalleled boldness.

On the line of the Leeds and Skipton Railway there is a point at which a small river-valley branches out southward to the town of Bradford, about three miles distant. And at the point of junction stands the town of Shipley, one of the stuff-working satellites of Bradford. Not far from Shipley is an estate which Mr. Salt has recently purchased, crossed by a road, a river, a canal, and a railway; and on this estate is now being constructed a factory which will, in many respects, be the finest in the world, and will be the nucleus of a town towards which great attention will be attracted. A great power for good and for evil will rest in the hands of the owner of this gigantic establishment; and one feels inclined to encourage a hope that the second half of the nineteenth century may show itself to be something more than a mere steam-engine era.

If, leaving the Shipley railway station, we ramble along the Bingley road, we come shortly to what was once a wide expanse of green fields, but is now the theatre of immense building operations. It seems more like a Legislative Palace, or a Record Office, or some great public work, than a mere factory belonging to

one individual, which is here under construction, so solid do appear the masses of stone employed, and so vast the scale on which the operations are planned. The entire buildings will cover or enclose an area of six acres. The chief structure, technically called the "mill," will be a stone building five hundred and fifty feet in length, six stories in height, and having its crowning cornice and its many hundreds of windows so finished with dressed stone, as to give an architectural grandeur to the whole. And then, instead of frittering away the window surface into numerous small panes of glass, large sheets of cast plate-glass will be employed. All that hollow-bricked floors can effect in giving lightness and facilitating ventilation; all that massive cast-iron beams and ornamental cast-iron columns can do to ensure strength; all that can be done in rendering the structure fire-proof by avoiding the use of wood, are duly considered and provided for. Running northward from this fine structure are two subordinate portions, or wings, each about three hundred and thirty feet in length, and as lofty as the main structure; they are to be warehouses. Beyond the western warehouse are large but low buildings for the preparatory manufacturing processes, while the other extremity is to be devoted to weaving and finishing; the main structure itself being the scene of the intermediate or spinning processes. The raw materials will thus enter

one warehouse, traverse the huge range in a circuit, and then reach the other warehouse.

The arteries of communication are quite extraordinary for their completeness. There is, in the first place, a handsome new road being formed along the western face of the pile, crossing the Leeds and Skipton railway by a cast-iron bridge, and then crossing both the river Aire and the Leeds and Liverpool canal by a wrought-iron tubular girder bridge on the celebrated "Britannia Bridge" principle, and about four hundred and fifty feet in length. In the next place, the warehouses abut northward on the canal, and will have steam-worked "hoists" for loading and unloading barges in the canal. In the third place, a branch will be carried from the railway into the building, where hoists will load and unload the railway waggons with great rapidity. And hoists will load and unload ordinary waggons, and will raise and lower materials from one story to another, and will very likely raise and lower the operatives themselves (or some of them) to save leg-power.

Then the power for working this stupendous concern: how vast must it be! The steam-engines, of power adequate to the whole demands of the mill, will occupy two handsome engine-houses on either side of the principal entrance; and will send off their smoke into an Italian-looking campanile sort of building,

two hundred and fifty feet high. Twelve hundred tons of solid stone are said to have been employed to form the supporting beds for the engines. The boilers beneath the level of the ground, will be fed with water from the Aire by one tunnel, and send forth the used water by another tunnel. Beneath the weaving shed will be an immense filter and reservoir, capable of storing half a million gallons of rain water from the various roofs — rain water being useful in scouring wool. Between the canal and the river are to be gas-works, capable of supplying five thousand jets with their light-giving food. But as to the working-machines, the complex apparatus which will cover ten or twelve acres of flooring in the different stories, no mere paragraph, or no dozen paragraphs, could describe it; all that invention has yet accomplished in the manufacture of stuffs, alpacas, mohair, and such like, will doubtless be brought into requisition.

The living machinery has yet to be noticed; and here is the matter that will tax the head and the heart of the founder of this great establishment. The buildings, machines, and appliances will be fitted for a staff of no less than four thousand five hundred work-people; and as there must be at least an equal number of non-workers to give domestic homes to the workers, the full powers of the mill would require a neighbouring population of nine or ten thousand persons. Now, the fac-

tory is being built out in the fields, beyond the limits of Shipley; and Mr. Salt has therefore to create a town as well as the factory which is to give bread to the townspeople. His plans comprise the building of seven hundred houses, of various sizes and ranks, but all provided with light, ventilation, and drainage, on the most approved modern arrangements; wide streets, gardens, spacious squares, and play-fields and grounds; a church, schools, a covered market, baths and wash-houses, a public kitchen such as scientific cooks now know well how to plan, a refectory or large dining hall, and other useful buildings.

And such will be **SALTAIRE** — a name which, unless anything should occur to frustrate the works now rapidly advancing, will soon occupy a place among the notabilities of Yorkshire. Some of the London newspapers have set down the probable cost now being incurred by Mr. Salt, at half a million sterling; but it has since been stated, apparently on good authority, that the outlay will be much less than this. Be it a hundred thousand more or less, however, here we see before us a prospective community, the daily bread and the social comfort, and the moral advancement of which will very intimately depend on the fortunes of one single establishment. When trade is good, and stuffs are "looking up" in the Bradford market, and all hands are employed, and credit is sound — then may Saltaire possibly be

one of the best of our industrial communities, for it appears as if it would have many physical and moral advantages to begin with; but when adversities come (and they do occur to stuff-makers as well as to other makers), then will be the test, to show whether the Saltairians (we will coin a word for the purpose) can bravely stand the buffetings of fortune. How much, how very much of this will depend on the combined wisdom and kindness of the Captain of Industry, who leads the whole, need hardly be insisted on.

BARRYHOORAGHAN POST-OFFICE.

THE Postmaster General may live in peace. I have a complaint or two to make against the post-office of Barryhooraghan, county Cork — against the post-office of my own village — but I complain, for my own satisfaction, of abuses that I don't particularly want to see reformed. If ever some busy City gentleman, with a stiff neck and elastic boots, should come for a week to Barryhooraghan, the Times and the Postmaster General may both expect to hear of us. To me our post-office provides excitement and amusement, it varies the monotony of life by its irregularities, and breeds diversion in the village. My complaint against it is a pleasure; like the nightingale's complaint, however doleful it may sound, it is the result of satisfaction in the utterer.

Letters, for example, do now and then change hands, and go down the middle, but they always finally come up again. I think it no very grievous thing, though I complain sadly that sentimental letters addressed to me are incessantly delivered to a stout matter-of-fact neighbour, whose name begins and ends like mine. I know that she reads them, by the bad look she carries about with her, after she has taken in this way an accidental dose of poetry or feeling. The taste of it seems to lie in her mouth all day.

Letters, however, do not go astray now under the rule of Mrs. Minahan, grocer and post-mistress, as they did two years ago in the reign of Patrick O'Shaughnessy, who was called for shortness, Posy Houlahan. Posy had been a very excellent member of the Irish constabulary force, and had, in one way or other, scraped together many items of a good education, Latin and Greek included. He was constable and tutor, until, resigning his post in the police force on his marriage, he was placed at the head of the world of letters in our village. Then, as we all agreed, "Posy got beyant himself." He left the letters to the care of his illiterate household, by the members of which they were distributed very much at random. Posy himself prosecuted schemes of high ambition, and eventually left us. I have seen a letter from Dublin in his handwriting to a neighbour abusing us all heartily as "the Barry-

hooraghan clique of aristocrats," under the signature of Standish Hamilton. To that length has Posy got beyond himself.

Mrs. Minahan takes pains with the home arrangement of the letters, but she finds it difficult to get what she can call "a dacent runner." In Posy's time, the runner, or letter-carrier, in consideration of threepence a week, not only delivered letters, but also fetched water and did the nursing of a baby. These additional duties are not now attached to the office of runner to the Barryhooraghan postal establishment; the salary is also raised, but Mrs. Minahan declares that the mode in which the duties are executed "would break the heart of a millstone."

We have had three runners.

No. 1. Thady Cronin, a quiet boy (for an Irish boy); as soon as he knew his business among us, he went off on board ship.

No. 2. Billy Keating, a scamp, was always in bed when we were at our breakfasts and expecting letters to come in. He never got out of bed unless he was hauled up by main strength. Most letters delivered by him were either caked with mud or wet with puddle water; but, fortunately, as he left them at wrong houses, they had time to rub clean or to dry before they reached their rightful owners. Billy Keating also transferred his service from Her Majesty's post-office to Her Majesty's navy.

No. 3. Tommy Hegarty, the present runner, a small, ragged,

bright-eyed urchin, who may be of any age between ten and fifteen. Ten by form and size, but fifteen or fifty by the twitchings of his wide old Irish mouth, and by the shrewd look in his eyes.

On the morning after Tommy's installation, having made his presence known by an authoritative official knock, he sent three or four letters up to me with the verbal message, that "there was a pinny charged on one of them." The Royal countenance upon the stamp gave grace to them all, and as I went down to breakfast, letters in one hand and key-basket in the other, I greeted Tommy, saying, "No penny to be paid on any of these, my little fellow."

"May be not, Ma'am," answered our postman. "Mrs. Minahan bade me get a pinny somewhere from some ov'em, so I thought I'd try if it was your honour."

Mr. Tommy Hegarty, our letter-carrier, has lately added to his cares the business of a news agent. In a large city not far from our village, a weekly penny newspaper was lately started; it is an advertising print, containing three pages of miscellaneous advertisements, recommended to notice by one page of amusing extracts from new books and magazines. The proprietors, anxious to extend the circulation of their paper, appointed as its rural agents the "runners" attached to the different post-offices. Thus Mr. Tommy came by his promotion.

On the Saturday following his appointment, he very perseveringly

hawked bundles of papers through the town, and really met with a good many customers. One of my neighbours bought a copy, and desired to have the paper supplied to her, every week. On the following Saturday, little Tommy, who on the strength of his improved worldly position had started a new pair of corduroys, brought his paper to my friend in triumph.

We have little to amuse us in our village, so the lady lost no time in peeping at the sheet. But there was something familiar about the aspect of it, and a little dialogue ensued.

"Why, Tommy, how is this? This is last week's paper: the same that I bought before."

"Oh, then, to be sure it is, Ma'am. Why would I go bring a new one till I have the ould ones all sould off? That would be a quare thing, I'm thinkin!"

"But this is of no use to me."

"Why, then, can't ye buy it, Ma'am, and good luck to ye? 'T will be better for yeself too; for, ye see, the sooner we get through the ould 'uns, the sooner we'll come to the new."

Such logic holds good among us; so Tommy Hegarty marched off with his penny, and a slice of bread-and-butter.

The letters slipped into our post-office must give great trouble to somebody. I append a few directions which have passed through the post-office in our county town, selected from a list sent by one of the managers to a

local paper. I have reason to know that Barryhooraghan supplies its share of riddles. S. Newenham, Esq., a gentleman living in our neighbourhood, was duly found, when staying in a distant place, by a letter from Ballyhooraghan, addressed "Mr. Sym noihiám."

The following I think must have defied the blind clerk's penetration, and was never unriddled at Ballyhooraghan.

"ile of man Cork Crist vusen lolkil partie let Ellen taylor."

A very natural way of distinguishing one another used among our people, being transferred to the outside of letters, has an odd effect, and I dare say causes, now and then, to the person addressed some little annoyance. As this, for example, if it ever could arrive, that is to say, if Michael Hurley were sufficiently well known in the navy:

"To Michael Hurley A Salor Boy on board Ship. His mother sells milk on the Coal Quay, Cork." Or this "O. H. M. S., Michael Leary, private Soldier, James Town, Saint Helena Regiment, the above Michael Leary is a Taylor from Ballingarry Count of Cork Ireland near Carrigaline post office."

Such letters do not much trouble our post-office, except when they arrive among us. We send out our bags with a clean conscience, and leave the distribution of our despatches to be settled by the world at large. As for the mistakes and troubles that beset us

in the distribution of our own supplies, as I have before said, they increase fun in a dull village, and it is neither in sorrow nor in anger, but, as I have also before said, nightingale fashion, that I murmur complaint about them.

PROPOSALS FOR AMUSING POSTERITY.

POSTERITY, that ancient personage yet unborn, is at times a topic of much speculation with me. I consider him in a variety of lights, and represent him to myself in many odd humours, but principally in those with which he is likely to regard the present age. I am particularly fond of inquiring whether we contribute our share towards the entertainment and diversion of the old gentleman. It is important that we should, for all work and no play would make even Posterity a dull boy.

And, good Heaven, to think of the amount of work he will have to get through! Only to read all those books, to contemplate all those pictures and statues, and to listen to all that music, so generously bequeathed to him by crowds of admiring legatees through many generations, will be no slight labour. I doubt if even the poetry written expressly for his perusal would not be sufficient to addle any other head. The prodigious spaces of time that his levees will occupy, are overwhelming to think of: for

how else can he ever receive those hosts of ladies and gentlemen who have been resolved and determined to go down to him! Then the numbers of ingenious inventions he will have to test, prove, and adopt, from the perpetual motion to the long range, will necessarily consume some of the best years of his life. In hearing Appeals, though the claims of the Appellants will be in every case as clear as crystal, it will be necessary for him to sit as long as twenty Chancellors, though each sat on the woolsack twenty years. The mere rejection of those swindlers in the various arts and sciences who basely witnessed any appreciation of their works, and the folding to his bosom of those worthies whom mankind were in a combination to discard, will take time. It is clear that it is reserved for Posterity to be, in respect of his labours, immeasurably more than the Hercules of the future.

Hence, it is but moderately considerate to have an eye to the amusement of this industrious person. If he *must* be so overworked, let us at least do something to entertain him — something even over and above those books of poetry and prose, those pictures and statues, and that music, for which he will have an unbounded relish, but perhaps a relish (so I venture to conceive) of a pensive rather than an exhilarating kind.

These are my reflections when I consider the present time with a reference to Posterity. I am

sorry to say that I don't think we do enough to make him smile. It appears to me that we might tickle him a little more. I will suggest one or two odd notions — somewhat far-fetched and fantastic, I allow, but they may serve the purpose — of the kind of practical humour that might seem droll to Posterity.

If we had had, in this time of ours, two great commanders — say one by land and one by sea; one dying in battle (or what was left of him, for we will suppose him to have lost an arm and an eye or so before), and one living to old age — it might be a jest for Posterity if we choked our towns with bad Statues to one of the two, and utterly abandoned and deserted the memory of the other. We might improve on this conceit. If we laid those two imaginary great men side by side in Saint Paul's cathedral, and then laid side by side in the advertising columns of our public newspapers, two appeals respecting two Memorials, one to each of them; and if we so carried on the joke as that the Memorial to the one should be enormously rich, and the Memorial to the other, miserably poor — as that the subscriptions to the one should include the names of three-fourths of the grandees of the land, and the subscriptions to the other but a beggarly account of rank and file — as that the one should leap with ease into a magnificent endowment, and the other crawl and stagger as a pauper provision

for the dead Admiral's daughter — if we could only bring the joke, as Othello says,

“ — to this extent, no more; ”

I think it might amuse Posterity a good deal.

The mention of grandees brings me to my next proposal. It would involve a change in the present mode of bestowing public honours and titles in England; but, encouraged by the many examples we have before us of disinterested magnanimity in favour of Posterity, we might perhaps be animated to try it.

I will assume that among the books in that very large library (for the most part quite unknown at the present benighted time) which will infallibly become the rich inheritance of Posterity, there will be found a history of England. From that record, Posterity will learn the origin of many noble families and noble titles. Now the jest I have in my mind, is this. If we could so arrange matters as that that privileged class should be always with great jealousy preserved, and hedged round by a barrier of buckram and a board of green cloth, which only a few generals, a few great capitalists, and a few lawyers, should be allowed to scale — the latter not in a very creditable manner until within the last few generations: as our amiable friend Posterity will find when he looks back for the date at which Chief Justices and Puisne Judges began to be men of undoubted freedom, ho-

nour, and independence—if such privileged class were always watched and warded and limited, and fended off, in the manner of hundreds of years ago, and never adapted to the altered circumstances of the time; and if it were in practice set up and maintained as having been, from Genesis thenceforward, endowed with a superior natural instinct for noble ruling and governing and Cabinet-making, as triumphantly shown in the excellent condition of the whole machinery of Government, of every public office, every dockyard, every ship, every diplomatic relation, and particularly every colony—I think there would be a self-evident pleasantry in this that would make Posterity chuckle. The present British practice being, as we all know, widely different, we should have many changes to make before we could hand down this amusing state of things. For example, it would be necessary to limit the great Jenner or Vaccination Dukedom and endowment, at present so worthily represented in the House of Lords, by the noble and scientific Duke who will no doubt be called upon (some day or other) to advise Her Majesty in the formation of a Ministry. The Watt or Steam-Engine peerage would also require to be gradually abolished. So would the Iron-Road Earldom, the Tubular Bridge Baronetcy, the Faraday Order of Merit, the Electric Telegraph Garter, the titles at present held by distinguished writers

on literary grounds alone, and the similar titles held by painters;—though it might point the joke to make a few Academicians equal in rank to an alderman. But, the great practical joke once played off, of entirely separating the ennobled class from the various orders of men who attain to social distinction by making their country happier, better, and more illustrious among nations, we might be comfortably sure, as it seems to me—and as I now humbly submit—of having done something to amuse Posterity.

Another thing strikes me. Our venerable friend will find in that English history of his, that, in comparatively barbarous times, when the Crown was poor, it did anything for money—commuted murder, or anything else—and that, partly of this desperate itching for gold, and partly of partial laws in favour of the feudal rich, a most absurd obsolete punishment, called punishment by fine, had its birth. Now, it appears to me, always having an eye on the entertainment of Posterity, that if while we proclaimed the laws to be equal against all offenders, we would only preserve this obsolete punishment by fine—of course no punishment whatever to those who have money—say in a very bad class of cases such as gross assaults, we should certainly put Posterity on the broad grin. Why, we might then even come to this. A “captain” might be brought up to a Police Office, charged with caning a

young woman for an absolutely diabolical reason; and the offence being proved, the "captain" might, as a great example of the equality of the law, (but by no fault in the magistrate, he having no alternative) be fined fifty shillings, and might take a full purse from his pocket and offer, if that were all, to make it pounds. And what a joke *that* would be for Posterity! To be done in the face of day, in the first city upon earth, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three!

Or, we might have our laws regarding this same offence of assault in such a facetious state as to empower a workhouse nurse within two hours' walk of the capital, slowly to torture a child with fire, and afterwards to walk off from the law's presence scot free of all pains and penalties, but a fortnight's imprisonment! And we might so carry out this joke to the uttermost as that the forlorn child should happily die and rot, and the barbarous nurse be *then* committed for trial; her horrible offence being legally measured by that one result or its absence, and not by the agony it caused, and the awful cruelty it showed. And all this time, (to make the pleasantry the greater) we might have all manner of watch-towers, in measurement as near as possible of the altitude of the Tower of Babel when it was overthrown, erected in all parts of the kingdom, with all sorts and conditions of men and women perched on platforms thereupon, looking out

for any grievance afar off, East, West, North, and South, night and day. So should that tender nurse return, gin-solaced, to her ministration upon babies, (imagine the dear matron's antecedents, all ye mothers!) and so should Posterity be made to laugh, though bitterly!

Indeed, I think Posterity would have such an indifferent appreciation of this last joke, on account of its intensely practical character, that it might require another to relieve it. And I would suggest that if a body of gentlemen possessing their full phrenological share of the combative and antagonistic organs, could only be induced to form themselves into a society for declaiming about Peace, with a very considerable War-Whoop against all non-declainers; and if they could only be prevailed upon so sum up eloquently the many unspeakable miseries and horrors of War, and to present them to their own country as a conclusive reason for its being undefended against War, and becoming the prey of the first despot who might choose to inflict those miseries and horrors upon it, — why then I really believe we should have got to the very best joke we could hope to have in our whole Complete Jest-Book for Posterity, and might fold our arms and rest convinced that we had done enough for that discerning patriarch's amusement.

BERTHALDE REIMER'S VOICE.

"THAT 'll do, wife, — that 'll do; it's not a very cold night," Karl Reimer said with a sigh; and his wife, looking a little sadly for a moment in his face, replaced the fresh log of wood with which she had meant to replenish the half-burnt embers on the hearth. Returning to her chair she sat down in silence by her husband's side.

"Your work has not made you hungry to-night, Karl," she said, presently, with an effort at cheerfulness in her voice, and she glanced at a little table standing near, on which a very homely supper of brown German bread and sour milk in a thick curd lay scarcely tasted.

"Hungry enough, wife," was the quiet answer.

There was a pause. The woman, stooping forward, laid her hand upon his shoulder, and said gently:

"We must keep a good heart, husband. While we have good wholesome food, and a roof to cover us, we have no right to complain; many a one is worse off than we to-night!"

"Ay, to-night, — it is not to-night I'm thinking of," Karl muttered, and suddenly rousing himself he stretched out and cautiously bent and unbent his left arm, clenching his hand the while, like one trying its strength; then shaking his head with a deep sigh, he let it fall again by his

side, and resumed his former attitude.

"It is rest that you want," his wife said soothingly. "You have been working too hard these two or three months."

"No," he answered despondingly, "no rest would bring back strength to this arm. It is not overwork that has brought on the weakness. Wife, look here," and a sickly smile came over his lips, as, clenching his hand again, he turned it to her. "Look—a child might open it. Try you" (her first effort unclasped his fingers). "I thought so," he said bitterly. And again they both were silent. There were tears in Madame Reimer's eyes, and she held the weakened hand closely in hers.

"It might have been the right hand. Be thankful, Karl," she said softly, in a little while.

"I *am* thankful, but if it get worse, if it become useless, I should have to give up work; what's to become of us all? — what's to become, all through her life, of that poor child?"

"Hush!" Madame Reimer whispered softly, and shading her face from the light, she turned her eyes to a corner of the room where, in a little low bed, a girl lay asleep.

"She has been asleep an hour or more," Karl answered quickly. "If it were not for her, we could bear up bravely enough. We have worked hard, both of us, these seven years past — seven! — ay, it is more than seven since the lightning blinded her — near eight

years now — we have worked hard to try and save up for her, and what will she ever be the better for it? There's not a week passes but we have to draw upon our little stock; for, of all we have worked and saved there are not twenty guilder left. She will be a beggar, our child — our Berthalde!"

"Hush, hush, Karl, it will not come to that — we can work for her yet — it is all in God's hands."

There was a few minutes' pause. Then Karl spoke again, in a passionate, though subdued voice:—

"She may be a beggar next month, for aught we know. When I can't work any longer, what is there for the whole of us but beggary?" A momentary flush spread over his brow; but, as it passed away he proudly raised his head, and, shaking back his thick hair, crept on tiptoe to the bed, and knelt down on the floor beside it. As he bent over the sleeping child, a look of deep, pitying, and tender love softened his rugged features. Softly and tenderly he pressed his rough hard hand over the child's uncovered head; drew aside a curl of her long hair that hid her face; and, stooping down, pressed his lips in a long silent kiss upon her pale thin cheek. She lay quite still, with her sightless eyes closed, breathing low and quickly.

"How pale she is," Madame Reimer whispered; for she had followed her husband, and stood now with her hands leaning on

his arm, and her eyes fixed upon her child.

The little face was as still and white as if it had been carved in marble. For an instant Karl glanced upwards to his wife, and a look of sudden alarm and pain passed over him — a quick look, which seemed to flash for a moment from his dark piercing eyes: then, as it died away, he turned round to the little bed again, and laid his head beside his child's upon the pillow, not speaking anything aloud, though his lips moved.

"May the holy Virgin bless her!" Madame Reimer whispered in the silence.

"Amen!" Karl breathed, in his deep, low voice; and with one other kiss he rose from his knees. "We will go to bed now; tread softly, wife — softly," he said, as together they moved away.

But when the door was closed, and all was still, then, in the darkness and the silence, large tears began to steal through the closed lids of Berthalde's eyes; for she had heard all that which their love would strive to keep from her. She had had many fears of late: her father had seemed changed, and sorrowful; and longing to know what thing it was that grieved him, she thought it no sin to listen. Now that she did know the child could only weep, and sob sorrowfully to herself:

"O, that I could do anything to help them! O, that I could work! O, that I was not blind!"

Berthalde was so patient and so gentle, that she could feel no

deep or keen regret for the loss of that which yet had made her life almost a blank to her. Others thought that she had grown accustomed to blindness; that she had forgotten what it was to see. But that was the one sweet memory of her life; sweet, yet full of a wild, deep sadness, unutterably beautiful, as is the memory of a glorious dream, too beautiful to have been. Often in the long, silent nights she lay awake, and thought of it, weeping then when she was all alone, as she was weeping now to-night; but to-night another, and a different thought was in her heart. A thought which many a time had risen there before; but never with the strength and bitterness that it did now; for, as she lay awake, she thought that there was not one thing in all the world that she could ever do to help or comfort any one she loved. That she must be all through her life until she was quite old, a burden upon every one — a useless, helpless, solitary thing, not giving joy to any, nor feeling joy herself. Thinking this, the poor child longed to die; and shivering, drew up the bedclothes round her, hiding her face beneath them, that the bitter sobs which burst from her might not be heard breaking the silence of the night. For in this hour there seemed no comfort near her; all dark without, within it seemed as dark; the love that had been poured upon her through so many years was all forgotten now, she could not feel that she was loved; her whole

heart seemed to have room in it only for one thought — that she was an encumbrance upon the earth.

Piercing through the richly painted window of a dim old church the winter's sun threw on the marble pavement of the nave bright rays of coloured light, making the gloom on either side seem deeper still. From the altars, waxen tapers shed on the gold and silver plate around, on the gay vases filled with flowers, and on the rich, gold-embroidered dresses of the priests, a sudden radiance.

In the open space without the rails of the High Altar many people knelt; for it was a festival to-day, and Mass was being performed. There was a daily mass, but then the people were so much absorbed in their worldly occupations that the mass was often solemnised on week-days to empty walls. A child had slowly and softly threaded her way across the nave to take up her station alone at the foot of one particular pillar in the chancel. Daily, for hours together, she sat in the same spot, as still as if she were a little marble emblem. Few noticed her, and few came near her, for the pillar stood in deep shade, and she was almost hidden when she sat beneath it. It was a dark and gloomy seat, but the most cheerful spot in all the church would have been as dark to poor Berthalde.

To-day there were marks of

tears upon her cheeks. Still she waited patiently to hear the glorious voice of the organ, which always spoke to her. It seemed of all the things upon earth the most beautiful. She thought it never would begin to play to-day. But at last she heard the first low swelling notes; and, as she listened, drinking in the rich, heart-filling sound, all sorrow seemed to pass away, all earthly things seemed to be forgotten. As the exquisite music crept around her — now soft, faint, and low, now loud and deep, rolling wave upon wave along the great groined aisles — she knelt and hid her face, weeping. Her heart trembled with a strange, wild, half-understood delight that only cathedral music afforded her.

Never had the grand and solemn music seemed more grand and solemn than it did to-day. As the rich tones of the organ filled the solemn space around her, and the soft voices of the choristers rang through the dimly-lighted aisles, and as one solitary voice filled the great echoing church with its clear tones, the blind girl bowed her head upon her hands, trembling with a wild, almost painful joy, that seemed to take her breath away. So shaken was she with emotion, that the thin slight fingers scarcely served to hide her tears. Even when the last notes had quite died away; when the last lingering footsteps had left the church, she knelt on, as if still, in the silent air, she heard an echo of the song that to all other ears had passed away. Presently two light quick footsteps gaily tripped along the marble floor, and the sound of merry voices and half-suppressed laughter, roused her from her dream. She crouched upon the step at the pillar's base, thinking to wait there until the footsteps had gone past. But suddenly they stopped quite close to her, and a bright young voice exclaimed —

"Oh, see how stupid I have been! I have come down without my music. Margaret, you must wait for me one minute, till I run back for it. They are closing the organ. I shall be scarcely in time!" and with the last words, leaving her companion, the girl ran quickly towards the choir.

"They are some of the singers!" Berthalde thought within herself, and her heart beat with almost a reverential feeling. "How happy they must be, how very happy!" For a moment more the tears sprang up into her eyes, for, suddenly, the girl that stayed behind began, as she paced up and down, softly to sing a low, sweet melody. Berthalde remembered it at once: it was the *Agnus Dei* of the lately finished mass.

A second time there were steps and voices coming near — slow steps, unlike the first, and the singer's voice was hushed as a new voice, rich, sweet, and low, broke upon Berthalde's ear.

"What would you have me say, Lisa? I am weary of complaining. You grow more careless every

day. Your singing now is worse than it was six months ago."

"Maestro, I do not think it's possible to please you now," said the girl, half angrily, half carelessly. "I'm sure I do the best I can, and I suppose my voice is as good as it used to be."

"Your voice is the finest in the choir; but —"

"My dear master, then what is the use of scolding me?" Lisa exclaimed with real delight.

"But," he went on quietly, without heeding her, "you have no love for music — no true feeling for what you sing — no perseverance in study."

"Then what is the use of my coming here any longer?" the girl asked, with suppressed irritation.

Without answering her, the Master turned to the other girl.

"Margaret, you did well to-day, very well. Go on as steadily as you are doing now, and you will find that your reward will come. Only have courage, perseverance, and patience."

"Courage!" Margaret answered a little sadly. "Ah, I sometimes want courage. I sometimes almost lose heart. If I had but more voice! There is so much that I can never sing. If I only had Lisa's voice!"

There was a moment's pause; then the first girl said, more humbly than she had spoken yet, "Master, what can I do? I am sure I *want* to sing well."

"You want to sing well?" he repeated. "Why, Lisa?"

"Why!" she answered. "Surely, everybody thinks it's more plea-

sant to be admired than — than to be blamed."

"So you wish to sing well to be admired? Exactly. I understand you perfectly," he answered drily. "And you, Margaret, is it also to be admired that you work so hard, and study so perseveringly?"

She answered "No," in a low voice, earnestly and almost humbly. Berthalde felt that it came from her heart, and in her own heart the blind girl echoed it.

The Master said abruptly, after a pause, "It is getting late. I will not detain you any longer. Good morning," and leaving them he went away, they following.

When they were gone, a sudden change had come upon Berthalde. A bright light was in her sightless eyes. She whispered tremblingly, almost like one in fear,

"Oh, if there was any way, any hope — if I knew what to do — if I could speak to him and tell him —" She paused a moment, and pressed her face upon her hands: then bursting into tears, she cried almost aloud, "Oh, if he would teach me, if he would let me learn of him, if he would let me be a singer!" and falling on her knees again, she broke into a passionate, imploring prayer, sobbing and trembling as if her very life depended on its being heard.

For a long time she knelt, not praying always, but feverishly. Yet with intense delight and eagerness, building bright castles in the air, confusing herself with

multitudes of thoughts that poured in on her; bright, happy thoughts for the most part, though now and then some sudden fear would come, making her heart grow sick, lest all that she was hoping now should never be to her anything but a dream. Then she prayed again until the fear began to fade away, and she would grow bewildered with her happiness once more. Now that she was so full of it, it seemed so strange to her that never in all her sorrow, and with all her passionate love of music, she should have remembered that it was possible for her as a singer to gain her bread, and grow so happy; oh, so happy, that it scarcely seemed to her that there could be in all the world anything more that she could wish for.

Patient, cheerful, full of hope, day after day found Berthalde at her old place at the church, waiting, with a firm purpose though a trembling heart, to hear the Kapellmeister's step; but day after day too saw her turn away in disappointment; for in vain she waited, in vain she strained her ears to catch a sound of the well remembered voice, in vain she listened to each solitary footstep, believing that she could at once distinguish his from any other — he never came again. And after a time she began to fear that there must be a private entrance to the choir through which he came and went, and that she might wait for months here in the chancel and never see him; and then what to do she

knew not, for she shrank from telling any one her secret, and she could not hope to find her way alone to a strange place. And presently, by degrees, her heart began to sink, her whole project began to appear to her wild and unattainable, and at last one day she turned from the church so weary of hoping in vain, so sad and out of spirits that she could scarcely keep her tears from falling as she went away.

The church was near to where she lived, so near that — blind though she was — neither her father nor her mother ever objected to her going to it alone, or feared that she should miss her way. Nor was it likely, for she had gone daily there for many years, and no accident of any kind had ever happened to her; but on this day, as she was sorrowfully making her way home, less careful perhaps than usual to keep out of the way of passers-by, almost at the church door she tripped over something that lay across the path, and fell down heavily. But almost in the instant that she fell, a voice close to her broke upon her ear — a voice that as if by magic made her forget the pain that she was suffering, for it was the long watched-for voice of the Kapellmeister.

"My child, take care! Why, where could you be looking?" he exclaimed, and before she could speak he had raised her from the ground, and was half supporting her with his arm.

"Looking wouldn't have done her much good, poor thing," said

a good-natured man coming out of his shop close by. "Do you know her? She is the little blind girl, Berthalde Reimer."

"Why, my child, you have really hurt yourself, your hand is bleeding, let's wrap my handkerchief round it;" and, while Berthalde stood trembling by him, he gently bound up her injured hand, talking to her kindly while he did it.

"I think, Sir, she's a little faint — the poor thing looks so pale," the shopman said. "Let her come into my shop and rest herself before she goes home."

"No, no, no!" Berthalde broke in. "I would rather go into the church again. I wanted to speak. I wanted, if he would be so kind, I mean, — oh, Sir, I think I can walk!" she suddenly exclaimed; but, not heeding her remonstrance, the Kapellmeister lifted her up in his arms, for she was very little, and carried her within the church again, and laid her down upon a bench.

"Oh, Sir, you are very good," she whispered, her voice quite shaking now with agitation, and nervously and half unconsciously raising herself up from the position in which he had placed her. "And, if you please, Sir — if you wouldn't go away for a minute or two — if you would just let me say something to you that I've wanted so much to say, and not be offended — not, I mean — not think —" and then her imperfect sentence came abruptly to an end.

"You have something to say to me?" the Kapellmeister asked.

"My child, how do you know who I am?"

She said quickly, "I heard you speak, one day. You are the Kapellmeister."

"You are right. But what can you have to say to me?"

He paused a moment, but there was no answer; and then, looking at her, in a gentle, pitying tone he added,

"My child, you are frightened. Wait then a minute before you speak. Now, what is it? Tell me frankly. Is it anything I can do for you?"

"Oh, yes!" she cried eagerly, though almost below her breath. "You can do more for me than anybody in the world! Oh, Sir, I have been waiting here every day to see you, that I might be able to tell you what I want, and yet now I am afraid to say it."

"My poor girl, if it be in my power to do what you want, I will do it," the Master said. "Tell me now what it is."

With drooped eyes, and hands pressed together, she said simply, in a very low voice,

"I want to learn to sing in the choir," and waited calmly, but pale even to her lips, to receive his answer.

The Kapellmeister shook his head.

"What put this into your mind? Who told you you could be a singer?"

"No one," she answered faintly.

"You thought it of yourself?"

"I thought it after I had heard you speak, one day. I never

thought it until then; but I have come here to listen every day for so many years, and the music has always seemed so beautiful to me!"

The Kapellmeister laid his hand upon her head, and said, in a voice so gentle, almost so tender, that it made the tears spring to her eyes,

"My child, I think you have forgotten one obstacle, you have forgotten that you are blind."

"No, no!" she eagerly exclaimed; "I have not forgotten it. I know that I can only learn by remembering what I hear; I know that you cannot give lessons to me as you would do to others. I do not ask that you should trouble yourself with me so much; I only want to come where I can hear you teach, then, you would hear me sing, and tell me when I am wrong, and what to do." And in anxious inquiry she again looked up into his face.

"You are very young," he began, after a little pause.

"I am thirteen, Sir," she said, quickly; "but I am very little," she added humbly.

"Yes — but, your name, tell it me again?"

"Berthalde Reimer."

"Berthalde, would it make you happy if I gave you your wish?"

The look that sprang into her face answered him without words.

"Yes, I see it would. And is it your love of music only that makes you wish to be a singer?"

There was a moment's hesitation; then the colour mounted to her cheek, and she whispered,

"No."

"Tell me what other reason you have?"

She wept as she said, "We are so poor at home, and there is nothing I can do to help them. Oh, Sir, do not be angry with me!" and half shrinking back she hid her face upon her hands.

"Angry, my child!" was all the Master said, but the tone thrilled to Berthalde's heart; and, as he laid his hand upon her head again, she felt such a wild rush of gratitude towards him that she could have fallen down and kissed his feet.

She told him all that was in her heart, all her sorrows and her hopes, pouring everything out to him amidst her tears, forgetting all her former fear of him in the kind sympathy with which he listened to her. And when it all was spoken, and, half sobbing, still she stood beside him, he took her hand in his, and gently said,

"Wait for me here to-morrow. You are too agitated now to let me hear your voice; but to-morrow you shall come with me to the choir. And this at least I promise you now, my child, that you shall have free leave to join the rest of the singers when we meet together. Now dry your eyes, and come with me; but are you able to walk? We have forgotten all about your fall."

"So have I, Sir," she answered simply. "I can feel nothing now but joy."

"Give me your hand, then."

rose from his seat preparatory to departing. But presently, laying his hand upon her shoulder, he said,

"Berthalde, I accept you as my pupil. You were born to be a singer."

"Master!" she cried; and choking with joy fell down at his feet.

When she returned home that day it was late, and the short winter's day had closed, and she had been some time expected.

"Why, Bertie, where have you been so long?" the mother asked as she came in, and the father rose in silence to meet her; and a faint smile spread over his face as his eyes rested on the little figure that was so dear to him. Karl Reimer was much changed of late — broken down in health and spirits — growing every day more hopeless for the future. And not without cause, for his work daily became more painful to him.

"I've only been in the church, mother," Berthalde answered; but there was something in her voice that attracted the attention of them both.

Karl took her on his knees.

"What have you been doing at the church, my darling?"

She hesitated for a moment.

"Oh, father, I'm so happy! The Master says that in a few months I shall be a singer in the choir, and that I shall earn money then to help you; and oh, father, I shall never be a burden to you any more!"

"My child!" was all Karl could

say, passionately clasping her to his breast. Two large tears silently fell upon his cheek as he bent his head down over her.

Four years passed; and, on a bright clear summer's morning in the old town there was great bustle and preparation. The Elector of Saxony was that day to pass through it; and had signified his intention — before partaking of a banquet prepared for him in the Town Hall by the chief burgo-masters — to be present at a solemn service in the principal church. It was the first time for many years that the town had been so honoured.

As the hour drew near the people flocked from all parts towards the church, and before the Elector himself had arrived a dense crowd filled every corner, and a low ceaseless murmur of many voices broke the silence of the echoing aisles. The sunlight streamed across the choir; and from more than one painted window the rainbow tints again were falling on the ground, and in the far recesses where no sunlight ever came. In the dim chancels, which never but on occasions such as this were visited except by one or two stray wanderers, long lines of lamps were hung, each shedding for a little way around a faint, pale light, and shining on the eager faces which, grouped below, were all expectantly turned in one direction.

At last he came. There was a loud buzz of voices; and, min-

gling with the full swell of the Hallelujah chorus which broke forth grandly and solemnly there came in the same moment a tramp of feet along the marble pavement of the nave. The Elector crossed the church, and took the seat assigned to him near to the high altar.

The mass began, and the united voices of the choir broke forth together in the opening *Kyrie*, in purest and most perfect harmony; but when the solemn and exquisite solo, *Et incarnatus*, swept through the church, rising and falling as the accompaniment of organ and chorus rose and fell — the full, rich, fresh voice which gave it forth with the passionate fervour of an inspired devotion was greeted with an involuntary murmur of admiration from the Elector's lips, which was caught up and echoed by those standing near, spreading over the whole assembled people.

The mass was over, and the priests had left the altar; but the Elector still remained, speaking to one or two of those around him, and presently it was whispered through the church that he in person would inspect the choir; for he was an amateur of music. In a few minutes he was conducted up the narrow staircase that led to the organ-loft. The visit was so unexpected and unprepared for that the Kapellmeister had scarcely received notice, from a hurried messenger, of the Elector's approach; when he entered with two or three of his suite.

"Herr Kapellmeister, I have come to take a glance at your little territory here. Your choir does you much credit."

The bewildered maestro bowed.

"You have good materials to work upon," the Elector continued, in the tone of a connoisseur; "good voices, and a good instrument;" and, sending an excuse to the civic authorities for a little delay, added

"I would gladly listen to a little supplementary performance."

The Master took his seat; and, at a sign from him, a beautiful dark-eyed girl moved from the little group; and, blushing deeply as the Elector's eye fell full upon her, stood by the Kapellmeister's side.

"Ay, that must be she," thought the Elector, who was a connoisseur no less in beauty than in music. But he had been overconfident. In another moment he found that his sweet songstress was still to seek, for the voice of the dark-eyed girl was a contralto.

"Very good — very good, indeed! a fine voice, and well-trained," approvingly murmured the Elector. "This young lady is your best contralto singer, I presume?"

"She is. Perhaps your Highness might wish to judge of our soprano?"

"By all means," the Elector answered, heartily.

The Kapellmeister paused for a moment; and, glancing over his choir, as if in doubt whom to

select; he came to a sudden decision and beckoned to Margaret. She came half unwillingly to his side; and, stooping down, spoke something to him in a low voice.

"Yes, presently," he answered aloud, with a smile; and, pointing to the music that lay on the desk before him, he began to play. It was an air from Pergolesi's *Calvary* that he had chosen.

"Very beautiful — very beautiful, indeed!" cried the Elector. "But she was not the singer of the *Incarnatus*?"

"Your Highness may be interested in knowing," said the Kapellmeister, "that the best soprano singer in the choir is a blind girl." Berthalde was called.

"Why, she is a mere child!" exclaimed the Elector.

"She is older than she appears," said the Master, playing the opening bars of the *Incarnatus*.

The Elector rose, and stood with his eyes fixed upon the pale rapt face which, raised, seemed receiving inspiration.

When she ceased the Elector remarked:

"Herr Kapellmeister, your blind girl is an angel! Where did you find her? — how have you taught her? — what do you say is her name?" and glancing from the Master to Berthalde, he listened eagerly to the answers that were given to his questions.

"Yes, yes — very good — very good," he muttered to himself, as if pondering some project in his mind. "I would gladly hear one other piece. I will choose

something for myself," and, reaching across the Master, he began to turn over the pages of the mass that still lay open on the desk. He stopped at her own favourite *Agnus Dei*, and at his request she sang it. Her cheek was tinged with a faint glow of colour now; she seemed to the Elector wonderfully beautiful. He gazed at her, and listened in deep silence. When she ceased to sing he drew a long deep breath. Then he turned from her to the Master.

"Herr Kapellmeister, a visit here is truly not thrown away. Much as I respected this good old town, I anticipated no such pleasure from my stay in it as this last half hour has afforded me. But time presses now; we must not try the patience of our municipal friends too far. Herr Kapellmeister, may I request your further attendance? I would speak to you privately about some matters;" and, bowing courteously to all around, the Elector, followed by the Master and his suite, retired from the choir.

"Berthalde, remain with me a little while," the Kapellmeister said, when on the day succeeding to the Elector's visit, the mass was over and the singers were departing.

Standing beside him, she listened, as was often her delight to do, to a slow movement that he played, until the rest were gone, and they two were alone. Then, the Master closed the organ, and coming to her took her hand in his. A small,

thin, delicate hand it still was, and she herself too was small, but no longer now a child, nor looking like one.

"Berthalde," the Kapellmeister said, "I have news for you. Have you no suspicion what it is?"

She shook her head.

"Did nothing happen yesterday?"

"Yesterday!" she exclaimed, "you mean the Elector's visit?"

"I do, and what I have to tell you now is this, that his Highness has expressed a wish that you should accept an engagement in the choir of his court chapel at Dresden."

He watched her face as he spoke, and a look of almost tender pity beamed from his dark eyes as he saw the sudden change. She stood before him pale as death, her head bowed down, her lips quivering; no word broke from her. She stood like one turned into marble, quite still and calm; her arms had fallen down, and the hands were clasped. Her attitude was that of one whom some great sudden grief had crushed.

"My child, what is there in this news so much to grieve you? I thought that you would have rejoiced at it."

She was still mute, and he anxiously implored her to arouse herself.

She did arouse herself, and crushing down the sorrow within her, tried to speak.

"Master, forgive me; it came so suddenly — I am quite unprepared," she said, faintly.

"Did I then tell it to you too abruptly? Sit down and calm yourself a little while. Why, Berthalde," he said, half laughing, "you look as frightened as you did that day so long ago, when for the first time I saw you at the church door below."

Still she wept.

"Berthalde," he continued, "you must tell me what is grieving you. I cannot comfort you if you will not tell me what your sorrow is."

Through her tears she tried to answer him; and though her voice was broken, her tone was almost passionate in its earnestness, as she said:

"O Sir, I have lived here all my life. All that I have in the world is here. Do you think that I can leave it all and feel no grief? Do you think that I can bear suddenly to be told that everything I love is to be taken from me, and never weep? Do you think only because I am blind, that I can grow so little attached to anything that all places are the same to me? O Sir, we do not need sight to love."

"My child, you cannot think that we would send you forth to a strange place alone."

She looked up with one instant's hope — his last word trembling on her lips.

"Alone," she echoed.

"Berthalde, will not your father and your mother both be with you?"

She stooped her head again to stifle a deep sob. There was a few moments' pause, then again the Master spoke:

"My child, I know it is no easy thing to tear ourselves away from things that we have grown to love; but those who are dearest to you you take with you, and if there be a sacrifice to be made, will not the thought that it is made for their sake, to save them from the labour that is grown so hard to them, repay it? It is I indeed who should grieve to lose you, for I cannot hope, when you are gone, to find another who will fill your place."

His last words blotted all the others from her memory.

"But," she answered, choking with emotion, "who will fill your place to me? Who will take pity on the poor blind girl, and comfort her when she is sorrowful, and be a friend to her as you have been? Who will give her more than life? Do you think that for all that you have been to me I have no gratitude to you — no love for you?"

"I do not think it, Berthalde. My kind, dear child, my dear little friend, I know you love me, and I think you know that you are dearer to me than a pupil only. But, alas! my child, there are every day many friends and more than friends who part."

She did not answer him; perhaps she scarcely heard the few last words, for as he spoke them his voice had grown very sad and low, and she was weeping. And then again they both were silent for a little while, until she cried with passionate sorrow,

"O Master, must I go?" and

clasping both her hands together, raised her beseeching eyes up to his face as though it were possible for her to see what sentence might be written there.

"No, not against your will," he answered, but the joy which for a moment had half broken forth into a cry, was silenced by the tone in which he spoke, it was so grave and cold; and while she stood abashed and silent, he added sorrowfully and reproachfully, "Your father — your mother, Berthalde, are they both forgotten?"

"Forgive me, for I did forget! I thought only of myself," and she sobbed aloud. "Oh, do not hate me — do not look in anger on me!"

She stretched out both her hands to him; he took them into his, looking with a deep, searching pity on her, and with unutterable melody his rich voice spoke:

"My child, you condemn yourself too much. I well know there have been few moments in your life when you have forgotten others in thoughts of your own self. Be comforted."

"My father! my mother!" she murmured to herself, in low and tender tones, as though she sought, by whispering their names, to strengthen herself for the great sacrifice; and then again she was quite silent, and they both stood beside each other, until at last she raised her head, and with a face quite pale, like marble, with the long, dark lashes

of her eyes cast down upon her cheek, with trembling and white lips, she slowly said,

"My Master, I will go."

And then there came suddenly — almost in the moment that the words were spoken — a passionate flood of tears.

He spoke no word of comfort; he could not understand her overwhelming grief; nor had he any sympathy with it. Many long solitary years, perhaps, had chilled the feelings of youth. Perhaps from his calm station he looked back upon them with a kind of pity, smiling at the passionate grief and the still more passionate joy that trifles once could give him. His passion was his art. And he was happy in it, perhaps as happy as he wished to be, for he had forgotten much.

Only when the poor child's wild outburst of sorrow had partly died away, and the deep bitter sobs grew hushed, did the Kapellmeister speak to her.

He spoke to her about her parents; about their poverty, and the small help which she had yet been able to give to them; of their love for her, their pride in her, and the joy that it would give her to be the comfort and support of their old age. Her heart answered to each word, and her tears ceased to fall, and her resolve grew still more firm that she would think about herself no more. Then he spoke of her own future; rejoicing that her great talent would be no longer hidden; that she would make a name to herself, and gain

the honour that here she scarcely could have hoped to gain.

She shook her head, and tried to silence him, and tears rose in her eyes again, — for what was fame to her? And when at last he tried to strengthen her for her departure — telling her how each day would lessen her regret; how gradually old memories would fade away; how the keen sorrow there, though hard to bear at first, would lose some portion of its sharpness every hour — she only shook her head and wept.

"My child, it is growing late. They will be looking for you at home," said the Kapellmeister, breaking the silence that had fallen over them.

She roused herself, and rose hurriedly.

"Yes, I should have gone before — I did not know how late it was. Master, I have kept you here much too long. Forgive me: it was very thoughtless," she said timidly.

"Nay, my child, it was I rather who detained you," he answered kindly.

She stood before him, her lips trembling, and her eyelids cast down, as if she wished to speak, and had not courage. Then she made a great effort and the words came out:

"You must not think I am ungrateful. You have been exceeding kind to me." She did not weep, but great sobs heaved up her bosom convulsively.

"All my life's gratitude can never be too much, can never pay

you back all that I owe you — never! but all my life I will remember you, and love you; and O, think of me when I am gone!”

“Yes, I will think of you, my child,” the Kapellmeister said, and even *his* voice, so calm at all times, seemed shaken with emotion now; “I will think of you as of one who was taken from me in the moment when I felt that she might become as dear as a daughter to me.” The Kapellmeister stooped over the kneeling girl, and pressed a cold calm kiss upon her brow. Then, when a few moments had passed, with a steady voice again he gently bade her go; and she rose up, weeping no more, and, like a child, obeyed him. Their last words together were of ordinary things.

“You will be here to-morrow at the usual time, Berthalde?”

“I will come, Master.”

And so they parted.

For many years, in the choir of the court chapel at Dresden, Berthalde Reimer's voice had, it was said, so strange a power, that strong men were moved to tears in hearing it. Men who had not prayed for years bent their knees involuntarily, and bowed their heads, awed by its solemn and unutterable beauty.

For many years she lived, and sung, and suffered. Then she died.

It is very long ago; yet, amongst the people, many a kind tradition lingers even now of the blind girl who sang so wondrously; who,

coming a stranger to their town, lived with them, gentle to all, yet ever sad and calm, and pensive, until her aged parents died; then, dying too, as if her work was done, prayed to be buried far away, in the country whence she came; and so was laid by loving hands in the spot which she had chosen, close to a nameless grave that rested in the shadow of an ancient church.

CHIPS.

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

ALTHOUGH, as a rule, a man has a right to whatever he buys and pays for, yet this rule like all others has exceptions. A by no means literate person can, for example, purchase the privilege of placing after his name the letters “Ph. D.” or before it the title of “Doctor,” and thus patent himself in society as one of the learned; but, as no one can buy brains with bank-notes, or learning with small change, so an ignoramus has no right whatever to the distinction, although he may be able to show a receipt for the value in cash of his diploma. A gentleman advertised his services in the literary papers regularly, some time ago, to retail, to any one who could pay, certain learned degrees, at per diploma. The wholesale houses with which he dealt were understood to be the universities of Jena and Giessen.

Ben Jonson wrote in his day,

"Hood an ass in reverend purple,
And he will pass for a cathedral
doctor;"

and now, in our day, society is often hood-winked by the agency of the much-revered yellow of twenty sovereigns, (more or less), into believing in the erudition of any person who chooses to disburse that sum to some German University for the privilege of being addressed as "Doctor." Of all titles none ought to be more respected; consequently, when improperly borne, the false pretence demands exposure.

As now bartered for lucre, the prefix "Doctor" is a distinction extrinsically without a difference; for, titularly, Dr. Jenner, Dr. Abernethy, Dr. Hooker, or any other really great man, stands in the same rank with Dr. Taws, who keeps a school and cannot spell; or Dr. Family Black, who has found it profitable to add a drug department to his grocer's shop; and who, like Dr. Taws, has paid his money to buy the privilege of adding "Dr." to the brass of his door-plate.

It must be understood, however, that although the title "Ph. D." is a suspicious one, all Ph. D.'s are not pretenders. Even at the German universities, the first and second classes of Doctors can only obtain their degrees after trying and legitimately successful examinations. It is only the third class diploma which is sold, "and no questions asked." On the document of this third class it is inscribed that the candidate has

passed *cum laude*, with praise (doubtless for prompt payment); the second class awards it *cum multâ laude*, or, with great praise; and the first, *cum summâ laude*, with the highest praise. Some of our most distinguished chemists are Ph. D.'s of the first class, such as Lyon Playfair, Hofmann, Graham, and Musprat. The public cannot, however, know whether the innumerable Doctors of Philosophy daily to be encountered, are of the honourable first or second class, or of the dishonourable — because paid for — third class. They may, however, detect any pocket-dubbed doctor by asking to look at his diploma, and learning with what sort of praise he was "capped." The present market price of a third class German degree is one hundred and sixty guilders.

THE GAUGER'S POCKET.

POOR old Tristram Pentire! How he comes up before me as I pronounce his name. That light active half-stooping form; bent as though he had a brace of kegs upon his shoulders still; those thin gray rusty locks that fell upon a forehead seamed with the wrinkles of threescore years and five; the cunning glance that questioned in his eye, and that nose carried always at half-cock, with a red blaze along its ridge, scorched by the departing footstep of the fierce fiend Alcohol, when he fled before the reinforcements of the Coast Guard.

He was the last of the smugglers; and when I took possession of my glebe, I hired him as my servant of all work, or rather no work, about the house, and there he rollicked away the last few years of his careless existence, in all the pomp and idleness of "The parson's man." He had taken a bold part in every landing on the coast, man and boy, full forty years; throughout which time, all kinds of men had largely trusted him with their brandy and their lives, and true and faithful had he been to them as sheath to steel.

Gradually he grew attached to me, and I could not but take an interest in him. I endeavoured to work some softening change in him, and to awaken a certain sense of the errors of his former life. Sometimes, as a sort of condescension on his part, he brought himself to concede and to acknowledge in his own quaint rambling way:—

"Well, Sir, I do think when I come to look back, and to consider what lives we used to live—drunk all night, and idle abed all day, cursing, swearing, fighting, gambling, lying, and always prepared for to shet (shoot) the gauger—I do really believe, Sir, we surely was in sin!"

But, whatever contrite admissions to this extent were extorted from old Tristram by misty glimpses of a moral sense and by his desire to gratify his master, there were two points on which he was inexorably firm. The one

was, that it was a very guilty practice in the authorities to demand taxes for what he called run goods; and the other settled dogma of his creed was, that it never could be a sin to make away with an exciseman. Battles between Tristram and myself on these themes were frequent and fierce; but I am bound to confess that he always managed, somehow or other, to remain master of the field. Indeed, what Chancellor of the Exchequer could be prepared to encounter the triumphant demand with which Tristram smashed to atoms my suggestions of morality, political economy, and finance? He would listen with apparent patience to all my solemn and secular pleas for the revenue, and then down he came upon me with the unanswerable argument—

"But why should the King tax good liquor? If they *must* have taxes, why can't they tax something else?"

My efforts, moreover, to soften and remove his doctrinal prejudice as to the unimportance, in a moral point of view, of putting the officers of His Majesty's revenue to death, were equally unavailing. Indeed, to my infinite chagrin, I found that I had lowered myself exceedingly in his estimation by what he called standing up for the exciseman.

"There had been divers parsons," he assured me, "in his time in the parish, and very larned clargy they were; and some very strict; and some would preach one doctrine, and some another;

and there was one that had very mean notions about running goods, and said 't was a wrong thing to do; but even he, and the rest, never took no part with the gauger — never! And besides," said old Trim, with another demolishing appeal, "Wasn't the exciseman always ready to put *us* to death when he could?"

With such a theory it was not very astonishing — although it startled me at the time — that I was once suddenly assailed, in a pause of his spade, with the puzzling inquiry, "Can you tell me the reason, Sir, that no grass will ever grow upon the grave of a man that's hanged unjustly?"

"No, indeed, Tristram, I never heard of the fact before."

"Well, I thought every man know'd that from the Scripture; why, you can see it, Sir, every Sabbath day. That grave on the right hand of the path as you go down to the porch-door, that heap of airt with no growth, not one blade of grass on it — that's Will Pooly's grave that was hanged unjustly."

"Indeed! but how came such a shocking deed to be done?"

"Why you see, Sir, they got poor Will down to Bodmin, all among strangers, and there was bribery, and false swearing; and an unjust judge came down — and the jury, all bad rascals, tin-and-copper-men — and so they all agreed together, and they hanged poor Will. But his friends begged the body and brought the corpse home here to his own pa-

rish; and they turfed the grave, and they sowed the grass twenty times over, but 'twas all no use, nothing would ever grow — he was hanged unjustly."

"Well but Tristram, you have not told me all this while what this man Pooly was accused of — what had he done?"

"Done, Sir! Done? Nothing whatsoever but killed the exciseman!"

The glee, the chuckle, the cunning glance were inimitably characteristic of the hardened old smuggler; and then down went the spade with a plunge of defiance, and as I turned away, a snatch of his favourite song came carolling after me like the ballad of a victory.

On, through the ground-sea, shove!
Light on the larboard bow!
There 's a nine knot breeze above,
And a sucking tide below!

Hush! for the beacon fails:
The skulking gauger 's by.
Down with your studding sails,
Let jib and fore-sail fly!

Hurrah, for the light once more!
Point her for Shark's Nose Head,
Our friends can keep the shore,
Or the skulking gauger 's dead.

On, through the ground-sea, shove!
Light on the larboard bow!
There 's a nine-knot breeze above,
And a sucking tide below!

Among the "King's men," whose achievements haunted the old man's memory with a sense of mingled terror and dislike, a certain Parminter and his dog occupied a principal place. This officer appeared to have been a kind of Frank Kennedy in his way, and to have chosen for his

watchword the old Irish signal "Dare!"

"Sir," said old Tristram one day, with a burst of indignant wrath, "Sir, that villain Parminter and his dog murdered with their shetting-irons no less than seven of our people at divers times, and they peacefully at work in their calling all the while!"

I found on further inquiry that this man Parminter was a bold and determined officer, whom no threats could deter and no money bribe. He always went armed to the teeth, and was followed by a large, fierce, and dauntless dog, which he had thought fit to call Satan. This animal he had trained to carry in his mouth a carbine or a loaded club, which, at a signal from his master, Satan brought to the rescue. "Ay, they was bold audacious rascals — that Parminter and his dog — but he went rather too far one day, as I suppose," was old Tristram's chuckling remark as he leaned upon his spade, and I stood by.

"Did he, Trim, in what way?"

"Why, Sir, the case was this. Our people had a landing down at Mellnach, in Johnnie Mathoy's hole; and Parminter and his dog found it out. So they got into the cave at ebb tide, and laid in wait, and when the first boat-load came ashore, just as the keel took the ground, down storms Parminter, shouting for Satan to follow. But the dog knew better, and held back, they said, for the first time in all his life: so in

leaps Parminter smack into the boat, alone, with his cutlass drawn; but," (with a kind of inward ecstasy) "he didn't do much harm to the boat's crew —"

"Because," as I interposed, "they took him off to their ship."

"No, not they; not a bit of it. Their blood was up, poor fellows, so they just pulled Parminter down in the boat, and chopped off his head on the gunwale!"

The exclamation of horror with which I received this recital, elicited no kind of sympathy from Tristram. He went on quietly with his work, merely moralizing thus — "Ay, better Parminter and his dog had gone now and then to the gauger's pocket at Tidnacombe Cross, and held their peace, better far."

The term "The Gauger's Pocket," in old Tristram's phraseology, had no kind of reference to any place of deposit in the apparel of the exciseman; but to a certain large gray rock, which stands upon a neighbouring moorland, not far from the cliffs which overhang the sea. It bears to this day, among the parish people, the name of the Witan-Stone, that is to say, in the language of our forefathers, the Rock of Wisdom; because it was one of the places of usual assemblage for the Gray Eldermen of British or of Saxon times — a sort of speaker's chair or wool-sack in the local Parliaments. It was moreover, there is no doubt, one of the natural altars of the old religion; and, as such, it is

greeted with a fond and legendary reverence still. Hither Trim guided me one day to show, as he told me, "the great rock set up by the giants, so they said; long, long ago, before there was any bad laws such as they make now." It was indeed a wild, strange, striking scene; and one to lift and fill, and, moreover, to subdue the thoughtful mind. Around me was the wild half-cultured moor; yonder, within reach of sight and ear, that boundless breathing sea, with that shout of the waters, which came up ever and anon to recal the strong metre of the Greek,

"Hark! how old ocean laughs with all his waves!"

and there, before me, stood the tall, vast, solemn stone: gray and awful with the myriad memoirs of ancient ages, when the white fathers bowed around the rocks and worshipped!

"And now, Sir," clashed in a shrill sharp voice, "let me show you the wonderfulest thing in all the place, and that is, the Gauger's Pocket."

Accordingly, I followed my guide, for it seems, "I had a dream which was not all a dream," as he led the way to the back of the Witan-Stone; and there, grown over with moss and lichen, with a moveable slice of rock to conceal its mouth, old Tristram pointed out, triumphantly, a dry and secret crevice about an arm's length deep. "There, Sir," said he with a joyous twinkle in his

eye, "there have I dropped a little bag of gold, many and many a time, when our people wanted to have the shore quiet, and to keep the exciseman out of the way of trouble; and there he would go, if so be he was a reasonable officer; and the byword used to be; when 't was all right, one of us would go and meet him, and then say, 'Sir, your pocket is unbuttoned;' and he would smile and answer, 'Ay! ay! but never mind, my man, my money's safe enough;' and thereby we knew that he was a just man, and satisfied, and that the boats could take the roller in peace; and that was the very way, Sir, it came to pass that this crack in the stone was called for evermore 'The Gauger's Pocket.'"

A PILL-BOX.

A BOX is often a lure, a bribe, a coaxing machine. Its contents may be pretty or valuable, or both. But the box frequently entices to the purchase of that which would not be purchased if the box were not. Herein is the philosophy of box-making. It is a psychological study. The box-maker not only contrives to fashion a convenient receptacle for the thing to be contained, fitting in shape and size, and perchance elegant in form and adornments; but he studies (although he may know nothing of phrenology) the bumps of form, colour, individuality, ideality, in his friend the public.

Never was there so much money spent as now for captivating boxes; and never were the wits of the makers of these packages so taxed for new designs and new combinations. Take envelope-boxes. A new and "catching" envelope-box is a little fortune to the envelope-maker; he packs up his shilling's-worth in the graceful new box, and the whole is bought as much for the sake of the box as for the contents. Those who enjoy peeping into shop-windows — and it is a peep not without profit, if the peeper can only keep his hands out of his pockets — will remember the Crystal Palace envelope-box, the almanack envelope-box, the thermometer envelope-box, and hosts of others; all equally good for the envelopes, but each intended to catch the eye of the buyer by some novelty or some beauty.

The French are very busy manufacturers of paper boxes: not merely such small wares as pill-boxes; but a whole class of boxes in which cartonnage or paste-board is the material. No less than four thousand persons are said to be thus employed in Paris; and these are not employed indiscriminately on all kinds. Jacques Bonhomme may make very good pill-boxes; but it does not hence follow that Jacques can equally well produce the other varieties. The boxes are classified almost with the care and discrimination with which the naturalist classifies his plants and animals. First in rank come the most elaborately

finished and ornamental boxes, for the display of artificial flowers, rich velvets, ribbons, satins, silk trimmings, corbeilles for wedding-presents, and other costly delicacies which appeal to the purses of the wealthy: these require the services of the most skilled artisans in the cartonnage trade. Next in rank come the boxes and small cartonnage decorations required by the confectioner, for the tasteful adornment of his table sweets, or for packing the smaller sweets for sale. Another class of boxes comprises those used for packing the numerous nameless trinkets which the French are in the habit of selling at twenty-five sous per box. Fourth on the list are found those boxes which are used to contain perfumery, fans, gloves, and various articles of haberdashery. Boxes of the fifth class, larger in size but humbler in quality, are those which may be seen on the shelves of mercers and milliners and haberdashers, containing the largest kinds of goods which can conveniently be placed in paper boxes. The sixth, smallest and cheapest, but the most numerous and certainly not the least commercially important, are productions of the pill-box and wafer-box genus. In neatness of execution, and lightness and delicacy of ornament, this French cartonnage maintains a high reputation. Besides the above six classes, the boxes for containing fruit are largely made in France, especially at Bordeaux.

Wherever the manufacture of lace, gloves, or light articles of haberdashery and hosiery is largely carried on, there is sure to be an extensive demand for paper boxes. Thus, paper boxes are made in Manchester, Nottingham, Leicester, and Belfast, as well as in Birmingham, for the innumerable trinkets of that town. The paper duty presses heavily on this home manufacture. Lest any one should imagine that boxes and wrappers and labels for manufactured goods are trifling matters, we may just mention that Belfast is said to spend eighty thousand pounds a year for the ornamental wrappers alone in which Irish linen is bound for export, and that the School of Design in that town is looked forward to as a means of educating designers for this as well as other departments of artistic adornment for manufactures.

In the higher departments of paper box making, the fabrication of the box itself is a small matter compared with the adornment. The smoothly rolled carton or pasteboard is cut to size; and by delicate touches of the scissors, and the paste-brush, and the gum-pencil, the structure is built up: the paint and the varnish, the enamel and the gelatine, the gold and the embossment, do the rest. There are writing-desks and work-boxes now made of carton, presenting an exquisite delicacy of appearance: the colour and texture of the carton itself presenting an unexceptionable

groundwork on which taste may be afterwards displayed. Time has been when carton delicacies — “papyro-plastics” — were a favourite object of fire-side lady-like pursuit; but the never ending crochet-needle seems to have set these nearly aside.

It is, however, in relation to the smaller and cheaper paper boxes that the commercial or manufacturing features are most worthy of attention. Small haberdashery, small confectionary, and small trinkets, are packed to an immense extent in boxes made with surprising cheapness. Some of these boxes, though paper externally, are really made of wood; they are of the kind called scaleboard. A pretty art this is, of making scaleboard out of a thick plank. There is a sharp cutting instrument, bearing much resemblance to an ordinary plane-iron; it is as long as a plank is wide, and is used to cut off a layer, or shaving, or veneer, or scale from the plank. The plank is moved by a steam-engine, and is drawn steadily over the inverted plane-iron (which is fitted to a bench), by which a slice is shaved off; and this is repeated until the whole thickness of the plank is sliced away. So nice has now become this art, that with a very smooth-grained and regular kind of deal, one hundred and twenty films or scales are occasionally cut from an inch of thickness; for it must be remembered that there is no sawdust, no waste: like a well-conditioned wheaten loaf, the plank may be

sliced without making crumbs. It is, however, rarely that the wood is cut to such extreme thinness as this: a thirtieth or fortieth of an inch is a much more usual and useful thickness. This, then, is the scaleboard employed by the box-maker; he procures it from the saw-mills, and forthwith fashions it to his wants. The scale is cut half through, and turned up to form sides and ends; thin paper is pasted on both sides, to strengthen the slender structure and to form the hinges: a little paste or glue cements the junctures; and the outer covering of smarter paper gives much of the strength and all of the beauty which the box may present.

But the boxes of which we are now speaking — oblong quadrangular boxes from an inch or two to a foot or two in length — are not all made of scaleboard: some are formed of carton or pasteboard. The pasteboard consists of numerous sheets of paper, pasted, and pressed, and rolled into a homogeneous substance. The pasteboard, like the scaleboard, is cut half through, at the boundary of the length and breadth of the box, to permit the outlying pieces to be turned up for forming the sides and ends, and little square bits are cut out at the corners to enable these turnings-up to take place. In most of such boxes the horizontal edges form tolerably strong joints, simply because the carton remains in one piece, being not cut through; while the vertical edges

are secured rather by the paper with which the box is usually lined and covered, than by direct applications of glue or paste.

What would any such box be worth, however, without its external beauty? The reader may rest assured that this beauty — real or conventional, as the case may be — is a subject of most serious thought to the maker. How poor is mere black ink in aiding us to describe the dazzling attractions of this little box now before us! It is about two inches long by an inch and a half in width; it is one of a kind which the maker sells wholesale at three shillings and sixpence per gross, a fraction above one farthing per box; it is not mere scaleboard, but real pasteboard, covered with glazed paper, edged with gold paper, adorned with a coloured picture on the lid, and surfaced with gelatine as smooth and lustrous as glass itself — and all for threepence-halfpenny per dozen. Its destiny is, we believe, to be filled with comfits or confectionary, and then to be sold complete for one penny, or perhaps two pence. Let us take the liberty to look into the artistic department of our friend the box-maker. Here is an artist at work (for as some tailors keep a poet, so do some box-makers keep an artist); he is making new designs for box pictures, and is copying bits from larger pictures; he does not attempt the lofty style, but wishes to catch the eye of penny buyers. The Australian diggings, Jenny

Lind, the Bloomers, the Duke of Wellington, Uncle Tom's Cabin — all are fish that comes to his net; he keeps an eye upon what is passing in the world around him, seizes on any matter of public interest, and fixes it down on paper directly, or rather on stone, for the pictures are lithographed. Our manufacturer has by him drawers full and portfolios full of sheets of pictures, some newly springing into popularity, others passing into oblivion: the maker and the artist taking especial care that new beauties shall be ready to attract the eye before passed beauties have waned too much. The Duke was a capital subject; he sold many scores of grosses of boxes. At present Uncle Tom is the reigning favourite; for who, we should like to know, could resist purchasing a box of sugar-plums, when there is Eva teaching Uncle Tom, or Eliza crossing the ice, or the Quaker throwing the big fellow down the precipice, or Topsy not knowin' nothin' about nobody — all for one penny? The pictures, whatever be the subjects, are grouped to the size of a large sheet of paper; they are engraved upon stone, and printed off; they are handed up to children, who colour them: they are then glazed in a very remarkable way with pure gelatine, so smooth and glass-like as to excel any varnish; they are lastly cut up, and pasted to the lids of the boxes which are to receive them.

To those who have no opportunity of testing the greatness of the

manufacture of small things, there is something about pill-boxes even yet more curious; they are cheaper by a wide interval than any of the square boxes (except Congreve boxes, which are the poorest of the poor), and yet there is really more manufacture in them, more of the appliances of mechanical skill. There is a veteran pill-box maker — the king of the craft, we believe, in England — residing not so very, very far from the Artillery Ground at Finsbury; in his rambling old-fashioned workshops, with his score or so of assistants, he makes by millions the neat little pasteboard boxes for pills, and the cheap wood or chip boxes for wafers, for ointments, and other minor purposes; and an hour may be much worse spent than in looking at the nimble fingers of these workers.

Is it not a striking fact that chip boxes, each requiring the work of eleven persons, can be sold at one shilling per gross — three for a farthing? But, this is the case in respect to the smallest ointment boxes met with at the chemist's!

A box of this kind, an inch and a half in diameter, an inch high, with a lid extending a quarter of an inch down over the box — let us stand by and see such a box made. In the first place, a plank of soft deal is selected, rather more than an inch and a half in thickness; a shaving or veneer from the edge of this plank will be wide enough for the diameter of the box. The plank is so fixed that a planing machine can pass

along it, and take off a film of the required width; and this is repeated until the plank is planed away. Another, one inch in thickness, is similarly planed to form the vertical sides of the box; and a third, a quarter of an inch thick, yields the strips which are to make the overhanging part of the cover. Out of the broader strips, the circular discs are cut which are to form the top and bottom of the box; and this is done with astonishing rapidity by means of a punch and a wooden mallet: the punch is made of hardened steel, and is kept very sharp; the scale-board is laid down on a block, the punch is placed on it with the left hand, and a blow with the mallet drives out a circular piece of wood; the man shifts the wood, or the punch, or both, almost as rapidly as the eye can follow his movements; and in a few seconds the punch becomes filled with a pile of twenty or thirty discs, which he removes to make way for others. Sometimes the film is cut from a much thicker plank, so as to economise material, by cutting one row of discs in the interstices of another row. The punch for the cover-disc is a little larger than that for the box-disc, to enable the cover to fit properly in its place. While this punching is in progress, a dapper little maiden is giving the proper twist-about tendency to the strips which are to form the sides of the box and cover. These strips are cut to the required lengths, and are drawn between two rollers, so adjusted that each strip becomes curled partially round, the grain of the wood rendered pliable, and the surfaces glossy.

Every one of these chip boxes, and every lid, is shaped in a tinned iron mould or cylinder, in a manner the rapidity of which almost exceeds belief. One woman, with a vessel of hot glue before her, takes up one by one the strips which are to form the sides of the boxes, and dabs a modicum of glue on one end and along one edge; she brushes them one after another, taking each in her hand in turn, and serving a hundred or a gross in — we were about to say — no time. Another woman takes each glued strip, and curls it rapidly round within a little tin cylinder or bottomless box; and when she has done twenty or thirty in this way, she takes an equal number of discs, and puts one into each cylinder; she next takes a kind of rammer, and pushes each disc down to the bottom of its little cell, where its circumference comes in contact with the glued edge of the strip; and after this she places a little wedge within and across the diameter of the box, to keep the parts in proper circular form until the glue is dry. In all these varied movements the fingers seem to work spontaneously; before the looker-on, with a high appreciation of his own keenness, has well seen how the little strip is curled round within the little cell, there are twenty cells filled, twenty discs put in, twenty actions of the ram-

mer, and twenty wedges adjusted. If the box be oval instead of circular, like many wafer and toy boxes, the wedges would distort the oval form, and the strips are therefore temporarily compressed by small steel springs. Whatever the box undergoes, the same is borne by the lid: the scaleboard is planed from the plank, the discs are stamped from it, the strips are cut from it, these strips are rolled, they are glued, they are curled round within the tin case, the disc is inserted and rammed down, the wedge is inserted, and the fashioned article is liberated from its cell — all this is done for the lid as well as for the cover, and the whole together require the services of nearly a dozen persons.

But the veritable pill-boxes, the sight of which has caused so many rueful countenances, have pretty nearly got beyond the range of chip or scaleboard: they are now more frequently made of pasteboard; and it is difficult to say which is more to be admired; the neatness with which they are made, or the cheap price at which they are sold. Every one must employ his own standard or test in judging cheapness; but we cannot think there will be much difference of opinion on this present matter. A white pasteboard pill-box, with a nicely fitting cover and a pink lining, is pretty, symmetrical, and even strong; and that such boxes can be sold at sixpence or eightpence a gross — nay, that competition is bringing down the price to even less than

this, for the smallest kinds — is a marvel. Pity that they should be quite so cheap: a few pence more per gross would not be felt by pill takers.

The manufacture of the pasteboard boxes is more curious and interesting than even that of the chip boxes. The primary elements are sheets of smooth white paper, scarcely so thick as writing paper; and — supposing the box to have an ordinary white exterior with a pink lining — we will trace the youthful bringing-up of the pink and white trifle. First, a damsel, provided with a vessel containing a hot solution of cochineal, lays the sheets of paper on a bench, and gives to one surface of each a coating of the crimson pigment, which is dried by hanging in a heated room: these sheets are for the circular discs. Meanwhile a man and a little girl are at work on the sheets intended to form the sides of the box and cover; or rather, we should say that these sheets have previously been coloured to the extent of about one-fourth of their surface. The girl pastes all the uncoloured portion; the man takes a wooden roller, equal in diameter to the intended box, and rolls it on the paper in such a way that the latter forms a tube round the roller; the tube has the pink portion on the inside, while the paper, rolling over itself into a fourfold thickness, has sufficient substance to form a good firm pasteboard. The man, by a few dexterous movements, solidifies and smooths

the tube, and then removes the roller from within, preparatory to rolling another sheet of paper in the same way. How rapidly the man and his little assistant make these tubes, we fear to say; but as the operation is one only among many required for a box valued at a sixth part of a farthing, the time bestowed is necessarily wondrous short. The tube, about ten inches in length, is placed in the hot room to dry.

Next we trace the cutting up of the tube into boxes or box-lids. We live in an age when polish is required for everything, even if the substance polished be of the smallest possible dignity. Our fathers took pills out of boxes which had a smooth white surface, but not a glossy one; but our boxes must be polished, and the maker has therefore to devise a mode of doing this, by thrusting a mandril or core into the tube, and then subjecting it to pressure and friction between two wooden surfaces. A woman then cuts up each tube into box rings or lid rings; she inserts a wooden mandril, and adjusts it to a lathe; she has a small but very sharp cutting instrument, and while the tube is rotating, she cuts it up in bits of the proper length, aided by a notched guide to regulate the distances. The rapidity with which this is done is very striking; and it is a curious fact that no Sheffield knife renders such good service for the cutting process as a broken bit of watch spring, fixed

at a proper angle between two pieces of wood, and sharpened.

Each bit of tube, to form a box, is provided with a bottom by a disc of circular pasteboard, previously stamped out, and each lid to form a cover is similarly provided: the mode of adjusting these discs being nearly the same as that adopted for the chip boxes.

Some pill-boxes, occupying a more dignified position in the druggist's window, are more elaborately wrought; the box and its lid are "flush," as the carpenters would term it; that is, they are of equal diameter. This is done by making the box of double thickness, one box within another; so adjusted as to size that there may be left a shoulder or ledge upon which the lid may fit; these, of course, go far beyond our sixpence a gross boxes. These, too, have an additional adornment; for there are strips of dark purple paper pasted so neatly around them as to leave clean white edges. The sheets of purple paper are cut into narrow strips; the strips are laid down, perhaps twenty in parallel rows, on a bench, they are all pasted at once, of course on the white side; a girl takes a box or a lid in hand, applies a pasted strip around it, and employs a pair of scissors to cut off the strip at the right place and the right time. How she manages to hold the box and the scissors and the strips, and to do the work in a fraction of the tenth of a minute is one among many

wonders in this very curious art.

There are a few pill-boxes of greater pretensions — pill-boxes made of turned wood — pill-boxes made with glass tops; but we deem our old familiar chip and paper boxes much more interesting, at least in connexion with the details of their manufacture.

CROSSING THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

ON October the 2nd, 1852, the packet *Sierra Nevada* arrived from New York at Aspinwall, the newly-erected American city of the Isthmus, with about two hundred passengers bound for St. Francisco. Aspinwall, a name given to this infant settlement in honour of one of the principal directors of this line of steamers, consists of forty or fifty wooden houses run up at a trifling expense in the midst of dense tropical vegetation, springing out of a low marshy swamp. It is situated about six miles east of the old city of Chagres and west of Portobello, in about the most unhealthy spot on the coast; and here the Atlantic terminus of the railway is established.

The republic of New Granada, to which this country belongs, disputes the right of these Americans — and perhaps justly so — to name any place in their territory without the consent of their President and Congress; consequently, they have given this

town the name of "Colon," after the great discoverer of their country, and refuse to acknowledge any document in which the new town is called by any other name.

A motley crowd of passengers landed from the *Sierra Nevada*, and crowded to the railway cars, on the morning of the 2nd of October. Here was the owner of a Californian saw mill with his wife, sister, and six children — there a learned judge; in other spots might be seen a crowd of rough lumber men from the pine forests of Maine, going to seek their fortunes in the far west; New York tradesmen and merchants going to see friends, or to attend to some business in San Francisco; broken down soldiers from the Mexican war going on no business at all; an engineer with his old father, a septuagenarian, and large family; a party of Englishmen engaged to work a silver mine in the mountains of the *Sierra Nevada*; a young German with a daguerrotype of his lady-love, bound to the "diggings" to make a fortune previous to his marriage; with many others, all bustling to and fro on the platform under a burning sun, and jostling each other most uncere- moniously.

At length all was ready, the whistle sounded, the cars started, and away we went, plunging each minute deeper and deeper into the thick pestilential forest; whose rank vegetation rises from a black unwholesome morass. Lofty trees,

whose age may be counted by centuries, creepers of every description, flowers of all hues, palms, plantains, and every kind of tropical plant, crowd here one upon another in the thickest confusion, and as they wither and die away, others spring up; while the decaying matter sends up a fever, which cleared off, by scores and scores, the unhappy workmen of that fatal railroad. At high noon our destination was reached, at the spot where the railway at present ends, on the banks of the Chagres river, where a little village has risen up of five or six huts, called Barbacoas. The railroad from Aspinwall to Barbacoas is twenty-five miles in length, consisting of only a single line, and reached this point about two months ago; in about nine months more, it will have worked its way along the banks of the Rio Chagres, Obispo, and Grande, to Panama.

At Barbacoas we were surrounded by a host of most truculent looking Indians, the owners of boats; and after struggling for luggage, amidst the shrieks and execrations of unprotected females, long bearded adventurers, bowie-knived Americans, and "one English gentleman," under a blazing sun, and in a swamp of rotten mud, which presents itself in the place of a platform to the Barbacoas station, we at length assembled — a party of nine men, three women, and seven children — in a long flat bottomed boat covered over with a wooden awn-

ing, and committed our lives and fortunes to the care of Chagres boatmen. The current runs with great rapidity, and the men punt the boats against the stream with long poles, by thrusting as they walk along a ledge round the sides of the boat, like bargemen in our own narrow rivers. Six of these conveyances left Barbacoas and began to work their slow and weary way up the river, which is bounded on either side by densely tangled tropical forests, among which thousands of butterflies and humming-birds, of the most brilliant colours, disport themselves in the rays of the sun, while flocks of noisy paroquets fly about in every direction among the higher branches of the trees. We had a Texan in the boat, who had been in many "horrid and dismal places," but anything to equal this "tar-nation Isthmus" he had never seen. "It was pretty tolerable cool," he told us, "in the march of the American army through the 'tierra caliente' in Mexico, when, leaving his banner floating over the walls of Vera Cruz, he proudly marched under General Twiggs: but nothing there, could show a candle to this here river." Twice this gentleman took out his revolver, and threatened to shoot the boatmen: "There are three of you, and I've got a six-shooter if you don't move a long chalk faster I'll fix you." He had, in short, drunk a great deal too much *aguardiente*, and previous to resigning himself into the arms of Morpheus, he inform-

ed us, that the proudest trophy hanging in the capitol of Washington was taken by him in the battle of Cerro Gordo. "I was entrusted, Sir," said he, "by Colonel Irvine, of our U. S. army, with taking prisoner Santa Anna — and, by the everlasten thunder, if he hadn't been made of cast iron, and worked by a high pressure engine, I would have taken him! First of all, strarngers, you oughter know that having five fourpounder field pieces, and no carriages, I loaded 'em, and lashed 'em on to five old mules. Then, turning the tails of them five critters toe the enemy, I fired at old Santa Anna's carriage, and the re-coil sent the mules fourteen feet in horizontal distance, and lodged 'em on their heads. May I fall dead down, and never be recuberrated, if I lie! Then charging up the hill, I walked into old Santa Anna's carriage, just as he mounted a horse and escaped, while I sat and had six shots at him, all of which rebounded off his back. 'Well,' says the colonel, coming up, 'where's your prisoner?' Says I! 'he's more than mortal, colonel, he's nowhere in partickler; but here is a part of him,' says I — holding up his wooden leg; and by the Tarnal, gentlemen, that same leg of lumber hangs as a trophy in the Capitol of Washington, and is overshadowed by that banner which waves on every sea, and can whip the banded world in arms." Our friend shortly afterwards fell asleep; and after having stemmed

the current for six miles, we at length arrived at Gorgona, a miserable village, where it is necessary to pass the night, as it is dangerous to face the rapids after dark.

In the dry season there is a road of twenty-three miles from hence to Panama, but at this time of year it is impassable, and we were obliged to go eight miles further up to Cruces, and from thence over the hills, a distance of twenty-eight miles, to our destination. Gorgona consists of a collection of huts with high conical palm leaf roofs, on a turn of the river; and boasts of two hotels, the American and the St. Louis, where travellers are supplied with brandy, pork, and molasses, mosquitoes, and hammocks at exorbitant prices.

The night passed off slowly and wearily — the steerers and nearly all the boatmen got drunk, the Californians curved and prowled about the huts trying to pick quarrels, the dogs yelled, the blacks fought each other with long knives, and nobody slept. At length the early dawn appeared, and with it a dense, yellow, fever-looking mist arose from the teeming forest. Again the seedy boatmen handled their poles, and again we began to move at snails' pace up the river, with the current increasing in rapidity at every mile, and the heavy dews falling around us, and soaking us through and through. This was a long eight miles; nearly all in the boat had been carousing at Gorgona and felt heavy in the morning;

and it was with no inconsiderable joy that we arrived at our destination in seven hours after leaving Gorgona.

Cruces consists of about one hundred huts, arranged along a dirty street, crowded with mules, and steaming with liquid filth. Of the hotels in this town, the best is the American; but the best is bad indeed, being merely a long hut, with a mud floor, and narrow deal table. However, when for twenty-hours, the wooden awning of a wretched boat has been one's only protection from the fierce noon-day sun, and morning and evening dews, in the tropics, such a shelter appears a perfect haven of rest in comparison.

Between Cruces and Panama, a distance of twenty-eight miles, there are several American transportation companies, who give the traveller a receipt, and profess to carry his luggage safely into the latter city. The road is so unutterably bad, that it becomes quite as much as any one can do to carry himself, so that the luggage must necessarily be left to the tender mercies of these sharks, who frequently detain it a week on the road. Tabor and Perkins, Hurtado y Hermanos, Augustin Perez, Henriquez and Woolsey, and Jose Secundo, are the most notorious, but which to select among those for faithfulness and honesty would surpass the keenest penetration. The road, so called, from Cruces to what is termed the half-way house, a distance of fifteen miles, is per-

haps the most execrable in the world. Sometimes double distilled Sloughs of Despond, composed of black mud five feet deep; at others, great stones, eight inches apart, sharpened, and stuck upon end, all over the road; then long rows of wooden sleepers, placed in every conceivable position, except the right one; now the road would wind up steep acclivities; then follow the bed of a mountain torrent, about two feet broad, with the rocks rising perpendicularly on either side; and the whole passing through a matted and impenetrable tropical forest.

After numberless disasters and difficulties had been surmounted, our party at length arrived at the sign of The Elephant, a long hut situated on the edge of a mass of black mud five feet and a half deep, still retaining the name of a road, and surrounded by thickly tangled forest. From hence, having been charged two dollars for a cup of tea, we again proceeded through the same unmitigated swamps, until in about two hours, we were overtaken by one of the heavy tropical showers of rain, steady, incessant, and perpendicular. We worked slowly and dispiritedly on. The path had, by this time, been converted into a foaming roaring torrent; frequently, where the rocks were steep, ascending into the dignity of a waterfall; and against this the stubborn mules had to force their way. At length, when the night had become thoroughly dark, we passed down a rocky

pathway, and reached the welcome half-way house; like the other houses of entertainment for man and beast, this was a long hut divided into three parts, — the bar, the eating room, and the sleeping room, unceiled of course, and the roof inhabited by spiders with massive cobwebs, scorpions, centipedes, and lizards.

In this delectable abode, situated in the midst of a dismal forest, rising from a reeking morass, about forty drenched mortals congregated. After a scanty but very expensive supper, and after my hiring a blanket and towel as temporary evening costume, we assembled in the long sleeping room. This was indeed a curiosity! Three tiers of bunks, as in a steam packet, lined the walls, while the body of the room was filled up with a row of hammocks; and in this closely crowded lodging a motley crew of colonels and Californians, loafers and lumberers, swindlers and sailors, merchants and murderers, with other travellers of all ages and sexes, were to be accommodated. The singing of mosquitoes, lizards, and bull-frogs, kept up far too lively a concert to allow of sleep to any of us. One gentleman diverted himself by playing at "blind hookey" with the landlord, and lost five hundred dollars; others roared sentimental songs and the like most murderously.

It was the peculiar characteristic of some of these gentry, that, without having a cent in

their pockets, they were enabled to hire mules, eat suppers, and drink liquor with the best. One individual informed us that in the neighbourhood of the city of Persepolis — state of Iowa — he realised eight hundred and fifty-seven dollars by exhibiting "the great Troquois Hopuponthomatherium" at two dimes admittance. This wonderful animal he described as being formed by procuring a dray horse, cutting off his ears close, shaving his forehead and hind quarters, and curling up the rest of his hair backwards. On another occasion he got his passage cheap by agreeing to allow the captain to sell him for a term of five years on arrival at San Francisco; the transaction was accordingly completed, and the captain made a "handsome realisation." When, however, the worthy was delivered over to his new master, he said, "Now, Sir! I guess you'll find me the hardest piece of mortality you ever set your eyes on;" and summarily released himself from bondage by shooting his master through the head. Such Californians as these, many of whom shared our bedchamber, were easy to recognise; long tangled hair, beard, and moustache; sunken haggard cheeks, bleary eyes, and hatchet faces; a red shirt, broad brimmed hat, revolver in the breast, long bowie knife in the belt, grey trowsers, and high boots.

In such company our second night on the Isthmus passed away

slowly enough. I was unable to sleep, because on one side of my hammock were a noisy Kentuckian and a talkative sea captain, and on the other a gentleman from New York; who, every five minutes, informed the public generally in a loud twanging voice, that "his revolver was at full cock, and that the first 'coon' as touched his hammock would die right away without kicking." Nevertheless he was lowered down in the middle of the night, and consequently bang went his revolver three times, to the imminent danger of my life; but the bullets luckily lodged in the opposite wall.

Day at length broke, and putting on our half-dried clothes, we again mounted the jaded mules, and continued our course along the same narrow torrent beds, and fearful muddy man-traps for several miles and several hours.

Gradually, however, this dismal slough assumed the appearance of a bridle path; fields of Indian corn and pasture land arose in place of the dense forest; the bridle-path became a road, and at length the clear blue Pacific burst upon our view, with many verdant islets embosomed on its azure depths. We trotted through a suburb, passed under the old gate, and entered the City of Panama.

The old city of Panama is bounded on three sides by the sea, and surrounded by a wall, preserved with great care, with a ditch and two bastions on the

land side. In the centre of the town is the Plaza, with an old cathedral on one side, and the State House on the other; and through the town runs the "Calle de las Monjas," or what is now called by the Americans, Main street. It consists of old-fashioned Spanish houses, with broad verandahs, and folding doors instead of windows; which a few years ago looked sedate and sleepy enough, no doubt; but a strange metamorphosis has come over the old town. Now glaring red and gilt sign-boards hang across the streets in every direction. One large house, formerly inhabited by a haughty Spanish Don, is now covered with every fanciful description of parti-coloured notice of entertainment. A blue sign-post inscribed American Hotel in bright red hangs from one story; American Hotel in white is painted over another; and ICE, EGG NOGG, GOOD LODGING, BRANDY SMASHES, CHEAP BOARD, are painted in every conceivable vacant spot all over the house. This splendid establishment is warranted to hold two hundred and forty travellers, principally in a long room, lined on both sides with three tiers of benches, and a table down the middle, on which six-and-thirty people usually sleep, three in a row. There are seven other hotels in this street for the accommodation of Californian emigrants, besides three restaurants, and as many newspaper offices, all of which cover their houses

with sign-boards of all colours and dimensions. The town is enlightened by three American newspapers — the Daily Echo, the Star, and the Herald, containing information from California, South America, the States, and Europe. The Editors seem to quarrel among themselves much less than is usually the case in so small a community — the weather perhaps is too hot, and the climate too enervating, for so heating an occupation.

The present Panama, however, is not the same city which sent forth the savage swineherd with his bloodthirsty crew to uproot and destroy the glorious and happy empire of the Incas. Pizarro did not equip his expedition, nor did he, Almagro, and Luque pollute the blessed sacrament by their wicked compact in this city. Old Panama, now a miserable, ruin about six miles down the coast, was deserted after Morgan and his buccaneers had crossed the Isthmus, sacked the town, and murdered every man, woman, and child within its precincts. A mouldering heap of stones, overgrown with creepers in a pestilential swamp, is all that remains of that proud city, the key of the Pacific, and one of the brightest jewels in the Castilian crown; from whose port those vessels sailed, whose commander overthrew the most civilised empire in the New World, added the vice-regal province of Peru to the overgrown dominions of Spain, and loaded a happy and industri-

ous people with the chains of slavery. After the destruction of old Panama by Morgan, the former site was deserted, and the new town built, where it now stands; about six miles west of the ancient position. The anchorage is bad and inconvenient for shipping, so that vessels usually lay off an island called Toboga, about ten miles from Panama, where on our arrival were two steamers lying, bound for California — the Golden Gate and the Winfield Scott — belonging to rival companies. In Panama there were still many of the passengers belonging to the Illinois, the steamer which had preceded ours, whose luggage had not yet overcome the difficulties of the Cruces road.

Our own fellow-travellers continued to arrive during the remainder of the day on which we had reached the end of our toilsome journey. Covered with mud, worn out with fatigue, men, women, and children hourly entered the gate of the city. Many had met with pitiable misfortunes; one had fallen off his mule nine times; another had been obliged to leave his, over his ears in black mud, and foot it for the rest of the way; a lady had had her gold watch stolen in one of the villainous huts on the road; one poor woman died from exhaustion, caused by fatigue, the day after her arrival in Panama; and another lost her baby.

At length, however, they all arrived; on the following day the

luggage began to come in; and on October the 6th the Golden Gate sailed for San Francisco with the majority of the passengers of the Sierra Nevada. Many however were left behind, not having received their luggage, or not possessing the needful to pay for their passage. They seemed to be at no loss, and soon set to work according to their various devices, to replenish their exhausted exchequer. One old fellow from Philadelphia hired a room, and commenced the sale of his infallible cure for dysentery; a Californian got a mule and cart, either by fair means or foul (the latter, probably), and supplied the restaurants with spring water; another got employment as a compositor in the Herald office; a fourth undertook to white-wash the French Hotel.

Such is the present route across the Isthmus of Panama. Its existence will be very brief, for those inconveniences will soon give way to the comfort and rapidity of a railroad; travellers will make the transit at a quarter of the present cost, immensely increased numbers of passengers will move towards the West, and greater quantities of gold will be poured into the Exchequer of the republic of New Grenada, which charges two dollars and a half, as head tax, on every individual who passes through Panama.

Already do the Californians call the States bordering on the Atlantic the "old country;" already may we perceive sure signs of the

future strength and power of this young giant. A network of railways will soon spread itself over the splendid country between the Sierra Nevada and the sea; cities will rise up in the now wooded solitudes; and steamers will connect California with every part of the world.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE Pope was thrown into a very angry state of mind when he heard of the King's marriage, and fumed exceedingly. Many of the English monks and friars, seeing that their order was in danger, did the same; some even declaimed against the King in church before his face, and were not to be stopped until he himself roared out "Silence!" The King, not much the worse for this, took it pretty quietly, and was very glad when his Queen gave birth to a daughter, who was christened ELIZABETH, and declared Princess of Wales as her sister Mary had already been.

One of the most atrocious features of this reign was that Henry the Eighth was always trimming between the reformed religion and the unreformed one; so that the more he quarrelled with the Pope, the more of his own subjects he roasted alive for not holding the Pope's opinions. Thus, an unfortunate student named John Frith, and a poor simple

tailor named Andrew Hewet who loved him very much and said that whatever John Frith believed *he* believed, were burnt in Smithfield — to show what a capital Christian the King was.

But, these were speedily followed by two much greater victims, Sir Thomas More, and John Fisher the Bishop of Rochester. The latter, who was a good and amiable old man, had committed no greater offence than believing in Elizabeth Barton, called the Maid of Kent — another of those ridiculous women who pretended to be inspired, and to make all sorts of heavenly revelations, though they indeed uttered nothing but vile nonsense. For this offence, as it was pretended, but really for denying the King to be the supreme Head of the Church, he got into trouble, and was put in prison; but, even then, he might have been suffered to die naturally (short work having been made of executing the Kentish Maid and her principal followers), but that the Pope, to spite the King, resolved to make him a cardinal. Upon that, the King made a ferocious joke to the effect that the Pope might send Fisher a red hat — which is the way they make a cardinal — but he should have no head on which to wear it; and he was tried with all unfairness and injustice, and sentenced to death. He died like a noble and virtuous old man, and left a worthy name behind him. The King supposed, I dare say, that Sir Thomas More would be

frightened by this example; but, as he was not to be easily terrified, and, thoroughly believing in the Pope, had made up his mind that the King was not the rightful Head of the Church; he positively refused to say that he was. For this crime he too was tried and sentenced, after having been in prison a whole year. When he was doomed to death, and came away from his trial with the edge of the executioner's axe turned towards him — as was always done in those times when a state prisoner came to that hopeless pass — he bore it quite serenely, and gave his blessing to his son, who pressed through the crowd in Westminster Hall and kneeled down to receive it. But when he got to the Tower Wharf, on his way back to his prison, and his favourite daughter MARGARET ROPER, a very good woman, rushed through the guards again and again, to kiss him and to weep upon his neck, he was overcome at last. He soon recovered, and never more showed any feeling but cheerfulness and courage. When he was going up the steps of the scaffold to his death, he said jokingly to the Lieutenant of the Tower, observing that they were weak and shook beneath his tread, "I pray you, master lieutenant, see me safe up; and for my coming down I can shift for myself." Also he said to the executioner, after he had laid his head upon the block, "Let me put my beard out of the way; for that, at least, has never committed any

treason." Then his head was struck off at a blow. These two executions were worthy of King Henry the Eighth. Sir Thomas More was one of the most virtuous men in his dominions, and the Bishop was one of his oldest and truest friends. But to be a friend of that fellow was almost as dangerous as to be his wife.

When the news of these two murders got to Rome, the Pope raged against the murderer, more than ever Pope raged since the world began, and prepared a Bull, ordering his subjects to take arms against him and dethrone him. The King took all possible precautions to keep that document out of his dominions, and set to work in return to suppress a great number of the English monasteries and abbeys.

This destruction was begun by a body of commissioners, of whom Cromwell (whom the King had taken into great favour) was the head; it was carried on through some few years to its entire completion. There is no doubt that many of these religious establishments were religious in nothing but in name, and were crammed with lazy, indolent, and sensual monks. There is no doubt that they imposed upon the people in every possible way; that they had images moved by wires, which they pretended were miraculously moved by Heaven; that they had among them a whole tun measure full of teeth, all purporting to have come out of the head of one saint, who must indeed have been

a very extraordinary person with that enormous allowance of grinders; that they had bits of coal, which they said had fried Saint Lawrence, bits of toe-nails which they said belonged to other famous saints; penknives, and boots, and girdles, which they said belonged to others; and that all these bits of rubbish were called Relics, and adored by the ignorant people. But, on the other hand, there is no doubt either, that the King's officers and men punished the good monks with the bad, did great injustice, demolished many beautiful things and many valuable libraries, destroyed numbers of paintings, stained glass windows, fine pavements, and carvings; and that the whole court were ravenously greedy and rapacious for the division of this great spoil among them. The King seems to have grown almost mad in the ardour of this pursuit, for he declared Thomas à Becket a traitor, though he had been dead so many years, and had his body dug up out of his grave. He must have been as miraculous as the monks pretended, if they had told the truth, for he was found with one head on his shoulders, and they had shown another as his undoubted and genuine head ever since his death; it had brought them vast sums of money, too. The gold and jewels on his shrine filled two great chests, and eight men tottered as they carried them away. How rich the monasteries were, you may infer from the fact that,

when they were all suppressed, one hundred and thirty thousand pounds a-year — in those days an immense sum — came to the Crown.

These things were not done without causing great discontent among the people. The monks had been good landlords and hospitable entertainers of all travellers, and had been accustomed to give away a great deal of corn, and fruit, and meat, and other things. In those days it was difficult to change goods into money, in consequence of the roads being very few and very bad, and the carts and waggons of the worst description; and they must either have given away some of the good things they possessed in enormous quantities, or have suffered them to spoil and moulder. So, many of the people missed what it was more agreeable to get idly than to work for; and the monks who were driven out of their homes and wandered about, encouraged their discontent, and there were consequently great risings in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire. These were put down by terrific executions, from which the monks themselves did not escape, and the King went on grunting and growling in his own fat way, like a Royal pig.

I have told all this story of the religious houses at one time, to make it plainer, and to get back to the King's domestic affairs.

The unfortunate Queen Catherine was by this time dead; and the King was by this time as tired

of his second Queen as he had been of his first. As he had fallen in love with Anne when she was in the service of Catherine, so he now fell in love with another lady in the service of Anne. See how wicked deeds are punished, and how bitterly and self-reproachfully the Queen must now have thought of her own rise to the throne! The new fancy was a LADY JANE SEYMOUR; and the King no sooner set his mind on her than he resolved to have Anne Boleyn's head. So, he brought a number of accusations against Anne, accusing her of dreadful crimes which she had never committed, and implicating in them her own brother and certain gentlemen in her service, among whom one Norris, and Mark Smeaton, a musician, are best remembered. As the lords and councillors were as afraid of the King and as subservient to him as the meanest peasant in England, they brought in Anne Boleyn guilty, and the other unfortunate persons accused with her, guilty too. Those gentlemen died like men, with the exception of Smeaton, who had been tempted by the King into telling lies, which he called confessions, and who had expected to be pardoned; but who, I am very glad to say, was not. There was then only the Queen to dispose of. She had been surrounded in the Tower with women spies, had been monstrously persecuted and foully slandered, and had received no justice. But her spirit rose with her afflictions, and,

after having in vain tried to soften the King by writing an affecting letter to him which still exists, "from her doleful prison in the Tower," she resigned herself to death. She said to those about her, very cheerfully, that she had heard say the executioner was a good one, and that she had a little neck (she laughed and clasped it with her hands as she said that), and would soon be out of her pain. And she *was* soon out of her pain, poor creature, on the Green inside the Tower, and her body was flung into an old box and put away in the ground under the chapel.

There is a story that the King sat in his palace listening very anxiously for the sound of the cannon which was to announce this new murder; and that, when he heard it come booming on the air, he rose up in great spirits and ordered out his dogs to go a-hunting. He was bad enough to do it; but whether he did it or not, it is certain that he married Jane Seymour the very next day.

I have not much pleasure in recording that she lived just long enough to give birth to a son who was christened EDWARD, and then to die of a fever; for, I cannot but think that any woman who married such a ruffian, and knew what innocent blood was on his hands, deserved the axe that would assuredly have fallen on the neck of Jane Seymour, if she had lived much longer.

Cranmer had done what he could to save some of the Church pro-

perty for purposes of religion and education; but, the great families had been so hungry to get hold of it, that very little could be rescued for such objects. Even MILES COVERDALE, who did the people the inestimable service of translating the Bible into English (which the unreformed religion never permitted to be done), was left in poverty while the great families clutched the Church lands and money. The people had been told that when the Crown came into possession of these funds it would not be necessary to tax them; but they were taxed afresh directly afterwards. It was fortunate for them, indeed, that so many nobles were so greedy for this wealth; since, if it had remained with the Crown, there might have been no end to tyranny for hundreds of years. One of the most active writers on the Church's side against the King was a member of his own family — a sort of distant cousin, REGINALD POLE by name — who attacked him in the most violent manner (though he received a pension from him all the time), and fought for the Church with his pen, day and night. As he was beyond the King's reach — being in Italy — the King politely invited him over to discuss the subject; but he, knowing better than to come, and wisely staying where he was, the King's rage fell upon his brother Lord Montague, the Marquis of Exeter, and some other gentlemen: who were tried for high treason in corre-

sponding with him, and aiding him — which they probably did — and were all executed. The Pope made Reginald Pole a cardinal; but, so much against his will, that it is thought he even aspired in his own mind to the vacant throne of England, and had hopes of marrying the Princess Mary. His being made a high priest, however, put an end to all that. His mother, the venerable Countess of Salisbury, who was, unfortunately for herself, within the tyrant's reach, was the last of his relatives on whom his wrath fell. When she was told to lay her grey head upon the block, she answered the executioner, "No! My head never committed treason, and if you want it, you shall seize it." So, she ran round and round the scaffold with the executioner striking at her, and her grey hair bedabbled with blood; and even when they held her down upon the block she moved her head about to the last, resolved to be no party to her own barbarous murder. All this the people bore, as they had borne everything else.

Indeed they bore much more; for the slow fires of Smithfield were continually burning, and people were constantly being roasted to death — still to show what a good Christian the King was. He defied the Pope and his Bull, which was now issued, and had come into England; but he burned innumerable people whose only offence was that they differed from the Pope's religious opinions. There was a wretched

man named LAMBERT among others, who was tried for this before the King, and with whom six bishops argued one after another. When he was quite exhausted (as well he might be, after six bishops) he threw himself on the King's mercy; but the King blustered out that he had no mercy for heretics. So, *he* too fed the fire.

All this the people bore, and more than all this yet. The national spirit seems to have been banished from the kingdom at this time. The very people who were executed for treason, the very wives and friends of the "bluff" King, spoke of him on the scaffold as a good prince, and a gentle prince — just as serfs in similar circumstances have been known to do, under the Sultan and Bashaws of the East, or under the fierce old tyrants of Russia, who poured boiling and freezing water on them alternately, until they died. The Parliament were as bad as the rest, and gave the King whatever he wanted; among other vile accommodations, they gave him new powers of murdering at his will and pleasure, any one whom he might choose to call a traitor. But the worst measure they passed was an Act of Six Articles, commonly called at the time "the whip with six strings;" which punished offences against the Pope's opinions without mercy, and enforced the very worst parts of the monkish religion. Cranmer would have modified it, if he could; but, being overborne by the Romish party,

had not the power. As one of the articles declared that priests should not marry, and as he was married himself, he sent his wife and children into Germany, and began to tremble at his danger; none the less because he was, and had long been, the King's friend. This whip of six strings was made under the King's own eye. It should never be forgotten of him how cruelly he supported the worst of the Popish doctrines when there was nothing to be got by opposing them.

This amiable monarch now thought of taking another wife. He proposed to the French King to have some of the ladies of the French Court exhibited before him, that he might make his Royal choice; but the French King answered that he would rather not have his ladies trotted out to be shown like horses at a fair. He proposed to the Dowager Duchess of Milan, who replied that she might have thought of such a match if she had had two heads; but, that only owning one, she must beg to keep it safe. At last Cromwell represented that there was a Protestant princess in Germany — those who held the reformed religion were called Protestants, because their leaders had Protested against the abuses and impositions of the unreformed Church — named ANNE OF CLEVES, who was beautiful, and would answer the purpose admirably. The King said was she a large woman, because he must have a fat wife? "O yes," said

Cromwell; "she was very large — just the thing." On hearing this the King sent over his famous painter, Hans Holbein, to take her portrait. Hans made her out to be so good-looking that the King was satisfied and the marriage arranged. But, whether anybody had paid Hans to touch up the picture; or whether Hans, like one or two other painters, flattered a princess in the ordinary way of business, I cannot say; all I know is, that when Anne came over and the King went to Rochester to meet her, and first saw her without her seeing him, he swore she was a great Flanders mare, and said he would never marry her. Being obliged to do it, now matters had gone so far, he would not give her the presents he had prepared, and would never notice her; and he never forgave Cromwell his part in the affair. His downfall dates from that time.

It was quickened by his enemies in the interests of the unreformed religion, putting in the King's way, at a state dinner, a niece of the Duke of Norfolk, CATHERINE HOWARD, a young lady of fascinating manners, though small in stature and not particularly beautiful. Falling in love with her on the spot, the King soon divorced Anne of Cleves after making her the subject of much brutal talk, on pretence that she had been previously betrothed to some one else — which would never do for one of his dignity — and married Catherine. It is probable that on his wedding-day, of

all days in the year, he sent his faithful Cromwell to the scaffold, and had his head struck off. He further celebrated the occasion by burning at one time, and causing to be drawn to the fire on the same hurdles, some Protestant prisoners for denying the Pope's doctrines, and some Roman Catholic prisoners for denying his own supremacy. Still the people bore it, and not a gentleman in England raised his hand.

But, by a just retribution, it soon came out that Catherine Howard, before her marriage, had been really guilty of such crimes as the King had falsely attributed to his second wife Anne Boleyn; so, again the dreadful axe made the King a widower, and this Queen passed away as so many in that reign had passed away before her. As an appropriate pursuit under the circumstances, Henry then applied himself to superintending the composition of a religious book called "A necessary doctrine for any Christian Man." He must have been a little confused in his mind, I think, at about this period; for he was so false to himself as to be true to some one: that some one being Cranmer, whom the Duke of Norfolk and others of his enemies tried to ruin, but to whom the King was steadfast, and to whom he one night gave his ring, charging him when he should find himself, next day, accused of treason, to show it to the council board. This, Cranmer did to the confusion of his enemies. I suppose the King thought

he might want him a little longer.

He married yet once more. Yes. Strange to say, he found in England another woman who would become his wife, and she was CATHERINE PARR, widow of Lord Latimer. She leaned towards the reformed religion; and, it is some comfort to know, that she tormented the King considerably by arguing a variety of doctrinal points with him on all possible occasions. She had very nearly done this to her own destruction. After one of these conversations, the King in a very black mood actually instructed GARDINER, one of his bishops who favoured the Popish opinions, to draw a bill of accusation against her, which would have inevitably have brought her to the scaffold where her predecessors had died, but that one of her friends picked up the paper of instructions, which had been dropped in the palace, and gave her timely notice. She fell ill with terror, but managed the King so well when he came to entrap her into further statements, by saying that she had only spoken on such points to divert his mind and to get some information from his extraordinary wisdom, that he gave her a kiss and called her his sweetheart. And, when the Chancellor came next day, actually to take her to the Tower, the King sent him about his business, and honoured him with the epithets of a beast, a knave, and a fool. So near was Catharine Parr to the

block, and so narrow was her escape!

There was war with Scotland in this reign, and a short clumsy war with France for favouring Scotland; but, the events at home were so dreadful, and leave such an enduring stain on the country, that I need say no more of what happened abroad.

A few more horrors, and this reign is over. There was a lady, ANNE ASKEW, in Lincolnshire, who inclined to the Protestant opinions, and whose husband, being a fierce Catholic, turned her out of his house. She came to London, and was considered as offending against the six articles, and was taken to the Tower, and put upon the rack — probably because it was hoped that she might in her agony criminate some obnoxious persons; if falsely, so much the better. She was tortured without uttering a cry, until the Lieutenant of the Tower would suffer his men to torture her no more; and then two priests who were present actually pulled off their robes and turned the wheels of the rack with their own hands, so rending and twisting and breaking her that she was afterwards carried to the fire in a chair. She was burned with three others, a gentleman, a clergyman, and a tailor; and so the world went on.

Either the King became afraid of the power of the Duke of Norfolk, and his son the Earl of Surrey, or they gave him some offence, but he resolved to pull *them* down, to follow all the rest who were

gone. The son was tried first — of course for nothing — and defended himself bravely; but of course he was found guilty, and of course he was executed. Then his father was laid hold of, and left for death too.

But the King himself was left for death too, by a Greater King, and the earth was to be rid of him at last. He was now a swollen, beastly, hideous spectacle, with a great hole in his leg, and so odious to every sense that it was dreadful to approach him. When he was found to be dying, Cranmer was sent for from his palace at Croydon, and came with all speed, but found him speechless. Happily, in that hour he perished. He was in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and the thirty-eighth of his reign.

Henry the Eighth has been favoured by some Protestant writers, because the Reformation was achieved in his time. But the mighty merit of it lies with other men and not with him, and it can be rendered none the worse by this monster's crimes, and none the better by any defence of them. The plain truth is, that he was a most intolerable ruffian, a disgrace to human nature, and a blot of blood and grease upon the History of England.

SAILORS' HOMES AFLOAT.

DOROTHY my niece, who is a scholar, writes this for me, and puts it into her fine English as I tell it to her in my own salt-water

way. I am a fore-mast hand, an able seaman, I can hand, reef, and steer, I can strop a block or turn in a dead-eye; but my fingers are more handy with the tar-pot than the ink-bottle. Many a landsman who would rather ink his hands than tar them, does not know what it is to haul out a weather earing in a gale; I do, so don't let anybody call me ignorant. I'm afraid, too, that I know some other things that are not known on land; for I do think that if what you call the public had properly known before this what I want to tell them now, things wouldn't be exactly what they are as this leaves me at present.

I fancy I catch somebody saying, what don't the public know about them? Sailors, certainly, have had a great deal of attention lately. Perhaps we don't understand it, and so don't like it as we ought to do. I can't say, I am sure. Members of Parliament have gathered all sorts of statistics about us, and we've been obliged to carry bits of paper with our eyes, noses, and mouths, and our blue anchors and ladies on our arms and chests put down in them, and we are forced to keep them, or to lose them at our peril, and otherwise, also, we are legislated for more than enough. We have our own notions of things, and we talk them over in the fore-castle. So it comes to pass that I and my shipmates have agreed that we would try and get some of our opinions outspoken somewhere in print, especially about

the fore-castle itself. For when we see the comfortable Sailors' Homes built up for us ashore, where we spend on an average only about two months in the year, we think there must be many people who don't know how we spend the other ten months of the twelve, and what a need there is of something more comfortable and decent than is now provided for the Sailors' Homes at sea.

I said two months, but I believe it to be mostly not more than six weeks of the twelve-month that a sailor spends ashore, and nearly all the Acts of Parliament that go to make us comfortable are intended for the good of us during those six weeks; as for the other forty-six, we are left in those pretty much at the mercy of cargo-loving owners and blue water skippers. A skipper in deep water is commonly less polite and considerate than a skipper in soundings or ashore. It is quite true that the law has ordained how many ounces of biscuit, beef, pease and lime juice we shall get at sea, and has laid heavy penalties on masters who neglect to furnish the due supply of lime juice. For that much we thank the honourable House of Commons that it has attended a little to the commons of the sailor, but it is our opinion in the fore-castle, as I may some day show if I can find a way to talk these matters through and overhaul the Merchant Seaman's Act, that the advantages got out of new laws are ten to the owners and the captain

against one to the man before the mast.

Let a man go aboard what merchant ship he will, and after he has seen the cabins for the officers and passengers, ask for a peep at the accommodation that has been provided for the sailors in it. My last voyage was in the *Hope*, of Plymouth, a barque that carried emigrants to Melbourne. They are all pretty much alike, I was not worse lodged there than aboard other vessels, but now do just look at what our lodging was. Of course there was the officer's home under the poop, with a painted and carved front, and brass rods like the outside of a caravan, all snug inside, well lighted, with table, chairs, sofas, ingenious lockers and books. The mizen mast that rose through the farther end was disguised with fine carving and painting. Doors led from the cabin to the officers' berths in little state-rooms well lighted, carpeted, and comfortable. We don't grudge our officers any comfort, and we don't want any carving, painting, or carpeting for ourselves. Let gentlemen be gentlemen, and men be men, but don't kennel the men like dogs. Well, then, if we left the cabin and went down the after-hatchway to the 'tween decks; there we found the emigrants. They are badly enough lodged in some vessels, but aboard the *Hope* their passage money had been paid by Government, and they were well looked after. They occupied the whole

length of the ship, that was divided for them into three separate homes; that to the fore for single men, the after one for single women and the hospital, with the seagoing home for married folk between the two. They had tables, benches, shelves, lamps, and such things. They had sleeping berths in two tiers with room for a man to settle comfortably down or sit upright in any one of them. They got light through strong panes of glass in the ship's sides, and bulls' eyes in the deck overhead. Their place was ventilated at some cost, and as the Emigration Commissioners insisted on seven feet of clear space between the decks, they could let their tables down by the hinges, and have exercise during wet weather. Acts of Parliament regulate the amount of space each emigrant shall have, the quality as well as quantity of food to be provided, even when he shall get up and go to bed. That is all very good and very wise.

I mind me that I sailed in 1837 from Liverpool to New York with Irish emigrants when there was no such care taken, and the people, having merely paid the passage money, found their own provisions. The poor creatures took chiefly potatoes, eggs, and oatmeal, and few took more than enough to last them through an average passage. The ship got into heavy weather and the voyage lasted eight weeks: no extraordinary time, but long enough to cause a famine. We got into New

York with more than two-thirds of our emigrants depending for life upon a biscuit and two or three dried sprats daily. The ship's stores could not furnish more, and as it was found necessary to arm the crew and garrison the cabin, that we might prevent the poor hungry souls from breaking the store rooms open. I remember, too, what we all suffered on a voyage to Port Phillip with emigrants, in 1840. The vessel touched at the Cape for water, and the skinflint of an agent, who was a passenger in her, prevented the captain from laying in a full supply. The consequence was that long before we made the coast of New Holland, each man's daily allowance was reduced from six pints to two, and then to one pint. At length we were obliged to alter our course and bear up for King George's Sound, near Swan River, for water. Off the entrance of the harbour the ship lay for three days becalmed under a roasting sun. The men went out in boats prospecting in vain for springs upon the sandy shore. There was not a drop of water on board ship during those three days. Two children died of thirst. Men lay moaning about the decks. The cause of our distress shut himself up in his cabin, where he had no lack of bottled ale and soda water. A breeze that sprang up on the fourth day carried us through the long sound, and as we got into the narrow channel leading to the inner harbour, a boat from Albany — where the

report of our signal guns had at length been heard — boarded us, and the crew, finding our condition, pulled off to the nearest spring, laden with kegs and buckets.

The strict regulations now enforced prevent such scenes from occurring any more in emigrant ships, but in vessels carrying merely their crews — merely as sailors, for whose home afloat nobody has yet begun to care — they are common enough. In the very last vessel of the kind to which I belonged, the Abbots Reading of Liverpool, after a very quick passage from South America, we came in sight of the Azores, with no other provisions on board than biscuits, beans, and water. Very good provender for horses, but not quite the right fare for hard-working men.

Well, then, to go back to the Hope, there is all that care taken on board an emigrant vessel — and very properly taken too — of men whose whole experience of sea-going does not come to more than a few months in all their knowledge. What sort of care is taken of the men who live aboard ship, sometimes by the year together, and during all the chief part of their lives?

In old-fashioned ships the fore-castle is beneath the main-deck, but as it there occupies space which may be profitably given up to cargo, it is now, in almost all large vessels, superseded by the top gallant fore-castle. The top-gallant fore-castle of the Hope,

which is a fair sample of the Sailors' Home at sea, was made, as usual, in manner following. In the fore part of the ship a second deck was laid, about five feet above the main deck, reaching as far aft as the windlass, and thus covering that part of the ship included in the round sweep of the bows. Under this roofing a low cavern was formed, about eighteen feet wide at the entrance, and gradually narrowing to a point at the other end. The extreme length of it was eighteen or twenty feet, and it was barely five feet high between the beams. A landsman might compare this kind of sailors' home to the inside of a large baker's oven. In this top-gallant fore-castle, containing less space and less air than is the Government allowance for two solitary cells in Pentonville Prison, sixteen people were to eat, drink, and sleep, and keep their clothes, and make themselves at home with one another. It was the whole lodging provided for the carpenter, nine seamen, five boys, and the cook, that being the complement of hands on board the *Hope*, or any other vessel of four hundred and sixty tons register.

The front of this home of ours was boarded off across its whole breadth, and was to be entered on each side by a sliding door. The anchor chains having passed through doors of their own — two large square holes, left in the front for that purpose — ran along the whole length of the fore-castle, to be carried through the hawse-

holes and shackled to the anchors. As this ground tackle must be always ready for instant use when the ship is near land, these four holes were at such times left open: one pair of them let in the wind, the other pair the water. We had no windows, and could get light only when the doors were open. In rough weather, however, if we did not keep the doors carefully shut, a large part of every sea that washed the decks would give our fore-castle a ringing. The two doorways, when fully open, were each of them about four feet high, and just wide enough to allow a man to squeeze in and out sideways.

Of course, by habit, we could all learn to squeeze into our dark hole without knocking our heads over much against the upper deck. A wife from shore, if she came in to see one of us, supposing she was clever enough at stooping, — for in our homes at sea no full-grown person can stand upright — would soon bruise her shins in the dark, over our chests strewn about the floor. If she was a tidy woman, she would pine a bit to see the sort of home her Bill had got into. Down the middle of the hole that is allotted, let me say again, to sixteen people, she would see, as soon as her eyes could cut a way into the gloom, a great spar four or five feet round, the heel of the bowsprit, with a pair of bunks fixed on each side of it, dividing the place into two equal parts. Here are bunks, of course, or berths as you call them, fixed

against the walls, and anybody standing in one of the halves of the fore-castle might rest an elbow on each wall of berths. But there is not clear deck even in that little compass, for there are two rows of chests further blocking up the space, and the clear deck on either side of the bowsprit is a lane only about twelve inches wide. So merchant sailors lodge, — so we were accommodated in the Hope; two of us could not pass unless one mounted a chest and crouched upon it. When the cables were bent, we had not even our twelve inches of floor; the muddy chains then rested on the only vacant planks, and there was no rest for the sole of the sailor's foot upon the floor of his own home.

The bunks in which we slept were no worse than I have found sailors' beds to be on board most vessels in the merchant service. There were two tiers of them on each side, three in each tier; those twelve, with the four fixed on the heel of the bow-sprit, made up our number. Each bunk was barely six feet long, and twenty inches wide. The height of the whole fore-castle being only about five feet, we had less than two feet space between one bunk, and the vent above it. I slept in an upper bunk, using the heel of a stud-ding-sail boom for a pillow. My nose, when I had got between the blankets, was within three inches of the beam that crossed above me, and if ever I forgot myself and tried to raise my head at all,

without first pushing it out beyond the side board, I was punished for my want of thought. Then when I went to bed, of course a little skill was necessary to get into it at all. I had to put my elbow into one end of the bunk, and my heel over the other end, raise my body into a horizontal position, and then slide myself in sideways, by a wriggling motion that it's not in my power verbally to explain. Once in, stretched on his back, with his broad shoulders firmly wedged between the ship's timbers on one side and the outer board on the other; his head threatened with bruise or breakage if he raises it incautiously; — the seaman a-bed in his sea-going home must lie as though he were fixed snugly in his coffin. The luxury of drawing his knees up to his chin, and coiling himself snugly in the blankets, is of course put quite out of the question.

So we were lodged aboard the Hope. The hawse-holes through which the chain passes, being only plugged up in a temporary way with old tarpaulin, let in water every time the ship dipped her nose into the sea. The water reached the main deck through a small scupper hole beneath the bunks, and as the vessel pitched, came back into the fore-castle none the cleaner for its travels. In this way there was kept up a continual wash on the lee-side of the room, not well relished by those of the crew whose beds and blankets now and then were wetted by it. Then again, through each

of the two lower foremost bunks there passed a mass of timber and copper bolts, forming part of the cat-heads. The seams surrounding the cat-heads being at most times leaky from the working of the ship, a cool salt stream was generally trickling through them, so that the tenants of those two bunks had both jam and pickle. From the crevices around the iron spindle of the capstan and the timber bits, two other rivulets flowed slowly down the bowsprit and across the narrow floor, spreading beneath the chests, rotting their bottoms, and quietly destroying our chief articles of property, namely, our shore-going suits of clothes.

I have sailed in some vessels, and I know that there are many, in which the fore-castle does not contain so many bunks as bodies. Some of the crew agree then to "turn in and out," two men in different watches keeping the same berth warm. In harbour, when all hands are below together, some of the crew are, in such a case, compelled to sleep on chests.

Never did anybody, poet or romancing man, describe a den that could be worse than a top-gallant fore-castle during a gale of wind or a long spell of dirty weather. The men get wet through in every watch, and hang up their wet clothes, as they come in, on nails driven into the beams. They steam like soup and flavour our darkness with a moist and nasty taste. The doors are kept well closed to bar out the heavy sprays

that dash against them, and the fore-castle is pitch dark day and night, except when a man slips in with the water at his heels, and shuts the slide up suddenly.

Well, that's the fore-castle. That is the sailors' home at sea. When your landsmen sing, as I hear butcher boys do, how they're afloat, they're afloat on the fierce rolling tide, the ocean's their home, and the bark is their bride, I hope they'll take these words of an old sailor to heart, and think what sort of a Home they would get upon the ocean in a merchant's barque, more especially if there was a particularly rolling sea. That's the sort of place we merchant sailors live in when we are at home; as for your sailors' homes ashore, they're very good, but we don't live in them long enough; we can't carry them aboard. If the honourable House that has looked a little to our commons, would just legislate a little humanely for the lodging of the common seamen on board ship, just as it has legislated for the lodging of the emigrants — if an Inspector were required to step down into every fore-castle before a trader left port — I don't think there would be a very wrong thing done. But then I'm a fore-castle man myself, and dare say I'm ignorant and don't properly consider owners' interests, and then don't rightly feel that the size of the cargo is of more worth than the health and comfort of the crew.

Now I have something to say

about the common seaman's victuals. Parliament regulates the quantity, but quality depends upon the pocket of the shipowner. In some London ships I know, and I dare say in a few ships from other ports, the provisions supplied are excellent; but in most English vessels, and especially in those from other ports than London, they are either second-rate or bad. My teeth are most used to such biscuit as would never be put on board an American trader, nor on board many Scotch ships. Salt-beef is known justly in the merchant service as salt-horse or mahogany. Every cask of mahogany is opened in the presence of the steward, who picks out the good bits for the cabin, and leaves the worst for us fore-castle men. Our tea — our greatest luxury — is of the cheapest and coarsest kind. Masters, mates, men of-war's men, emigrants, and convicts, are all supplied with preserved meats, soups, vegetables, &c.; but anything of that kind is as rare a sight upon the English merchant seaman's chest, as turtle soup upon a tradesman's dinner-table. In spite of all improvements, and all new preparations, there has been little change made in the kind of provisions supplied to us during the last half century, except that we have had our grog stopped, and got nothing in its place.

Of course we may get hardened by usage to this kind of treatment, but we are not too stupid to make comparisons, and as some

of us have seen a little of the Yankee vessels — I for one — we grumble; we grumble, even, dissatisfied wretches, at the savage way in which we are obliged to eat our food. We want to sit before it like Christians, but can't. Tables are impossible in our small den, and we know no more than the wolves do about table knives and forks. The pork and pea-soup, or beef and rice are served up in small tubs, which pass round from hand to hand. Each pours his allowance of soup or rice into a tin pot, and eats his bit of meat out of the lump with the clasp-knife that hangs about his neck. Breakfast and supper are alike with us; we get a quart of black mess mixed with small twigs and "cabbage," and in that we soak our brown and flinty (if not always chalky) biscuit, fishing up the pieces with the points of our knives.

Just now I said that I had seen a little of the way the Yankees treat their sailors. I will tell in a few words what the sailors' home is aboard the best American ships. Some few English owners, I am told, have followed the example. From the break of the poop to the hawse-holes the deck is flush, unbroken, on both sides. The fore-castle is on the same level as the waist, and guarded by high bulwarks that shelter the men well. In the middle of the deck there is a round wooden building, called the Round-house, where the crew are lodged. The roof is dome-shaped, and so gives height to the

room within, which is six feet high round the sides, and eight feet in the middle. The tallest of the seamen walks erect in it. This place is fitted up with berths, much like those in our forecastles, only more roomy and comfortable. Every berth is lighted by a little window, beneath which there is a long shelf, or rather a narrow cupboard, divided into several compartments and closed by a door with hinges to it. Along the front of each berth hangs a curtain, making it completely private.

In the middle of the round-house is a table with ledges round it, to prevent dishes from slipping off, and about the table there is fixed a broad bench, upon which the seamen sit down properly to dinner. There is another bench, too, running along the edge of the lower bunks. Beneath the bench that goes about the table there are lockers that contain a good supply of knives and forks and spoons, and things that civilised men who live ashore use at their dinner. Their solid food is brought to the men on board these Yankee vessels in bright metal dishes, and their soup — in a tureen! The men, instead of tearing the tough beef to pieces with their fingers, as we do in English forecastles — where we must sit as we can, with little piles of broken biscuit on the ground beside us — the men in the round-house sit down ship-shape at table, handling their knives and forks over a piece of “prime

mess” that has come after a course of fresh “soup and bouilli,” and that is made sweet and wholesome by the help of a dish of dried potatoes, and by a good supply of pepper, mustard, and pickles. Those are articles of which every sea-going man knows the value, but which are rarely given to us English seamen. The house itself of the American sailors has a clean, wholesome, homely look. It is large enough to lodge properly the whole ship’s company; and it is well lighted and warmed. A lamp hangs from a small skylight, protected by strong wire, and a good stove is part of the home furniture.

It is very well to tell us, as some English owners do, that these round-houses interfere with the working of the ship, are liable to be washed overboard, and so on. We know what that means. And we ask any landsman who will take my word, as he may safely, for the condition of an English top-gallant forecastle, if it is wonderful that we desert our vessels, and prefer good pay, and good lodging, in the American merchant service? A power of laws are made to stop desertion, and to keep us to the English ships by penalties and threats. But give us a law or two designed to make the English ships better worth stopping in, and you will give us something worth having — and give England something worth having too.

MÜNCHHAUSEN MODERNISED.

ONE Master Stephen Perlin, a French physician, wrote "A Description of the Kingdoms of England and Scotland," published at Paris in 1558. He is evidently a faithful describer of what he sees; and, as to his comments, is not more hard upon our country than many of his compatriots living in the present day, with the difference that in those times there was every excuse for stern indignation.

One of his chief reproaches against England had, at that time, terrible truth on its side. "In England," he says, "there is so cruel a justice that for nothing they have a man killed; for where in France they would condemn a man to be whipped, here, without fail, they would condemn him to die." Elsewhere he remarks, "In this country you will not meet with any great nobles whose relations have not had their heads cut off. Certes, I should like better (with the reader's leave) to be a swineherd, and preserve my head. . . . In France justice is well administered, and not tyranny, as in England, which is the pest and ruin of a country; for a kingdom ought to be governed, not in shedding human blood in such abundance that the blood flows in streams, by which means the good are troubled."

During the earlier period of his residence in London, Perlin saw the execution of the Duke of

Northumberland, the father of Lady Jane Grey. The English in which he records the dying prayer of that nobleman, reminds us of similar exhibitions on the part of distinguished French men of letters in the present day. The Duke is reported to have said, "*Lorde God mi fatre prie fort ous poores siners nond vand in the hoore of our theath*" — of which mystic sentence Perlin has fortunately given us a French translation — "*Seigneur Dieu, mon père, prie pour nous hommes et pauvres pécheurs, et principalement à l'heure de nostre mort.*"

Perlin did not fall in love with the character of the people. Even at that early date, Albion, it seems, was *perfidie*. The character of the natives he sums up by saying that "neither in war are they brave, nor in peace are they faithful." He alludes particularly to the antipathy of the English of that day to foreigners. "The people of this nation mortally hate the French as their old enemies, and call us *France Chenesve, France Dogue, &c. Chenesve*, be it understood, was the French orthography of *knave*."

But our country had charms for him in some aspects. He liked our hospitality. "The people of this place," he says, "make great cheer, and like much to banquet, and you will see many rich taverns and tavern-keepers who have customarily large purses, in which are three or four small purses full of money; consequently we may consider that this country is very full of money, and that the trades

people gain more in a week than those of Germany and Spain in a month. For you will see hatters and joiners and artisans generally playing their crowns at tennis, which is not ordinarily seen in any other place, and particularly on a working day. And in a tavern they make good cheer oftener than once a day, with rabbits and hares, and every sort of food."

Perlin gives us a glimpse of "Merrie" England: "The English one with another are joyous, and are very fond of music; for there is not ever so small a church where music is not sung. And they are great drinkers; for if an Englishman wishes to treat you, he will say to you in his language, *vis drinq a quarta rim oim gasquim oim oim hespaignol, oim malvoysi*, which means, *veux tu venir boire une quarte de vin du Gascoigne, un autre d'Espagne, et une autre de Malvoise*. In drinking and in eating they will say to you more than a hundred times *drind iou*; and you will reply to them in their language *iplaigiu*. If you thank them, you will say to them in their language, *God tanque artelay*. Being drunk, they will swear to you by blood and death, that you shall drink all that you hold in your cup, and will say to you thus, *bigod sol drind iou agoud oin*. Now remember (if you please) that in this country they generally use vessels of silver when they drink wine; and they will say to you usually at table, *goud chere*. . . . The country is well covered and

shady, for the lands are all enclosed with hedges, oaks, and several other sorts of trees, so that in travelling you think you are in a perpetual wood, but you will discover many flights of steps, which are called in English *amphores* [stiles], and by which persons on foot go along little paths and enter the grounds. . . . The people are all armed, and the labourers, when they till the ground, leave their swords and their bows in a corner of the field."

Compare this not altogether unfair or very prejudiced view of the English, with the letters written by some of the most conspicuous of the Paris journalists, during the fraternization of "All Nations," in 1851. Since the dark days of Master Perlin, we have enjoyed years of peace and friendly intercourse, but it is clear that this class of the French do not yet understand us, and what is worse, show no signs of wishing to do so.

Of the letters alluded to, those of M. Edmond Texier, a not undistinguished writer in the *Siècle*, are among the most remarkable for wildness of invention and misapprehension of everything he sees and hears. Angels' visits are frequent, and in rapid succession, compared with his deviations into fact. Though the most random of writers, he is scarcely ever, even accidentally, in the right. And so illogical is he, withal—so self-contradictory are his very mistakes—that it is dif-

ficult to assign to him any other claim to literary distinction, than a happy and unfailing felicity in hitting the wrong nail in the very centre of the head.

The first English phenomenon which did not find favour in M. Texier's eyes was, of course, the climate. Of the sun he saw very little; and when he did see it — in the height of summer — it was like “a red wafer fixed upon a sheet of grey paper.” It is unnecessary to follow him through the fog, rain, and foul weather of every description, which he describes, but could not have seen during his visit to London. The heavy atmosphere has its influence upon the people. Looking on the crowds passing in the streets, he is “struck with the sadness imprinted on their countenances. The continental Englishman — the Englishman one sees in Paris — is not the same person as the Englishman in England, and especially in London. Englishmen have a mask which they leave at Dover when they embark, and which they put on again when they return home. Look at them in France — they are careless, joyous, and sometimes amiable; they talk, they laugh, they sing even, at table, without much solicitation; and I have seen them bold enough to conquer a *contre-danse*, or figure in a quadrille. In London they are grave as lawyers, and sadder than mutes. Not only do they stop their dancing and singing, but they are most careful not to

laugh, for fear of losing their consideration or credit. At the theatre, or at a *soirée*, if a woman allows herself to laugh, it is because a woman is a woman everywhere, and must occasionally show the pearls of her mouth. As to the men, the *ennui* which consumes them is so profound, that it has imprinted its stigma upon their countenances. Their expression is always drooping, and morning or night we meet them with the same air of depression which explains the strange malady of the spleen. . . . Nothing is more lugubrious than the physiognomy of London, on a day of fog, of rain, or of cold. It is then that the spleen seizes you. On such days the immense city has a fearful aspect. One believes one's self walking in a necropolis — one breathes sepulchral air. Those long files of uniform houses, with little windows like guillotines, of a sober colour, enclosed by black railings, seem two ranges of tombs, between which phantoms are walking.”

The sadness of the people is, perhaps, partly induced by the habit of wearing black coats, which M. Texier says is universal in England. “The gentlemen and trading classes both wear black coats; the coat, when it is shabby, becomes, for the consideration of a few shillings, the property of the working man, who wears it on Sundays; when this second-hand (*seconde main*) fragment is completely worn out, the possessor sells it again to a beggar. The

last, having worn the garment to rags, sells it in his turn to a broker, who sends it immediately to Ireland, where it is sold for a few pence to the poor. It is not until after this last process that the black coat, made in a Piccadilly or Strand establishment, absolutely ceases to exist."

But the Englishmen whom M. Texier sees in London are not only melancholy wretches and wearers of black coats: they are even worse: "The dandies yawn on their thoroughbreds, the ladies yawn in their carriages. Not one among these representatives of the richest aristocracy of the globe, seems to suspect that a famished population is crawling at their feet. Absorbed each in his own *ennui*, they have no time to occupy themselves with the misery of others. On these ill-omened days — and they are numerous — the Englishman, under the influence of his climate, is brutal to all who approach him. He insults and is insulted without giving or receiving excuses. A poor man falls down from inanition in the middle of the street; the passer-by strides over him, and proceeds on his business; his task finished, he enters his club, where he dines copiously, where he intoxicates himself, and where he forgets, in the sleep of drunkenness, the overbearing *ennui* of the day. In London, happiness consists not in the sensation of living, but in the forgetfulness of existence. Hence these pitchers of beer, these bottles of

ale, this gin, this porter, and these monstrous grogs (*ces grogs monstrueux!*) absorbed by a single man in one evening."

However, the indulgence in "these monstrous grogs" — and also, it may be presumed, in such things as astounding ales, alarming gins, and unnatural porters — is caused and excused, M. Texier tells us, by his old enemy the climate; and he hopes that, in speaking thus, he will not be accused of entertaining any national prejudice or resentment: "I am not, thank God, one of those who cannot speak of Shakespeare without thinking of the battle of Waterloo; I relate what I have seen and see every day, and do not at all ask that France should take her revenge for Trafalgar."

The next infamous institution in England, after the appalling climate and the monstrous grogs, is the Church Establishment. "The Anglican religion seems to have been invented expressly for the English aristocracy. Among its professors the fate of the Jew, the Irishman, and the beggar, inspires no pity. The Romans were not more insensible to the tortures of the gladiators in the circus. The priest will pronounce from his pulpit an emphatic discourse on charity; but for the thousands of unfortunates who die every day in the horrors of misery and abandonment, they have not one tear, not an emotion of the heart. The Anglican minister is essentially the priest of the rich and the lettered. He is a rhetorician of

sufficient attainments, who occupies himself in polishing his phrases, and rounding his periods, and cares for little beyond. His duty is to deliver in the temple a discourse, prepared with a certain amount of talent, on a fixed day and hour. After that he returns home, dines in the midst of his family, and discovers that everything happens for the best in a country where the taxes upon the poor amount to more than a hundred millions."

In contrast with the luxury and extravagance of the Church, M. Texier gives full licence to his fancy in describing the condition of those miserable people who earn enough money to pay a hundred millions a year to the State. But we are tired of foreigners' descriptions of what may *not* be seen in Field Lane and Seven Dials; where the starving population, it seems, are driven by tyranny to get their living — not only as beggars and robbers, but assassins. One amiable unfortunate M. Texier that he was a native of "poor and Catholic Ireland;" upon which we are treated to the important fact, that if M. Texier were to live for a thousand years (a consummation which would evidently be of great advantage to French literature), he would never forget the impression produced by those words!

As to the upper classes in general — a bloated and rapacious aristocracy — "not less *blasé* than the Roman society under the Cæsars," they think of nothing but

enjoying themselves. "It is necessary for the English, in order to feel a certain emotion, to behold persons in peril. Tigers, hyænas, and lions at one time were the rage, but when it was perceived that Carter and Van Amburgh did not run any danger, they were forsaken. The young girl who was devoured three years ago, in the presence of the public at Astley's, by a tiger, had an immense success. For fifteen days nothing else was talked about in society and the clubs. Everybody envied those who had been so favoured as to assist at this extraordinary representation. To hear the bones of a poor girl crunched between the teeth of a wild beast — what a fine opportunity to be envied! I am certain that the time is not very distant when the spectacle of a combat between men and animals will be necessary for this enervated aristocracy. I hear even now, of a society of capitalists being formed for the purpose of building a vast circus at which men will contend against bears."

Let us follow M. Texier through a more favourable phase of aristocratic life. He goes to the opera, and states with some magnanimity that the interiors, neither of the Italiens or the Grand Opéra at Paris, can give an idea of that of Her Majesty's Theatre. "The English aristocracy is represented on six ranges of boxes. Diamonds and all the precious stones of the Indies sparkle on the necks, in the hair, and on the fingers of

these noble ladies. These beautiful swans of Great Britain display, with a complaisance altogether peculiar to London, their superb forms; and the lace, of a brownish tone, serves to heighten still more the splendour of their white shoulders, which proceed vaporously from a cloud of *points d'Angleterre*. O daughters of Albion! the most illustrious of your modern poets — Lord Byron — has calumniated you! The English ladies, in ball dress (and they are nearly always in ball dress), are the women whose beauty we can must surely appreciate at the first view. In spite of the rules laid down by cant, they are so incompletely clad, that if they were to disembarass themselves of their bracelets of gold and their necklaces of pearls and diamonds, nothing would remain to hide them from the public gaze, but the veil of their long ash-coloured hair."

In matters of fact the most easily ascertainable, this gentleman arrives at similar wonderful results. He informs his readers that, during the Exhibition, in London, "the smallest of single apartments could not be obtained for less than ten shillings a day; and for two rooms a sovereign!"

M. Texier is very happy to be able to assure his countrymen that "the devil does not lose his rights in English society, and that what they call British reserve can be carried to a certain point of hypocrisy." He adds "In London, the people never see the day, and are so occupied, that they have

no time to be aware that they exist. After dinner, the tradesmen, the gentlemen, and those who belong to the nobility, go to the theatre. The representation terminated, they rush off to their clubs, where they drink and smoke. After this there is the *Finish*, an ignoble public-house, or sumptuous tavern, so called, because it is to these that they go to finish the night.

"The *Finishes* hold the same relation to English habits as the *estaminet* to those of the Germans, or the *café* to those of the French. . . . It is not until nearly one o'clock in the morning that the *habitués* begin to arrive. Several of these gin-palaces (the author favours us with the English name) are the daily rendezvous of the *élite* of the aristocracy. These young lords, who at an earlier hour are always stiff and solemn, replying by a yes or no to the questions addressed to them; these honourables of the Parliament, who would not have dared a few minutes before to venture an opinion on the last novel other than is contained in one of the two words — *shocking* or *beautiful*; all these disciples of *cant* (a favourite English phrase of the author); all these slaves of conventionality — the vapours of champagne, of alcohol, and of Madeira elevating their brains — take off their coats, loosen their cravats, disembarass themselves of their waistcoats; and, in short, establish their boudoirs in public. The amusements of the *Finishes*

are sufficiently varied; but there is one, continually repeated, that has always an immense success. It consists in making a young female intoxicated, until she falls down dead drunk; then they pour down her throat vinegar, in which mustard and pepper have been mixed. This horrible beverage gives her nearly always horrible convulsions. This is very gay. A diversion also very much appreciated in these fashionable *réunions*, is to throw on the drunken persons glasses of punch or any other kind of liquor.... When a stranger assists at such a spectacle, he perceives that in this puissant and proud British empire, there is one man better understood than Shakespeare: it is Falstaff. It is generally towards seven or eight o'clock in the morning that the company retires from the *Finish*. The domestics then call the cabs; the gentlemen who can still stand on their feet then search for their coats in a pell-mell of over and under-coats of all kinds. As to the others, the waiters dress them as they can, with the first garments that come to hand — carrying the wearers into the vehicles, and indicating to the drivers the addresses of the packets which they confide to them. If, by chance, the waiters are ignorant of the residences of these gentlemen, they deposit the latter in a room downstairs, where they remain until they have recovered sufficient reason to be able to give their directions."

Here is a terrible revelation of

the daily habits of the young nobility of this country — a revelation which we should find it difficult to accept, but for M. Texier's established veracity and accuracy of observation. He tells us, too, *à propos* of English hypocrisy, that "These same men who have been drunk together, meeting again at the club, will ask one another the news, but make no allusion to the orgies of the night before." It is a matter of mutual arrangement by which they hold one another in check; and, adds our author, "If this be not the solidarity of hypocrisy, it is something very near it."

Illustrating the height of hypocrisy in this country, M. Texier says very gravely, "Here all the feet of the sofas and chairs have pantaloons on. It is the same also with the pianos. I asked of my hostess why all these articles of furniture wore more clothing than the ladies I saw three times a week at Her Majesty's Theatre or Covent Garden? 'Would you not be shocked, Monsieur,' she replied, 'if you were to perceive the legs of the furniture.'"

Some years ago something similar to this was thought a very good joke against the Americans. That it should be now turned seriously against ourselves, is truly a comic piece of retribution.

But M. Texier's grandest discovery is, perhaps, the light which he throws upon the political character of the English people. The tractability and obedience of the lower classes (whom we are ac-

customed to consider rather alarmingly addicted to such bad habits as individual opinion, aspiring to legislation, and to be not the most manageable of mankind,) meets with the author's great admiration. "The English people," he informs us, "is an infant, to whom you give formulas in the guise of sugar-plums. If they suffer too much, and are tempted to throw off the yoke, you stop them in one word, 'Have you not the right of petition?' and they say to themselves: 'It is true!' Then they return to work, or to the tavern. It is two years and a half ago since the Chartists assembled in the City (!), and wished to make an irruption into the West End. Behold how fifteen constables, placed at the head of Waterloo Bridge, stopped two hundred thousand of these malcontents:—'How many are you?' asked the chief of the constables. — 'We are two hundred thousand.' — 'What do you wish?' — 'We wish to pass.' — 'The Queen forbids it. Go, walk about in the suburb, if you please, but you shall not pass over Waterloo Bridge.' — 'We have not then the right of circulation?' — 'You have; but you are too numerous to-day for your presence not to cause alarm. If you have anything to complain of — Petition.' And after these words the constable raised his *bâton* and struck a few Chartists — in the name of the Queen. Ten minutes after, the assembly was dispersed."

Those who remember the events

of the memorable tenth of April, will appreciate the accuracy of this description, not to mention the admirable knowledge of the locality exhibited by the historian.

M. Texier is a pleasant person to accompany — upon paper — to a ball. "The proper Englishman," he tells us, "dances gravely, his eyes fixed, and his arms stuck to his sides; but if he is excited by sherry or ports, he abandons himself to epileptic contortions; and nothing is more sad than the aspect of this lugubrious gaiety." This he observes at a public ball — "a temple of taciturn folly" — where a group of foreigners made an irruption, "and several, joining in the quadrilles, proceeded to embroider some continental arabesques; unfortunately the commissaires, incapable of comprehending this *lyrisme chorégraphique*, enjoined the dancers to relapse into the monotonous limitation of the British Terpsichore. But the impetus was given, and towards the end of the evening, the islander himself, put in a good humour, abandoned himself to disorderly improvisations. Here, a word between ourselves: I very much fear that the *can-can* will not cross the Channel this year. I have, however, observed some vestiges of this highly fanciful dance at another establishment — the Vauxhall. At Vauxhall they hold masked balls. The entrance costs three shillings, but the real profit of the management is in the sale of false noses. The bills do

not tell the public that they will not be admitted unless masked; and it follows, that when a foreigner, ignorant of the tricks of English trade, presents himself, he is allowed to buy his ticket, after which it is explained to him that it is impossible to enter the establishment with the face uncovered, and he is offered a false nose, at a cost of three shillings. For the rest — when once the false nose is paid for, he is perfectly at liberty to put it in his pocket. If an attendant asks why you are not masked, you draw your nose from the depths of your coat pocket, and are allowed to pass quietly: you are *en règle*. The false nose is the passport to the Vauxhall."

It is impossible, it appears, to obtain admittance into "any theatre," without submitting to "the tyrannical etiquette of the white cravat" and the eternal black coat, upon which M. Texier elsewhere remarks. Without, in fact, appearing in the most authentic evening costume, a man who has the misfortune to fail in these requirements finds himself — in the midst of the most populous portions of London — in a desert; and without even the Parisian consolation of a *café* to enable him to kill his valuable time.

If the English are absurd at home, abroad they are a little worse. M. Texier has heard of "an honourable baronet," who had, contrary to the habits of his class, never quitted his country seat, except for the orthodox three or four months in London

once a year. His mania was ornithology; and he especially prided himself upon stuffing every possible specimen that could be procured. His addiction to this fascinating pursuit was fast depriving him of his social position, when he was reminded by a kind friend, that "property had its duties as well as its rights." Aroused to a sense of his situation, he saw, at the age of thirty, that no time was to be lost. "He ordered an immense travelling carriage, in which was placed a bed, a table, his instruments of dissection, his scientific books, and his dead birds. At the back of his carriage he established his cook and his *cuisine*; and, having ordered his valet to conduct him into the most picturesque countries of Europe, he gave himself up very quietly to his favourite occupation. At the end of a year the baronet, having accomplished his duties as a perfect gentleman, returned home, bringing with him some hundreds of stuffed birds. He had slept, drunk, eaten, and stuffed in his carriage, from which he had not dreamed of alighting; but his honour was safe, he had crossed the Channel, and his vehicle had visited Europe."

Returning again to the English ladies — which M. Texier seems very fond of doing — we are told that the "rosy and smiling Misses" whom one meets at balls, are educated to within an inch of their lives. "They know history and geography like an old professor; they have studied botany, physic,

and chemistry. These ladies, whose blooming shoulders can scarcely be distinguished from the satin of their robes, will speak to you in the language of Cicero, and show you that you have lost your time at College; I have seen one very young lady, of great beauty, who knew Greek. In contemplating this bland apparition, which seemed to issue from a cloud of lace and flowers, there was not one among us who was not tempted to exclaim, with the person in the *Femmes Savantes* —

“*Ah! pour l'amour de Grec, souffrez qu'on vous embrasse.*”

The author allows the English one redeeming point, in matters of taste. If they do not produce articles of art, like the French, at any rate they purchase them. The Duke of Northumberland, for instance, “possesses one of the richest collections of pictures in Europe, and he estimates these great works in proportion to the price which he has paid for them. He does not profess to have the most beautiful paintings, but the most costly ones. However, as the price of works of art, whatever their merit, is limited, the intelligent millionaire, in desperation at not being able to find in the universe a picture worth one or two millions, has taken the heroic course of placing in his saloon — magnificently framed, and in the place of honour in the midst of the works of the masters — a bank-note for a hundred thousand pounds. Oh, Molière!”

Oh, Münchhausen!

The author goes to Epsom on the Derby Day — “the great festival of the year in England.” On his way he sees miniature houses and gardens, and young ladies in white dresses — notwithstanding the severity of the English May — and carrying parasols, “wasted flattery addressed to an apocryphal sun.” At the inn where he stops to refresh, the war-cry of the moment, “No Popery,” is inscribed, according to custom, on the wall. He also reads the following mysterious inscription — “The pope and the French bayonets, for ever John Bull can’t” — which he prudently translates into French, for the benefit of the English public, as meaning “*Le pape et les baïonnettes françaises, John Bull ne les supportera jamais.*” It may be asked here, in passing, if M. Texier really copied the English inscription, by what process he contrived to put it into such very sensible French?

At Epsom he admires things in general — especially the “gentlemen riders,” the six favourites, and the champagne — the consumption of which is imperative upon everybody on that day — when two hundred thousand bottles are regularly carried from London, and as regularly consumed! Under this influence the company becomes gay and even *spirituel* — a circumstance from which M. Texier makes the wise deduction that the *tristesse* of the English is caused by the ordinary liquids which they imbibe — the

monstrous grogs, astounding gins, and extraordinary porters before alluded to. If this view of the case be the correct one, we have only to open our ports to French wines, and abolish those estimable persons Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, Combe, Meux, Truman, &c., together with all the "Co.'s entire," in order to become as *spirituel*, as *vivant*, as *aimable*, and, perhaps, as politically prosperous as our neighbours!

The author here tells an anecdote which gives us great insight into the sporting world. A young gentleman whom he had met in one of the great libraries of St. James's Street ("*chez Sam*") a few minutes before the race, said that he wished to stake a few guineas in favour of "Teddington," but that he could not find "*a tenant*." At this moment "One of the great kings of the sport, Lord Spencer, happened to pass, to whom he communicated his embarrassment, and who replied: 'I have your man — wait a few minutes.' Five minutes had scarcely passed, when there presented himself, on the part of Lord Spencer, an ill-dressed man, whose rude manner and coarse language proclaimed the English workman. He was a mason. The gentleman proposed a bet of forty pounds, but the mason replied with disdain, that it was not worth his while to trouble himself with so little; he made no bets under five hundred pounds; and he accordingly walked off." M. Texier learned afterwards that the mason was the re-

presentation of the masons in general, who had subscribed each a few shillings towards a sum amounting to three thousand pounds sterling, for the purpose of speculation. M. Texier learned also — what is not generally known — that this practice prevails among every other corporation of workmen, who have each their representative on the turf.

The author gives a glowing account of the return from the Derby; and here he may perhaps be pardoned for one mistake which he makes. He says that it is a common diversion on these occasions, especially among the aristocracy, to throw bags of flour at one another — a proceeding which he quietly describes as "very gay." The fact is, he happened to be in the neighbourhood of the officers of a certain "crack regiment," and might well suppose that so brilliant a joke could not be of their invention.

But to note all M. Texier's eccentricities would be an endless task. How his moustache is voted "shocking" by a sagacious public; how a bible is forced upon him at a table d'hôte; how he sees the company go to a Drawing Room (where the English ladies had crowded all their feathers and diamonds upon their persons, in order to dazzle the foreigners); how he cannot succeed in getting a cutlet at a tavern, or a place at the theatre, or any comfort (upon which the English pride themselves so much) in the houses; — are all circumstances told with an

appropriate amount of pathos. But M. Texier saw certainly more than we have seen in the play-bills; for he tells us (in illustration of the rigid distinction between classes in this country) that these announcements invariably commence with the words — “The nobility, gentry, and common people, are respectfully informed.”

Taking M. Texier all in all, we must congratulate him on having contrived to concentrate, within the space of a small volume, all the worst features of the worst prejudices which have for many ages tended to separate — far more effectually than fifty Channels — the two most civilized nations of the world. The progress of science has united them materially: mentally, gentlemen like M. Texier still continue to keep them apart.

Is it not, let us gravely ask in conclusion, an extraordinary fact that a writer associated with a respectable journal published in Paris, can produce such absurdities as these, and show such profound ignorance as this, undetected, among a great intelligent and polite people like the French; while if one hundredth part of this nonsense were written by an Englishman concerning the manners and customs of France, he would be exposed by his own countrymen through the length and breadth of his own country, within a month of his making such a fool of himself.

A PENNY A WEEK.

OUR Penny Society has been in existence for a number of years: if I am not mistaken, it is fast entering its “teens.” During the first stage of its existence it appeared to be but a sickly bantling, with no promise of the vigour of its after life. Some of its best friends shook their heads in grave doubt, and its own particular god-fathers professed to have small faith in its ever arriving at years of discretion. However, if all goes on as it does this present New Year of grace, I trust to its reaching a green old age, though I may not live to witness it.

We do not pretend to address ourselves to the mechanic so much as to his wife and children. To them we say “You are too poor to subscribe to a Savings’ Bank; you have no need of a Benefit Club: pay to our society one penny, or twice that amount if you can, every week, and when Christmas comes round with its short dark days, its cold frosty nights, its pelting storms, and its sharp biting winds, you will receive from us an order entitling you to receive from a respectable dealer, at wholesale prices, such articles of clothing as you may most need, equal in value to the amount of your deposits.” This is what we have said, and that the poor families are alive to the full advantages of such a system of weekly economy is best proved by the fact of our list containing the names of eighteen hundred mem-

bers, with applicants far beyond that number.

The weekly subscription to our society may be from one penny to threepence; by far the greater number being for the higher sum, only fifty-seven last year being for one penny, and one hundred and three for twopence. Small as these sums are, we are compelled to make it imperative that no arrears over two months be permitted, or it would soon be out of the power of very many to make up their deficiency before the close of the year, a stipulation upon which depends the obtaining of the yearly ticket. Defaulters have their money returned to them, and of those, there are sometimes so many as ten per cent. The amount of money lodged in my hands as treasurer during the year, in these small sums, is now about nine hundred pounds, in twenty-six thousand five hundred deposits.

When I first assumed the duties of treasurer, not very long since, I confess to having some few misgivings as to the smoothness of the water through which my office would lead me. I pictured to myself all sorts of irreconcilable errors in the totals of the weekly coppers; no end of difficulties with the five hundred and odd old women and children, (one of our last year's subscribers was a baby in arms!) and at the end of the year a frightful phalanx of discontented defaulters, and still more troublesome ticket-holders. But, somehow or other, all these

terrors have proved as baseless as the Cock Lane Ghost. The alarmists who, in 1851, prophesied ruinous results at the Great Exhibition from the admission of the shilling visitors, were not more at fault than was I in my estimation of the trouble arising from my Penny Depositors.

Our office arrangements are on the most economical scale: the establishment could scarcely cost less, for it stands us in precisely nothing per annum. My treasury is one end of the National School Room of St. John's Over-the-Water; somewhat larger than I require, but I place a range of desks so as to form a sort of counter, behind which I sit enthroned on the schoolmaster's high stool, with that functionary at my side to act as teller, cashier, bookkeeper, and clerk. In this way we manage to knock up a marvellously snug little sort of Bank Parlour behind those inky pieces of furniture, and with the aid of a pair of sixpenny moulds, we look quite splendid and imposing when you are close to us, provided the fog does not rush in too thickly on winter evenings, and extinguish us.

If our official staff is condensed and frugal, not less concise is our system of accounts. I am quite aware that I shall be laughed at by Mr. Coleman, the king of London accountants, and that your veteran bookkeepers of Lombard Street will despise and pity me, when I make the admission — which I am bound to do — that I

keep but one rather small, humble looking book, which I make answer the purposes of day-book, cash-book, register, and ledger, and that there is but one entry needed for each payment. What is more than all this, I have never yet been so much as one shilling in error at the end of the year, and have never had a difference with any one of our eighteen hundred women and children, which latter fact says as much in their favour as my own.

It will be but right that I proceed to show, as well as I can, in what way our Penny Society has thriven so long and so completely; how we avoid the shoals and rocks, and how we manage to navigate in tolerably smooth water. The main secret of our success has been in having a few good simple rules and closely adhering to them.

I have said that we admit subscribers of one penny, twopence, or threepence a week; for then at the commencement of each of our years, we issue penny or twopenny cards as the case may be, and a member having once elected to what amount he will subscribe is bound to adhere to it. Hence we save any confusion or risk of error, which might arise if they were allowed to pay in unfixed sums. At the end, therefore, of the year, it is quite clear, without any abstruse calculation, that the holder of a penny card will be entitled to the sum of four shillings and fourpence, and so on. These cards are ruled in squares

for the fifty-two weeks; each card bears a number and name corresponding to their duplicates in my model ledger and cash-book.

This book is ruled quite across the wide pages, in fifty-two columns, representing the weeks; the continued addition of the payments entered against all the eighteen hundred names on any one of the Mondays gives the amount of cash received, and to be paid into our banker's, whilst the receipts against any one name across the page represent the amount at the credit of the member.

Our Monday evenings are pleasant interesting times. I would earnestly recommend any gentlemen who know not how to amuse themselves or how to busy their minds and bodies for the benefit of their poorer fellow-citizens, to pay a visit to the National School Rooms of St. John's Over-the-Water upon any Monday evening that may suit them, and they will witness what I think must instruct and interest them.

As the clock strikes the hour of five, I take my station in our little "Bank Parlour," upon the tall stool, wipe my spectacles — I have worn them for some years — and dip my pen in the ink ready for instant service. My deputy follows my example in every particular; and, although he doesn't wear spectacles, I often catch him wiping an imaginary pair with all the industry in the world. Well, before the parish clock has finished echoing the sound of our little

Dutchman against the wall, a little weazen-faced, sharp-eyed, brisk sort of woman almost rushes in, as though afraid of being too late. She is always first in this number two hundred and forty, and has been for the last five years; never coming in as other people do, but making a sort of rush at us as though she hoped to find us off our guard, which she never has done. She used to make me rather nervous at first, and one year I altered her number to nine hundred and ninety-nine, which I fancied might quiet her down a little; but it did not — I think it made her rather worse; and I put her back again to her old number. Since then I've grown quite easy about her. She has a threepenny card, and has two penny tickets for her children. These she flings down on our counter; my deputy calls the number, though he need not, for I always keep my book open at two hundred and forty: he calls out threepence, and as I score that amount against her name in my ledger, he does the same in one of the squares on her card, flings her money into our humble cash-box, and returns her the card, and she makes way for the next depositor. This operation is repeated for generally about five hundred entries each Monday evening, all of which we usually contrive to get through by seven o'clock.

Nearly all the names on my list are those of women and children, and I generally find that the sums thus paid in are the little savings

of the wife out of their humble house-keeping account, with frequently allowances from the father to one or two of his children. By this means, whether the amounts be rescued from the beer-shop, or from more legitimate outlay, the totals at the end of the year prove most acceptable to the poor women and their children; and there is very little doubt but that most of them, without this timely precaution, would fail to secure many little comforts which are very desirable in the winter months.

At the conclusion of our year — that is, one week previous to Christmas — our book is closed, the cards are called in, and orders are then issued to their respective holders, for goods to the amounts they appear entitled to, which are procurable from tradesmen at prices below what they could be purchased for elsewhere.

This day is a busy one for us, and we generally receive the aid of our respected curate and his sister in the distribution of our tickets, and the donation of a small loaf of bread to each member. On more than one occasion, I have had the curiosity to visit the shops on this day at which the goods are purchased, to satisfy myself as to the nature of the articles taken. The result of my inquiries has been most satisfactory, for in no case have I ever found that anything but the most absolute necessities are sought for. Not an article of finery, not one superfluity has been inquired

for by those humble economists, who are only too glad to obtain warm and comfortable apparel or bed furniture.

Some families contain as many as half a score of subscribers, and those will not unfrequently be entitled to several pounds at the end of the year. One very cheering circumstance in the history of this establishment, is the fact that most of our members have continued with us for years; the numbers of those who leave are very few. And again, I find that the longer our members are with us, the more they desire to place their children on the list; very many who began as penny members, have long since become subscribers of threepence each, and would doubtless go still higher did our rules admit of it.

On the whole, then, I think I have fair grounds for being perfectly satisfied with the working of this our Penny Society. My hope and desire is now to hear of scores of similar institutions springing up wherever there are neighbourhoods of poor, hard-working people — in other words, everywhere. I believe there are some few others scattered about the metropolis, though not conducted on precisely similar principles. Let Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, and Sheffield, each have one or two of these societies. No large effort is needed, no heavy subscription list is required to set them going. One right-minded man, having the confidence of the poor in his vicinity, may,

single-handed, if he wills it, do all that is necessary in the good cause. Happy shall I be, indeed, if these few passages prove all-powerful in distant places, to rouse some of my fellows to action, and call forth much of that usefulness and neighbourly aid, which all have it in their power to render to those less favoured than themselves.

THE TWO STATUES.

IN an old city's market-place of yore,
Fronting the mansion of a feudal lord,
Stood Justice blindfold, and aloft she bore
The well-poised balance, and uplifted sword,
In all men's sight; yet vain her warning gesture,
There, wrong and violence held rule severe;
And, 'mid the foldings of her ample vesture,
Birds built, and reared their broods from year to year.

The mansion grim one inmate passing sweet,
One Blanche, an orphan handmaid did retain,
Content the bread of servitude to eat,
In daily tendance on the chatelaine.
Back came the lady's son from warfare knightly,
From struggles of the Ghibeline and Guelph —
Trained in all courtly lore, and tutored rightly
To guide and govern all men — save himself.

Oft does he urge his plea, and speak her fair,
Blanche meets his ardour with her quiet scorn;
And this rejection calmly can he bear —
He, son of nobles, from her peasant-born?

Time passes, and she shows no signs of
yielding,
When a brave chain of pearls she held
in trust
Is missed. 'T is spring-tide, and the
birds are building
In the old statue's sword-hilt, red with
rust.

There, in the city's ancient market-place
Where Justice stands, they raise the
scaffold high,
And to the last the crowd expect that grace
Must interfere to save her, doomed to
die;
Can she be guilty? Whispered doubts
betoken
The hearers question the unlikely tale,
And shudder at the doom their lord hath
spoken;
He, with clenched teeth, and lips so
ghastly pale.

'T is noontide — yet a darkness mirk as
night
Falls on the city — hushed, expectant,
still,
Save the crowd murmuring curses on the
right
That gives the serf's life to the noble's
will.
Forth treads she, pinioned, clad in
white, her tresses
Soft rippling downward o'er her
shoulders fair;
If guilty, it is strange that guilt pos-
sesses
Such gentle mien, such calm, un-
daunted air.

Lo! from the bosom of a lurid cloud
Bursts forth the storm, with fury un-
repressed;
Strikes down the balance 'mid the pallid
crowd,
And scatters wide the fragments of a
nest.
There shine the pearls! — Go! loose the
rescued maiden;
Go, bear her vindicated, joyful hence!
True fell that bolt with heav'n's own
vengeance laden,
Remorse to guilt — release to innocence.

Harmless the lightnings flash, the thun-
der peals:
Still, with clasped hands, she kneeleth
as in prayer;

And to the crowd her attitude reveals,
Calm as it is, that life is wanting there!
They in her honour, therefore, gave di-
rections
And raised a statue rare (so tongues
relate),
To keep for ages in men's recollections
Those old iniquities — that victim's
fate.

WOOD, AND HOW TO CUT IT.

SEVEN thousand two hundred
Congreve splints for four-pence
three-farthings. This shows how
we cut wood in the nineteenth
century. Three hundred and
eighty splints for a farthing, each
such a nicely-squared rod, such a
true parallelopiped (as mathema-
ticians would call it), that nothing
less than the most finished and
elaborate machinery could shape
it. In one of our earlier pages, a
Congreve match is traced onward
from that period in its history
when it begins to undergo the
brimstone ordeal in Bethnal
Green. Be it for us in this place,
however, to say something more
of its wooden history, as one
among the many kinds of wood-
cutting which largely employs
machinery in the metropolis. The
City Saw Mills is a laboratory
where an immense amount of this
kind of cutting proceeds.

All the world knows that our
own homegrown timber furnishes
but a small portion of that which
is required for building and other
purposes. Ship-building is better
served by home-growths than

house-building; for our British oak has good qualities beyond those which are metaphorically proclaimed by songwriters and dramatists; and there is still a brave quantity of it too, notwithstanding that the sylvan days of England are nearly over. But the deal and pine for our houses and common furniture, and the mahogany or other fancy wood for the better furniture, are almost wholly from abroad. Pine for our dwellings, oak for our ships, mahogany and rosewood and maple for our ornamental furniture, beech for our chairs and bedsteads, elm for our wheels and our keels, larch for our sleepers and palings, willow for our sieves, holly for our Tunbridge ware, lance-wood for our gig shafts, cedar for our pencils, *lignum vitæ* for our playing-bowls and our chessmen, sycamore and lime-tree for our carvings, pear-tree for our broad-side printing, box-wood for our wood-engraving, walnut for our gunstocks, and (last scene of all), elm for our coffins — all come to London, from the various corners of the world, and afford employment to some hundreds, or perhaps thousands of men before our London wood-cutters have anything to do with them. A rough guess was made a few years ago, that we “use up” a million average sized pine-trees every year, in building the new houses in England and Wales; that it would clear a forest one quarter as large as the entire metropolis, to furnish this supply for one year

only; and that a hundred and fifty thousand more trees are consumed for the furniture of these new houses. There is indeed good evidence that we build in the metropolis alone, every year, houses enough to extend, in a straight row, from London to Windsor; nothing more is required to indicate how large must be the quantity of building timber needed.

Some of the foreign woods, such as pine, elm, ash, oak, and a few other kinds, reach our Docks in the technical forms of “timber,” that is, in roughly squared logs; whereas the pinewood which is cut, in Canada and on the shores of the Baltic, into planks of various thicknesses, obtains technically the name of “deals.” Deal is not so much a particular kind of wood, as a particular form into which pine-wood is cut before it reaches this country. A deal table is, in strictness, not a deal table (the materials for a conundrum are here given gratis), but a pine table. If deals have a narrowness of disposition about them they become “battens;” if in thickness they are inferior to their brother deals, they are “planks;” and if too thin to deserve even the name of planks, they descend to the humble position of “boards.”

It is supposed that there are not much fewer than five thousand ships employed to bring us our annual supply of these logs, timbers, deals, battens, planks, and boards, from foreign parts;

and that fifty thousand seamen are employed in navigating these ships. To cut our wood, therefore, is no trifle: a maritime trade of great importance has to be organised before we can get the wood to cut. Something like eight or nine hundred wood-laden ships enter the Thames every year. These ships creep out of the way into canals; the Commercial, or the East Country, or the Grand Surrey, or the West India Docks, or into the small basin at the mouth of the Regent's Canal; they are not allowed to block up the Thames. The Commercial Dock is the giant home of the timber trade in London; nearly half the ships go thither. In foreign timber-ships, the wood is landed from the ships by their own crews; but in British ships men called "lumpers" and "deal porters" are employed to transfer the wood from the ships to barges or lighters, and another transfer takes place from these to the quay or wharf in the Docks. Sometimes hewn logs are thrust through holes in the ship into the water, and thence landed in rafts. It is giddy work to build up the piles of deals and planks on shore, each being carried up singly by a man who runs along a frail narrow inclined board as his only support; but it is only one among many kinds of giddy and dangerous labour which porters and labourers have to undertake for a small pit-tance.

Thus we get the wood. And now — how to cut it? Our old

acquaintances the sawyers have been somewhat interfered with by the steam-engine; but they still constitute a numerous and somewhat peculiar class of men. The "top-sawyer" is not solely an English phenomenon; he is to be found in Egypt at the present day, with his turbaned head and his bare legs; and, if we mistake not, Wilkinson shows that there were top-sawyers in the days of the Pharaohs. As respects our metropolis, there are timber sawyers, shipwright sawyers, hard-wood sawyers, and cooper sawyers. The first of these cut the timbers for builders and carpenters; while the other three groups are sufficiently designated by their names. The timber sawyers alone are those whom we need care about in this place. Some of them work in "scaffold" pits, some in "sunk" pits, according as the bottom-sawyer is at the level or below the level of the ground. And seesaw work it assuredly is; the topman's work is principally to draw up the ponderous saw; the pitman's to draw it down — but both aid in both processes. The topman is the captain of the saw, guiding its cut along the chalk-mark; but he and his "pitman" share between them the pay, which is about threepence or so per cut along a twelve foot deal. The saws are five, six, or even seven feet in length, the largest weighing very little less than sixty pounds. Now, at ten strokes in a minute, and in a day of ten hours' work, this labour has been calculated to equal

the raising of half a hundred-weight to a height of eight miles — a formidable result, which, for the sake of the poor fellows themselves, we should hope is slightly exaggerated.

About the year 1815 steam saw-mills were first established in the metropolis. But even before this — before the close of the last century — horse-mills were used; six or eight or ten saws were fixed vertically in a frame, and these were drawn up and down by horse power, cutting a log into as many planks as there were saws in the frame. But coals for a steam-engine are less costly than oats for a horse; and thus steam-power superseded horse-power. The steam-engine beats the sawyer hollow, whether horse or man. It ordinarily makes a hundred and fifty strokes per minute. The machine-saws are not so long as those used by the hand sawyers. The log travels on to meet the saw, and does not require the saw to travel to it. "Biddy, Biddy," is asked to come and be killed, and it comes.

The circular saws for cutting veneers are far more remarkable. For cutting deals, and planks, and boards, saws varying in diameter from eighteen to thirty-six inches in diameter suffice; but for cutting veneers, perhaps sixteen to the inch out of a log two feet wide, the saws rise to the great diameter of eighteen feet. It is really a most delicate process, as conducted at Messrs. Esdaile's saw-mills in the City

Road, to see this eighteen foot monster slicing away at a huge log of mahogany. The saw is not made wholly of steel, like most other saws; it is built up mainly of wood, in circular form, with segments of the best and toughest steel fixed to the periphery, and notched with teeth in the customary form for a saw. The accuracy must be wonderful to bring all these pieces rigorously into one plane eighteen feet in diameter; the least distortion would shiver either the log or the saw or both to fragments.

Formerly veneers were cut by a process of development, properly so called, for it was by a kind of unwrapping; and maple veneers are still so cut in America. It is a beautiful process. The log is brought to a cylindrical form in a lathe; and a fine saw lying along the surface of the cylinder in a greatly inclined position, and working rapidly to and fro while the log rotates, cuts off a continuous shaving or veneer, never ending until it arrives near the centre of the log. Almost the whole log is thus cut into one unbroken sheet of veneer. To illustrate the power of this process, a veneer of ivory was shown in the American department of the Great Exhibition, shortly before its close; it was forty feet long by about one foot in width, and had been developed from one elephant tusk. There is one disadvantage, however, in this mode of cutting veneers; wood is generally less beautiful in the grain

near the centre than near the circumference of the tree; and this gives rise to a decided difference of quality in the ends of a piece of veneer cut by the circular method, a difference which cabinet-makers and pianoforte-makers are not disposed to put up with.

If we cut our wood for unadorned furniture or for carpentry purposes, instead of for veneered elegancies, the smaller circular saws are employed, and these move with prodigious velocity. Eighteen hundred revolutions in a minute is not an unusual speed for these saws; and it requires no very recondite arithmetic to show, that if a saw eighteen inches in diameter rotates at this rate, every point in its circumference travels more than a mile and a half in a minute — a speed that gives the go-by to any of our double-first, long-bodied, many-tubed, eight-wheeled locomotives. We could get to the Diggings in a fortnight at this rate, were it not for the provoking circumstance that the saw-teeth “return to the place from whence they came,” and end each day’s journey within half a yard of the point of its commencement.

But it is not only in respect to sawing that the steam-engine now assists us in our wood-cutting operations; it planes our timber, and makes mouldings and mortices and grooves, and rebates and tenons, and other cuts and quirks, necessary for fitting up structures in timber. The planing machines are not of such long

standing as the saw-mills: they are only of boys’ age yet. The cutting-tools with which the wood is planed do not move along its surface; but the wood travels up to the tools. It is generally for flooring-boards that timbers are thus placed; and — on the well-known principle of making the best show we can in the world at the least possible expense — one side is better planed than the other, of course to occupy the uppermost place. In making mouldings on the surface of a board or other piece of timber — whether the moulding be called an “ogee” or an “ovalo,” a “bead” or a “fillet,” a “hollow” or a “bevel” — the process differs from planing rather in the forms of the cutting-tools, than in anything else. Some of these tools are fixed, and oppose a steady but sharp front to the wood as it approaches; but others rotate on their axes with enormous rapidity, and cut away the wood in a shower of little fragments. Some of the machines are so constructed as to cut into the wood to a depth of twelve or even eighteen inches, sufficient to form gutters and troughs, and such like. A whole plank may be thus “moulded” in a time very little exceeding one minute.

How we cut our wood was well illustrated in the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park. There were no less than six hundred thousand *cubic* feet of timber in that wonderful structure; and if the sawyers and carpenters and joiners had been allowed to fashion this wood

according to their old-school manner, the First of May would have found the building scarcely above the ground. The flooring of the main area and galleries was to be measured by acres rather than by square feet; to talk of a million square feet of flooring somewhat bewilders one; but if we remember that this equals twenty-three acres, the bewilderment of confusion gives way to the bewilderment of vastness. All these acres of boards were of course prepared by steam power. A very ingenious machine was employed for adzing and planing the wood at the same time; the plank (about an inch and a half thick) was moved slowly along a kind of table, and was tortured by two corps of enemies at once — the one above, and the other below; the upper cutters were adzes, which roughly levelled one side; while the lower cutters were plane-irons, which properly smoothed the other side. How the sash-bars and Paxton gutters were cut, we described in our *Private History of the Palace of Glass* (Vol. V. page 334).

But what of the lucifers? Germany is a formidable competitor with us in this curious manufacture. There are shops in the metropolis at which foreign toys and carvings and trinkets are sold in great variety; and it is impossible to look at the light-matches in these shops without acknowledging that our German neighbours turn out their work in a neat-handed way. Our English

lucifers or Congreves are square-shafted; those of Germany are cylindrical; being nice little wooden rods. We have invested one halfpenny in the purchase of a box of these productions for the sake of analysis, and we find that it contains ninety-three matches, all nicely rounded and fully tipped with the ignifying composition. The box which contains them is a regularly turned cylindrical box, all for one halfpenny, after paying the expenses of transit from the centre of Germany to London! In Saxony undipped matches, two inches in length, can be bought for five thalers permillion — about fourteen hundred for a farthing — while the very cheapest empty boxes for these matches are sold for twopence per hundred. At Schüttenhofen in Bohemia, tipped matches, boxes and all, containing eighty matches in each box, are sold at one penny for a dozen boxes. At Neudorf in Bohemia, the match splints are sold at one-third of a kreutzer per bundle of one thousand, or at the rate of two thousand two hundred and fifty for an English farthing. Another maker, Fürth of Neudeck, sells bundles of untipped splints, with twenty-five thousand in a bundle, for five kreutzers, equal to three thousand eight hundred and fifty for a farthing. We take these particulars from the Official Priced Catalogue of the German department of the late Exhibition. The astounding cheapness might lead us to suspect either typographical error or trading exagge-

ration, or both; but there are many corroborative circumstances which lead us to rely on the fidelity of these entries, and our only resource is to marvel at the cheapness of the wood, and of the labour by which such results could alone be produced.

This match-splintmaking is not a peddling, low-caste, garret-shop kind of employment. At the City Saw Mills piles of yellow pine are built up, each as high, and as broad, and as deep as an ordinary six-roomed house, all intended exclusively for lucifer match splints. We believe that a lucifer differs from a Congreve in the nature of the chemical composition with which it is tipped, but lucifer is such a dashing light-giving name, that we shall take the liberty to use it for all our splints. Lucifers, then, use up all the stacks or heaps of pine wood to which we have just adverted; and so far from true is it that this wood (as many would surmise) consists of scraps and odds and ends, that the very reverse of this is the case. The wood is the very best and dearest which the pine forests can supply; and not only the best, but the best of this best, for only the choicest deals out of the choicest cargoes are selected. This fastidiousness does not arise from any necessity in respect to the quality of the lucifers themselves, but because the machinery will not work well unless the material worked upon be sound, clear-grained, and free from knots. The manufacturers would

lose more in waste of wood, waste of time, and injury to machinery by the use of cheap timber, than they would gain by cheapness of price: therefore is the lucifer timber the best of the good.

The deals employed are about three inches in thickness; but the length, breadth, and thickness might all vary considerable without affecting the correctness of the manufacture. Two men, aided by a small circular saw rotating with great velocity, cut the planks into pieces varying from three to four inches long, each piece to be long enough for a splint for two matches, and the matches to be a little under or a little over two inches long, according to the kind. The pieces or blocks are carried into a room where a machine of most singular and admirable construction is at work: a machine which must have cost much thought and labour to bring it to perfection. It is the cutting machine whereby the blocks are reduced to splints. Let us endeavour to describe it: There are about fifty lancet-pointed knives arranged horizontally, one above another and all strictly parallel; their distance apart is equal to the thickness of an ordinary lucifer match, which we may take probably at about one-fifteenth part of an inch; the points, and the edges near the points are exceedingly sharp. These knives are fixed in a frame, from the vertical face of which they project to a distance little more than equal to the thickness of a lucifer match.

Projecting also from this frame is one long keen blade, placed diagonally from top to bottom, and standing out from the surface of the frame to a distance also equal to the thickness of the splint to be made; this long blade acts and cuts in the manner of the plane-iron used by a carpenter, or the spoke-shave used by a cooper. The frame is connected with a steam-engine, which gives it a hundred and twenty horizontal reciprocating movements in a minute: carrying with it, of course, the long blade and the fifty lancet-knives. Now for the cutting. A workman arranges five blocks close together in a row, exactly opposite to the knives, and with the grain of the wood horizontal; these blocks are placed upon a stage, which he can advance to and from the knives, by means of a handle under his command. He advances the blocks within reach of the knife-points; a forward movement of the frame enables the knives to take off a slice from all the blocks; he quickly draws back the blocks, to free them from the backward action of the frame; he as quickly advances them again, to encounter the second forward movement of the knives; a second slice is taken off; a second recession occurs; a third advance; a third slicing — and so forth, until all the blocks have been cut away in splints.

Now what extent of wood-cutting occurs in one minute of these operations? In the first place, the fifty knives make fifty horizontal

incisions in each block; and in the next place, the diagonal blade, which follows immediately after the lancet knives, cuts off a slice of the little splints which have been thus loosened — and this in the one hundred and twentieth part of a minute, or half a second. There are, we will say, fifty splints in the thickness of each block; and, as there are five blocks, this will give two hundred and fifty splints at each slice; and as there are a hundred and twenty slicings in a minute, this gives thirty thousand splints in a minute. Moreover, as each splint is long enough for two lucifers, the number is thus multiplied to sixty thousand in a minute, or three millions six hundred thousand in an hour. There are three such machines in the establishment; and if we suppose (which we may, in illustration of the actual power available) that all three machines work ten hours a day for three hundred days in a year, they would produce from nine to twelve thousand million lucifers in a year.

The splints fall, as they are cut, into a trough or chest, which speedily becomes filled; and from this trough they are shovelled down through a hole in the floor into a drying room beneath, where the dampness evaporates from them to the extent of something like a tun of water in a day. They are then packed into bundles, and sold to the lucifer match-makers. Four hundred three-inch planks are generally cut up into splints

in a week; and there is one match-maker who purchases to the value of four thousand pounds a year — notwithstanding that the splints are sold so marvellously cheap.

Thus, then, have we seen a few among the many curious things done by wood-cutters: cutters, too, limited almost wholly to those who work in pine wood. Of the many branches of manufacture in which men cut up other wood than pine, we speak not here.

A DIGGER'S DIARY.

IN OCCASIONAL CHAPTERS.

Monday, May 24th. — Started for the East India Docks. In the course of half an hour I found myself standing beneath the lofty black bowsprit of a great dirty ship, having a projecting wooden figure overhead of the upper half of a man in a blue naval coat and black cocked hat, underneath which, on each side, was written, on a scroll like a coil of cable, RODNEYRIG. In order to be quite sure, I walked to the tail of the vessel; and there, also, in gold letters on a black ground, I read The Rodneyrig.

She was a large, and what would be called, I suppose, a finely-shaped ship, but looking very dirty. Her sides were being scraped, and patched, and painted, and pitched. She lay close along the sides of the quay. Opposite to her was a long

wooden warehouse, with bales, packages, deal cases of all sizes, barrels, stone bottles, casks, and goods of various kinds distributed all over the flooring to the height of five or six feet, right down to the end of its great depth. Looking in more closely, I read on different cases and bales the words — Kangaroo, John Thomas, Sangaree; and close in front, yet more numerous, The Rodneyrig, with “wanted during the voyage” on some, and “not wanted during the voyage” on the majority. I began to be dreadfully afraid they would not find room in the ship for my goods and articles of speculation, if all these were already before me.

I struggled up the ladders of the ship through a crowd of the same kind as before, and along the deck until — after being hustled and jammed a few minutes in the door-way — I found myself in the cuddy, beneath the raised section of the hindmost part of the deck, called the “Poop.” It was a small, narrow, low-roofed place, with a table extending the whole length, having ridges of an inch and half high at its edges, and the same, like a little tram-road, down the middle. Three little round tables, a barometer, a compass-box, a lamp, and a brass bird-cage swung from the low ceiling. This, with a lattice-work of blue and pink calico and brass wire in the upper part of the doors of each of the cabins on both sides, gave the place very

much the appearance of the inside of a caravan at a fair, where clock-work figures move along tables and curiosities hang around; to which impression the crowd without and within and the buzz of voices greatly contributed. I passed round with the rest of the visitors. Every private cabin had the word "engaged" on a printed card nailed over the door. I struggled out of the cuddy, and forced my way down broad steps, like the ladder of a show, into the lower deck of the "intermediate" passengers. It was very dusky and full of people, all squeezing backwards and forwards along the narrow way between rows of little red benches and the open doors of the cabins. Over nearly every one of them was nailed a card with the old word "engaged" in red letters, and underneath were written the names of those fortunate individuals who were to occupy them. The little narrow red benches were set cross-wise along the full length of the ship, and very much closer than the tables in the smallest suburban tea-garden. By the side of each of them was fixed a sitting bench, or form, covered with red baize, of the width of a single plank of eight inches, as the table was the width of two such planks; and all their legs were nailed to the floor. Over the top of each table was a shelf of the same length, with ridges round the edge, the same as with the tables, to prevent things from sliding off. Between the forms, and the entrance or front of the rows of cabins, there was on each side a passage way, or lane for everybody from one end of the ship's length to the other, the width of which thoroughfare was just two feet, and no more, and no more, for I measured it. The cabin fronts and partitions were made of thin deal boards, hastily knocked up, and not reaching the ceiling above by several inches — not by nine or ten inches in some places — which I was informed was for the sake of ventilation and thorough draught above. The cabins were nearly all of the same depth — eight feet, five inches — but their width varied from two feet ten to five feet, some of them thus presenting rather an oblong appearance, while others were a sort of narrow strip of enclosure, and looked like unfinished packing-cases. As usual, the alarming word "engaged" appeared in red letters on a printed card nailed over each door. One cabin I went into was headed with no less than six names of men. It was five feet ten inches wide, by eight feet and a half deep — in fact, just wide enough to admit of two berths being built up on each side of the partition facing each other, and two more cross-ways at the end, with a passage of about eighteen inches between, for the "convenience" of entrance and exit. It had no scuttle, or other aperture, besides the door, for light and air, and was as murky and uninviting

as a closet with six deal coffin-shells in an undertaker's shop. Yet all "engaged."

Returning hastily, or as hastily as I could down the other side of the ship, and not finding the name of Waits anywhere, I was beginning to feel rather confused, undetermined, and dissatisfied, when arriving just abreast of the mainmast, where it goes down through the body of the vessel, I came upon a cabin over which was a card with one name only upon it — Mr. John Arrowsmith. The door was closed, and there was a padlock upon it. I looked through the wooden blinds, and saw luggage, wrappers, waterproof clothing, fisherman's long boots, bedding, rolls of canvass, carpenters' tools, coils of rope, and balls of twine, a sea-chest, a little chest of drawers, with other cabin furniture, all heaped together as if they had been shot out of the tail of a cart, and left as they fell. Deuced glad, however, to find he was there, and took it for granted Waits was somewhere in the ship.

May 25th. — Messrs. Saltash and Pincher, of Gracechurch Street, the ship-brokers who had hired the Rodneyrig for the voyage to Australia, were persons of considerable repute in fitting out vessels for emigrants, and other adventurous persons of respectability. Arrived at the office in Gracechurch Street. Man taking down shutters. Called again in ten minutes; and waited in passage while dusty tea-leaves were

swept out of office, and then went in and sat on a stool till clerk after clerk arrived; each one knowing less and less of the business I came upon, but laughing and chattering about all sorts of other things in rather an insolent way. At ten o'clock Mr. Saltash arrived. Said to Saltash that I wished to go in the Rodneyrig, as I had two friends who had already engaged passages in her. At this, another gentleman with very small dark eyes, placed so close together as to look like a lobster's, turned a long snuffy nose towards me, and said, "If you are so desirous to be with your friends, and do not mind paying a trifle extra, we may perhaps manage to slide you in somewhere." This was Mr. Pincher, whom I had not observed before, as I had never seen him enter, and his desk was up in a corner. I consented to this, and, taking him at his word, exclaimed with promptitude, "By all means, Sir."

"Very well," said Mr. Pincher; "our fare for the chief cabins is fifty pounds, and twenty pounds for the intermediate — free of wines, spirits, &c."

"I was informed," said I, "that the intermediate fare was seventeen pounds, and I saw it myself upon some printed boards of the Rodneyrig."

"Likely," said he, "likely enough — that was an old board. There has been such a run upon us this last week that we have been actually compelled, in self-defence, to raise the fares to

prevent being suffocated in the office, and the ship half sunk by the crowds going on board — compelled to do it.”

“I agree, then, to give twenty pounds for my passage,” said I, “and to be free of wines and spirits. I wish particularly to be placed in the same cabin with one of my friends.”

“Scarcely possible, with so late an application,” said Mr. Pincher; “you can’t expect it. What are their names?”

“Mr. John Arrowsmith and Mr. Isaac Waits.”

“Mr. John Arrowsmith,” said Mr. Pincher, turning to the plan of the ship; “I recollect him very well; yes, here he is, in the intermediate deck, just abreast of the mainmast. He was one of the very first who took a cabin in the ship, and he expressly stipulated that he should have it all to himself — paying extra for it, of course.”

“Mr. Isaac Waits, then,” said I.

“Isaac Waits — Isaac Waits — Isaac — oh, here he is — in a cabin with three others. I can’t turn any one of them out, you know — eh? Still,” said Mr. Pincher, looking again at the plan, “if you *very* much wish to be placed with this gentleman, and have no objection to pay a trifle additional, for the trouble, I’ll see if I can give you both another cabin, a smaller one, where there would be no one else.”

“The very thing!” said I, “to be sure! I suppose it will not be much extra, and Mr. Waits will, no doubt, be as glad of this as

myself. I’ll see him to-day on the subject.”

“Do so,” said Mr. Pincher, “good morning.”

“Good morning, Sir.” I made my bow, and away I went; no time for shilly-shallying — congratulated myself on my decisive promptitude.

May 26th. — Punctually at Saltash and Pincher’s by twelve o’clock. Office crowded with applicants, and others paying money hastily. Never saw money so easily parted with — like nothing — people scarcely counting it — hardly looking at it — minds far absent. Not so with those receiving it. Serious looks, rigid counting, careful fingers of Mr. Saltash. Nobody able to speak to me, and none of the clerks would even so much as look at me. At length I got a chance with Mr. Pincher. “Found a cabin for you and Mr. Waits. Twenty pounds, if you had applied when others did, but twenty-five, being late; as we had to work you in by re-arrangement of the plan. Supposing you had taken a berth in a cabin with three others. But you will now have a cabin with only two — yourself and friend — fifteen pounds additional, and cheap at that.”

May 27th. — Sat at breakfast with a triumphant air. Had secured a berth in the Rodneyrig. Now for outfit. Issued forth at ten o’clock, to visit outfitting houses of different kinds. Went to Pickland’s, wholesale iron-monger and Colonial outfitter. Ware-

house crowded with purchasers and inquirers. Looked at iron camp-bedsteads, spades, picks, shovels, wheelbarrows, ploughs, brass sieves, gold washing cradles, zinc basons, and carpenter's tools. Ordered a screw wrench. Directed it to be sent home to my lodging — evidently a first-rate instrument. Took printed list of articles for gold-diggers, agriculturists, explorers, and other enterprising persons. Visited Pettilane's, Bolt and Sons, and finally Spankerly's, outfitting drapers, hosiers, &c., and examined shirts, socks, duck trousers, and flannel waistcoats, casting hasty glance at the cabin furniture department. Thence, hastened off to the City Road and King's Cross, to see tents, and cots, and tarpaulins, and inquire dimensions and prices. Felt quite surprised at myself and my aptitude for all these novel inquiries.

From King's Cross to the Strand and Fleet Street, to look again at a number of things I had previously examined — such as waterproof clothing, revolvers, double-barrelled guns, Minié rifles, and the mariner's land compass. Waits told me that Arrowsmith intended to "explore" during the season when you cannot dig, and the information was not lost upon me. Did not wish to personate the Babes in the Bush. Returned home to lodgings, dirty and fagged. Went to see aunt in the evening.

May 31st. — Mind made up as

to the best house for shirts. Thought seriously about that all yesterday. Fixed on Spankerly's noted warehouse, and ordered six dozen of white calico (two shillings and sixpence per shirt, pretty well sown, except that the buttons all hung by a couple of threads); three dozen blue-checked shirts, and one dozen fancy ditto, fine material and better workmanship, at three shillings and sixpence each — not dear. Likewise two London rowing-shirts, for the Yarra Yarra river, or elsewhere. Sent them all to aunt to get worked and marked with name. Reminded of fishing by the rowing shirts. Went to a capital shop close at hand, and bought a quantity of tackle — hooks, lines, floats, and artificial flies for all rivers and all sorts of Australian fresh-water fish, so far as I could learn about them from the shopman, an extremely intelligent young man. Could not agree with him as to necessity for taking fishing-rods: the "Bush" where I was going certainly furnishing abundance of fine, graceful shoots for the purpose, or it was not the place I took it for. Paid for fishing-tackle, as the young man said it was the constant rule of that particular trade. Went to Tower Hill. Bought waterproof coat, hat, and trowsers — all of cheap sailors' material, but good and durable — also pair of long fisherman's boots, and red night-cap, at Moses and Aaron's shop; where I had seen several sea-chests

standing out before the front door, when I first met Waits. Selected one of the chests — very good and strong, too strong, indeed, and having an oppressive smell of fresh paint inside; but this latter defect, I was assured, would evaporate in a day or so, and I shouldn't know it. Went into bedding-department upstairs, and chose a pair of cabin blankets, a coverlid, — in fact, all that was proper to rendering a berth comfortable without effeminate luxury. Turned aside into another smaller room, which certainly had a very close smell of a very peculiar kind, and there made choice of worsted stockings and two blue flannel shirts, for cold weather, and a pair of thick extra long stockings, to wear with the fisherman's boots. Had all these articles put in the chest and addressed to me, to go by *Parcels' Delivery*, if they would take it.

June 1st. — Went to haberdasher's for needles, thread, shirt-buttons, bodkins, tape, &c., and then to stationer's for foreign letter-paper, pens and ink, and sealing wax — of which last considerable stock, being sure there was none in Australia, or none so good. Also bought a pocket-book, memorandum book, ruled book for Diary, two large patent clasp purses, and an ornamental glass globe paperweight with the "Great Exhibition" inside, as a present to Miss Hopworth, the daughter of a mercantile gentleman in Melbourne, to whom I expected to have letter of introduc-

tion. Went again to Pickland's, the colonial ironmonger. Warehouse full as before. Mr. Pickland looking hot and confused amidst a crowd of customers, and his foreman leaning against a newly painted red cart-wheel, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand. Examined gold-washing cradle very carefully, as also new patent zinc turn-about machine, which somewhat resembled great tin milk-pail with handle at top on the plan of the coffee-mill. Ordered one of each, together with iron sieves and fine brass wire sieve, for gold dust (as explained by Mr. Pickland's clerk), and extra wire for both, when the larger lumps of gold quartz have worn out the first, as strongly recommended by Mr. Pickland himself. Went down to ware-room in cellarage, and saw tents of three or four sizes and qualities, all erected and fitted up just as they would be in Australia. One of them had cot slung inside, with curtains to it; also little table and lamp, looking very complete and cozy. Longed to be there. Chose an iron bedstead (to fold up flat, and only fourteen shillings) and almost decided on folding wheelbarrow, but deterred. Returned home, dirty and fagged.

June 2nd. — Met Waits in Fleet Street. Congratulated me on my adroitness as to the cabin, but exclaimed against the sum I had paid, and the extortion of Saltash and Pincher. Went home, and passed the rest of day in sorting

books, and looking over old letters, burning some, and giving away old clothes, pausing now and then to wonder how I could be so foolish as I was reminded had occasionally been, by many of these old things I rummaged out. Before going to bed wrote to Arrowsmith.

June 3rd.—Received reply from Arrowsmith, as follows: "Dear Dixon, if you wish to be at the head of a party, as leader and manager, let me know, and I will give you my idea of the amount of money you should take, and furnish you with my own list of articles; but if you go as one of a party, with me or anybody else, and as an intermediate passenger, then this list will be useful to you. Clothing, according to private fancy; only take care to have some for cold as well as warm weather, both under and over clothing, and also some waterproof. For tools, take two light picks, one hammer-pick, one shovel, one clay shovel, one spade, one large iron plate full of holes (for cradle), one large shallow metal basin, a fine file, and a strong clasp knife with a point. For private store of extra provisions on voyage (as intermediate passenger) you can, if you like, take some pickles and preserves, and curry powder, a bag of fine sea biscuits, a bottle of Sainsbury's raspberry syrup, a small filter, and a pestle and mortar. For cabin furniture as few things as possible; but be sure that all utensils are of iron, or other unbreakable metal; that your

lamp is a candle swinging-lamp, or a small plate-glass lanthorn; and don't forget a good mop and a stable sponge. I don't recollect anything else very material, except a pair of sailor's boots, two pair of sailor's shoes, a pair of country bumpkin's hobnailed ankle-jacks, and a cobbler's long leathern apron. Take care, I charge you, to stipulate with Saltash and Pincher for the right of walking on the poop-deck, at all events before breakfast. You would do well to have twenty or thirty sovereigns in your pocket on reaching Melbourne. Yours, J. A."

June 4th. — Met Waits under clock in Cannon Street, as per agreement, and rattled down between roofs and chimneys — arrived at Blackwall — Docks — round to the quay where the Rodneyrig lay. She had a much cleaner appearance, all pitched and painted; but the ladders up the side crowded as usual. Wondered if this was ever to cease.

"Pray," said I to one of the head warehouse-keepers — for there were three, besides clerks and porters — "can you inform me when the Rodneyrig will be ready to receive goods in her hold? At present I see they are hoisting up gravel and stones which have been shot alongside, and canting all this into her, which seems to me a sad waste of space, besides time and labour — not that I wish to hurry them by any means."

"They are getting in the bal-

last," replied he, "and will be done by to-morrow — a few cart-loads more."

"And then I can ship my goods?" said I.

"No; you can warehouse them here, while they take in the water-casks."

"And after that, my goods?"

"After that, the ship's stores and the passengers' stores, and Saltash and Pincher's freight, and the owner's freight, and the captain's freight — if he has any — and then the general freight allowed to passengers — a ton each."

"Thank you," said I. Down the ladder to the intermediate deck, Waits and I, and began to elbow our way along the narrow passage between the little table-benches and the cabin doors, looking for Number Fourteen. Suddenly Isaac, who went first, stopped and said — "The rascals!"

Looked up, and saw the number, with the names of William Waits and Isaac Dawson (obviously, or rather inferentially meaning me) written on the card. "This miserable narrow strip!" exclaimed I, putting my head in.

Cabin three feet eight inches wide, which was pretty equally divided between the sleeping-places or berths, and the slip of space between these and the partition which separated it from the next cabin. Berths placed one above the other; space between the lower one and the deck little more than a foot; so that this

and such fraction of the ship just mentioned as could be spared, was all the room we both had for our domestic arrangements — cabin furniture (!) luggage, under-clothing, sea-clothing, extra provisions, working apparatus, &c., for a four months' voyage! Dreadful. Out of all reason. At the other end of strip there was a scuttle in side of ship, through the dingy glass of which (about three inches and-a-half high by two inches wide) we were enabled to discern dismal impracticabilities of narrow abode.

June 5th. — Found a note from Arrowsmith lying on breakfast-table. Opened it hastily. Had a presentiment of evil. It was just this: "Dear Dix! don't fail to have all on board the Rodneyrig by the sixteenth, on which day she will sail. Yours, J. A."

What did this mean! Short and sweet, and equally confounding! The Rodneyrig had been advertised regularly in the morning papers for the last fortnight, and the day for sailing was always named on the twentieth. Never dreamed of being ready a day sooner — the sixteenth, and this was the fifth. Jumped into cab, and drove off straight to aunt. Aunt gone out. Waited, walking up and down and about the room, as fast as possible. Servant girl came up several times, and stood listening outside the door. Thought I had gone mad. Didn't care a pin what she thought.

Aunt returned looking calm,

and listening to all I said with mild expression, and composed smile. All settled instanter. Could have forty pounds to-morrow, and the remainder on the twelfth. Immensely relieved — embraced aunt — begged pardon for wild impatience — felt great access of elasticity.

Cab again, and in the field with clear head — or as clear as could be expected. Dashed off to Pickland's warehouse; crowded as ever, or worse. Throng assembled round the body of a "colonial cart," the wheels of which were resting against wall to go separately, body being used as a packing-case. Brilliant idea, whoever it belonged to. Two warehousemen carrying picks, and spades, and shovels of different shapes, and crowbar, large metal bason (for gold-washing), broad iron plate full of holes, an iron triangle (to hang cooking utensils over fire), great iron kettle, an iron pot or cauldron with cover, round iron box (they said was camp-oven), all received by the foreman, and packed in hay at the bottom of the cart, while the clerk took notes of all that was brought. Then came harness for a cart-horse, long iron chain and two padlocks, a wheelbarrow (made to fold up flat with its head in its stomach), a nest of crucibles, a nest of frying-pans fitting into one another, several tin pots and mugs, a water-can, two iron buckets, a milk-yoke, a carpenter's basket full of tools (emptied out and packed sepa-

ately, but only with a slight wisp of hay here and there), a box of gold scales and weights, a tent lanthorn, a watchman's rattle, a light folding-chair, three small paint-pots, (and paint, in powder, inside them), paint-brushes, a dog-chain, a cutlass, and several lighter articles laid on the top. Scarcely any straw or hay, since the heavy articles were at the bottom; but over all was now strewn dried oats, poured out of a sack, which ran down, and filled up all interstices; and a second sack was emptied before the oats rose to a level surface, so as to give the appearance of a cart full of oats. Was informed by one of the by-standers that dried oats were only four shillings a bushel in England, but five-and-twenty shillings a bushel in Melbourne; the advantage of using them for packing things close and steady, instead of hay and straw, was pretty obvious. The foreman then proceeded to lay thick deal boards over top of cart, and screw them strongly down to sides. When he came to lay down the third board, what was my surprise to see painted in large black letters — "Mr. John Arrowsmith, Ship Rodneyrig, Port Phillip."

Returned home to dinner, more than ever dirty and fagged. Capital day's work; high spirits, drank best part of a bottle of sherry, and fell asleep in arm-chair. Awoke after dreaming of sacks of charcoal, and being very busy in polishing great silver saucepan in pantomime, but knowing all the

time it was only tin. Had tea — went to the Haymarket at half-price with Garner and Stikenam — oyster-rooms — home very late. This will never do at Diggings.

June 8th. — Wrote to Arrow-smith, thanking him, and saying I believed I should be ready by the 11th., and was very anxious to have everything on board at the Docks, to save expense.

About to go out, stopped by the entrance of Mr. Ironsides, my tailor, who said, in his small tremulous voice, that he had heard I was going out of the country a long way off, and his bill had been owing six months nearly, and hoped I would settle it before I left. Hesitated a minute, and then said, with a cold air, "Certainly." It was not much — but confound him! I went on brushing hat. As he waited, and waited, and rubbed his fingers slowly together, with a very grave unpleasant expression, not going when I wished him good morning, was obliged to retire into my bedroom, and get the money at once to be rid of him.

Went by rail to Blackwall to visit Rodneyrig. Wharf crowded with all sorts of people and packages. Numbers of boxes and cases and bales all got out alongside ready to be taken in first. Waggon-loads of old wood-staves, sticks, hoops, stumps, and bamboo poles, and fragments heaped up, and being hoisted in bundles and thrown into the ship's hold. Heard this called

"dunnage" — litter to lay the cargo upon, and keep it dry, by raising it above the bilge water floating about in the hold. Most proper arrangement.

June 10th. — Arrived at Dock gate, coming through Poplar. How shall I speak of the scene there — in the warehouse — outside the warehouse — and alongside of the ship. First of all, to get through the gate with my cab. Five cabs and taxed carts before me, four loaded vans, six carts, two trucks, a very large gardener's wheelbarrow full of things, and a hackney coach with things sticking out of each of the windows. Who should I see loitering about but Isaac Waits, who shouted out "Can I be of any help?" I assured him he could be of the greatest, if he would assist me in persuading or compelling some one or other of the porters to carry my things from the cab to the cabin. We were stopped at the top of the ladder down to the intermediate deck, by one of the clerks of Saltash and Pincher, who carefully measured the mattress bundle with a foot rule. When I advanced he applied his rule to my brown-paper parcel, and looked hard at the swimming belt. We deposited the things in the cabin. A carpenter then stepped forward, and presented a bill for three pounds five shillings for the two berths and a shelf, saying that a padlock and staple would be half-a-crown extra. I looked at Waits, and Waits looked at me. "Is this right?" said I. —

"No," said Isaac; "they ought to have found us the wood-work of the berths, especially after what you have paid extra." — "You'll pay me, gentlemen, if you please," said the carpenter; "and then you can get it back from Mr. Saltash or Mr. Pincher, you know, if it's not correct." — "Of course," said Isaac, "but I shan't pay it." — "Very good, Sir," said the carpenter, "then I shall pull it all down;" — and he gave my berth a blow underneath with his hammer, which instantly made one of the planks start up on end. "Stop, you fellow!" said I. "It's too late now to have any of these disputes. Let us pay him, Waits; you see all my things are coming down." Isaac shrugged his shoulders, and said "Very well." While we were getting out the money, the carpenter hammered down the plank in my berth with one or two taps. "Have a padlock and staple?" said he, as he chucked our money into a tin pot in his tool-basket. "Yes," said I. — "Half-a-crown," said he; "padlocks are always paid for before-hand — and so should berths be, by good rights. It'd perwent a deal o' bother." Every small article we had was measured by the clerk, though they were evidently for use in the cabin. I repeat the fact; — a parcel of books was measured — three pounds of candles were measured — a bottle of cherry-brandy, given me by my aunt, and packed up with two pounds of mixed tea, was measured — a pound of brown

Windsor, and two pounds of marine soap were measured — and several washing utensils, packed up in brown paper: all these were actually subjected to the same ordeal. "Intolerable!" cried I, as the clerk stooped over the last of the utensils. "Humiliating, ridiculous, shameful!" The clerk did look ashamed, and coloured very much; but he said he was ordered by Messrs. Saltash and Pincher to measure every article that was taken into the cabins as well as those that were lowered into the hold, and he had no discretion. "Go on," said I, mentally — "go on — take every sixpence from me — send me forth an emigrant beggar — measure my skin, and make me pay for the miles of air that surround it." I drew out my handkerchief, and wiped my forehead. It was of no use to go on in this way. Went ashore to look for my cart. It was gone!

June 11th. — Up at day-break. Made several hasty calls, just to say "good-bye." Drove to Fenchurch Street. Down by railway to Blackwall. Got two boys to carry portmanteau, and a third boy for one carpet-bag, while I carried the other. Saw a large ship just passing through the Dock gates. Mind misgave me that I was rather late, and that this was the Rodneyrig. Inquired of a bystander what ship this was. He told me it was the Kangaroo. I thought there must be some mistake, as we were to sail first, when just at that moment I heard

a voice cry out "Your cart's safe aboard!" and looking up I caught sight of Isaac's face, as he leaned over the side of the ship as if upon a battlement above me, with his great bony chin resting upon his fists set one upon the other. Our eyes met, and he disappeared. Directly afterwards he came clambering over the side, holding by some black rope-work and standing upon a black ledge, from which he stooped down, lowering one hand till he managed to get hold of the portmanteau, though we had no small difficulty in hoisting it up within his reach. The bags were got up in the same way, I following just before the ship passed out of the Dock gates.

What fresh confusion was here! Men and women and children of all ages hustling about with sailors amidst casks and coils of rope, a long trailing rope with pullies and nooses entangling the feet. But the intermediate deck! The whole place was choked up with men, women, and children, and luggage and cooking utensils. Reached Gravesend safely. Remained at a considerable distance, however, our ship requiring deep water. Some of the passengers went ashore in boats, and a great many more came on board with their friends. Cleared out enough room to lie down in my cabin and went to bed.

June 12th to 20th. — Partially insane — gone distracted — splitting head-ache — nothing retained on stomach — know no more —

except that spectral voices observed that we had touched at Plymouth — and gone again.

June 21st. — Ate breakfast with considerable appetite, being first meal on board since leaving Plymouth — indeed, since leaving Gravesend. Fried ham, biscuits, coffee, and piece of dried salmon. All went well with me during the morning, and I even felt an appetite when we sat down to dinner.

June 22nd. — Sometimes it was said there were three hundred passengers on board the Rodneyrig — sometimes it was added, that this number was composed of the intermediates only, and did not include the cuddy passengers who amounted to fifty more; and sometimes it was said that these numbers did not include children, except in the sense of two being reckoned only as one. By these means, everybody was mystified as to the real number on board. All I can say is, that with regard to the children in arms, who were taken free of charge on this account, the surprising rapidity with which a great many of them acquired the art of going alone, left it open to conjecture that far more were taken up in arms than necessary at the time of taking berths in the ship, and the consequence of all these circumstances — added to the palpable cramming of the vessel with adult passengers, if there had been no others — was the utter want of all reasonable space and accommodation for anybody. There was really no room at any of the

mess-tables to eat with ordinary comfort, and scarcely with safety. Once or twice my fork was nearly jerked through my cheek, and my spoon rammed down my throat. Agreed with Isaac to take our dinner up on deck with us whenever the weather was fine, or not very bad. Found that many did this for the same reason, and also for the sake of a better air.

June 23rd. — In Bay of Biscay. Saw Cape Finisterre. Weather bright and fine. Wind brisk, but not so very strong, nor the sea so very rough. Rumour that there were several aboard who had not paid passage, but had secretly got into the ship at Gravesend or Plymouth.

June 24th. — Still in Bay of Biscay. Sea rather rough, and at cross purposes, but wind moderate, and sky bright and warm. Began to consider Bay as kind of humbug.

Rumour of secret passengers who had not paid fare much stronger. Captain Pennysage reported to be very busy over a "plan of the ship," furnished him by Saltash and Pincher, with every man's, woman's, and child's name inserted in the space marked off as their cabin, on paper. Everybody soon after ordered to muster in rows on the poop deck for examination. About a score prepared to obey; some flatly refused to go up; some laughed and treated it jocularly; and the majority took very little notice of it, or retired into cabins and shut doors.

June 25th. — Had been awoke

several times in the night by the rolling and pitching of the ship, and the noise of the wind, sailors' voices, and pulling ropes. Called out to Isaac to inquire if it was a storm, but could not awake him. Very unwell. Slept till near tea-time. Heard that Cape Finisterre was again in sight. We were just where we had been three days ago! Rolled about all this time to no purpose — still we lay, in the Bay, and unable to get out of the wretched place.

WEDDING BELLS.

HEERA LALL, a shroff (native banker) of Allyghur, in the upper provinces of India, had contracted his only daughter, Luchmuneea, when she was five years old, in marriage with Naneckchund, the eldest son of Narein Bysack, a shroff of Muttra. Both families were of the Brahmin caste, and were very wealthy.

According to the Hindoo custom, the bride when she becomes twelve or thirteen years of age is consigned to the guardianship of her husband's parents; but Luchmuneea did not leave her paternal roof till she had nearly completed her fourteenth year. During the preparations for her journey — a distance of about fifty miles — there was great grief in her family, with whom she was about to part, most probably for ever; for, after the completion of their marriage, Hindoo women of good estate rarely or never

leave their homes, even on a visit to their nearest relatives.

The equipage in which Luchmuneea was to travel was such as most native ladies use on these occasions, — a long cart, with a canopy of dark red cloth, thickly wadded with cotton, as protection from the heat of the sun during the day, and from cold during the night. The interior is lined and tastefully decorated. This cart is usually drawn by huge snow-white bullocks, their horns and hoofs fantastically painted, or dyed red, blue, and yellow; and their bodies adorned with showy trappings of scarlet and gold. Several other vehicles, containing Luchmuneea's retinue, were to precede her by a short distance, she having the carriage which she occupied all to herself.

The Brahmin priests, who are always consulted on such occasions, had fixed upon the hour of five in the afternoon as the most propitious for Luchmuneea's departure; and at that hour the marriage procession moved from the house of Heera Lall. Little children threw garlands of jasmine flowers in the way, and alms were distributed amongst the numerous poor people who were present to offer up their prayers for the bride's happiness.

The procession travelled all night, and halted next morning at about eight o'clock, beneath a shady grove of large mango trees, not far from the high road. It was here that I happened to see the bride. I was attracted by the

unusually picturesque character of the scene. The number of servants, in their gay and many-coloured dresses and turbans — the size and wonderful docility of the oxen — the variegated gaiety of the carriages — formed a group which excited my curiosity. On inquiring minute particulars, I was informed by one of the native attendants that the traveller was Heera Lall's daughter, going to Muttra to complete her marriage with Naneckchund, eldest son of Narein Bysack. While questioning my informant, I looked towards Luchmuneea's covered carriage, and beheld her peeping at me from behind a curtain. I could only see her face and bust. She was an extremely pretty girl, and fairer than any native I had ever seen. Her eyes, fringed with lashes of extraordinary length, were truly captivating; her nose was prettily curved, her mouth very small, with pretty pouting lips; her chin and throat were more like what we see in a statue than in a living creature; her arms, which were perfectly bare, were beautifully rounded, and had the appearance of being very firm, without being stout; her hands, like those of most natives, were diminutive and pretty. She had a melancholy cast of countenance, but that was no doubt owing to the sorrow she experienced in leaving her home. She was decked in pure gold ornaments of every description; but her dress was a simple Dacca muslin, which she wore in the graceful manner pecu-

liar to women in the East. I looked stealthily at the little Hindoo beauty until her eyes met mine, when she suddenly drew the curtain and concealed herself. As she did this, I saw her blush and laugh at the thought of being seen. I am not quite sure that I did not wish myself the eldest son of Narein Bysack. With the view of allowing the Hindoo party to prepare their food, I left Luchmuneea's encampment ground and returned to my tent.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun had begun to lose his power, Luchmuneea and her attendants resumed their journey. I watched them turn into the road, and heard the little bells, which were strapped round the necks of the bullocks, jingling merrily, long after the carriages had disappeared. The wedding bells, thought I, of pretty Luchmuneea!

These bells had not rung more than a couple of miles further, when the procession overtook a very old woman, apparently overcome by illness and fatigue, crying bitterly, and invoking the Almighty's aid. Her hair was of a yellowish grey; she had scarcely a tooth in her head, and even the few that were left to her were loose, and in the last stage of decay; her skin was shrivelled, and hung in bags about her neck and breast; on her arms and legs there was barely an atom of flesh. She was nothing but skin, bone, and nerve. But, miserable as was her appearance, she had quick

bright eyes, and an intelligent and prepossessing expression of countenance, which served to heighten the sympathy of those who beheld her lean and poverty-stricken condition. She had moreover a sweet musical voice, and for a person of her time of life, her enunciation was peculiarly distinct, while the words she uttered were remarkably well-chosen.

The servants, who were in advance of Luchmuneea's carriage, passed the old woman without taking notice of her. The lower classes of the people in India have little or no feeling for the distresses of their fellow-creatures. But the young bride, who had a tender heart, and who had also, like all native children in India, a reverence and respect for all very aged people, took pity on the old woman, and called to the driver to stop the carriage. He instantly checked the bullocks, and from behind the curtains Luchmuneea inquired of the old woman the cause of her sorrows and lamentations.

"Child," she cried; "may God preserve you in safety! I have a granddaughter in Muttra whom I wish to see before my death. I was walking there, but my strength has failed me, and it is my fate to remain here, and eat the dust of this desert. May you be happy, child! And may your fortune never lie hid beneath a stone!"

"Mother," said Luchmuneea, "do not cry. Compose yourself and take heart, and you shall see

your granddaughter. I am going to Muttra, and you shall go with me. Get into the *bylee* (carriage)."

The old woman, who was eloquent in blessings, showered them down plentifully on Luchmuneea's head. "May your throne be perpetual! May your children give you joy! May you be the mother of a line of kings! May all the riches of the world be thrown into your basket!" And here she kissed Luchmuneea's feet and pressed her little ancles, around which were heavy golden ornaments.

After a brief while, the old woman began to recount her history, which was an unbroken chain of calamities. The young bride listened with interest and compassion. The old woman then began — for it was becoming dark — to beguile the time by repeating several lively stories, relating to Rajahs and Ranees, who had lived some thousands of years ago.

The driver of the vehicle, to keep himself awake, began to sing at the top of his voice, while the jingling of the bells on the necks of the bullocks formed an accompaniment to his monotonous song. The old woman then recommended the bride to take some rest; and *shampooed* her, with all the tenderness and skill of an experienced nurse, until Luchmuneea fell into a sound sleep.

The procession moved on, and about three o'clock in the morning arrived at the *Havâlee* (dwelling place) of Narein Bysack,

which was within the ancient city of Muttra. The huge iron-bound doors were thrown open, and, the train admitted in the court-yard, were again closed and bolted. All the relatives and dependants of Narein (except the bridegroom, who was not yet privileged to see her) were there assembled to welcome Luchmuneea to her future home.

The bride's servants, fancying she was asleep, called to her, "*Baba, Baba!* awake! awake! You have arrived!" They also called out, "*Boorheea! Boorheea!* (old woman, old woman) get up, get up!" But there was no answer.

The mother of the bridegroom withdrew the curtains of the vehicle. She looked in, and seeing Luchmuneea lying at full length on the flooring of the carriage, she said to her, "My life! arouse yourself and let me take you to my breast." Luchmuneea did not move; and her mother-in-law placed her hand upon the child's shoulder: she found it cold. A torch was lifted up, and by its strong light, the young bride was discovered a corpse. She had been strangled during the night, and the thin cord with which her life had been taken was still about her neck. She had fallen a victim to a woman Thug — the old hag upon whom she had taken pity on the road! Her jewels and golden ornaments, for which she had been murdered, had been taken from her person, and violence had been resorted to, in

pulling her bracelets over her hands, and her anklets over her feet. The old hag had laid in wait for Luchmuneea, of whose departure for Muttra on a certain day she had acquired information.

After a few months, she, with the whole gang to which she belonged, was apprehended in the district of Bolundshuhur. Amongst other diabolical crimes to which she confessed was this most cold-blooded murder. At about midnight, she said, when the child was sleeping, she fastened around her neck the fatal noose, which she carried concealed about her person. The child struggled and made a faint noise, but it was drowned by the jingling of the bells on the bullocks' necks, and the song the driver was singing. When the deed was done, she slipt quietly from the back part of the carriage, and it proceeded on its way to Muttra, bearing the lifeless body of the young bride, whose coming was so anxiously looked for by the family of her husband.

Thuggee has of late very much decreased in India — at least in those provinces under British rule. The case here narrated occurred in the cold weather of eighteen hundred and forty-seven.

WE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

I AND my shipmates have more things to growl about than our bad lodging in the fore-castle.

Ashore I'm not much given to grumbling: Dorothy knows and can bear witness (Dorothy does know and bears witness) that I'm not a grampus. But I bear my part afloat when we talk ship matters over, and if owners and Members of Parliament really want to know why sailors run the English merchant service, the fore-castle is the place they ought to come to for their information. Maybe we're wrong in some of our notions, not being learned men; and when I plot with Dorothy to get somebody to print a little of the common seaman's mind for us, I don't want my words to be taken as a statement of what is wrong about us: what I'm going to say only concerns what we think wrong, when, in our unlearned way, we talk the matter through between ourselves.

There's an act, I believe, called the New Navigation Act, to regulate the manning of merchant ships; we get told about it sometimes, but it don't answer its purpose. When a ship is undermanned or manned with half tailors and shoemakers, and most of *them* skulkers, the seaman is worked harder, I can tell you, than he ought to be. It is not very long since the first and second officers of the Indiaman Alfred were charged at the Thames Police Office with deserting their ship at Portsmouth. They ran the ship because they found out, after sailing, that the crew was made up of old men, boys, and lubbers who had been picked up great

bargains. They took three hours to reef the ship's top-sails off Hastings.

The American owners know the value of an able sailor, and they pay the price for him, and make him lie contented in his berth, because it is a berth and not a dog-hole. Whenever an American clipper runs over to England with a freight from India or China, she comes partly manned with Malays, Lascars, and South Sea Islanders. Such seamen she discharges in London or Liverpool, and fills their places up with English able-bodied salts. Our men are so eager to get aboard American vessels, that they pay premiums of a pound and thirty shillings to the men who get them berths. The coloured men sent adrift from the American ships are, many of them, hired at small pay by the English owners, and the rest are thrown upon the streets as vagrants or crossing-sweepers.

I don't know whether a bill has not been passed lately — by honourable gentlemen who know more of the grievances talked of in the cabin than of the grievances we grumble over in the fore-castle — for the apprehension of deserters. Reciprocal treaties, I think they call them, were to be made with Russia, Sweden, Peru and any other states that would consent, for the giving up seamen like so many thieves and blackguards if they left their vessels. To be sure, under some Act good for owners, there is a contract

signed, the effect of which is in most cases that we may be dismissed at any port; but never may dismiss ourselves within the term for which we sell our bodies to the owner. Ships' articles and shipping-masters seem to us to be made taut one way and loose another. Articles often are set down off-hand in this way, for "A voyage from the port of (say) Plymouth, to such place as the masters may direct, for a period *not exceeding* two years." We may be discharged at any time within two years and always at any place. We may be turned loose on the coast of Guinea; but we must never go loose of our own will. Emigrant ships are looked after, and must be seaworthy; but merchant vessels may be sent out, if the owner likes, without a bottom. Sink or swim, we must go with the hull: we are a part of it. It is not long ago that, at Liverpool, the seamen of the *Seringapatam*, knowing her to be unseaworthy, refused to go out in her, and went to jail instead. The ship sailed, and on the second day put back, too leaky to go any further. But the seamen had, meanwhile, been sent to jail, because, though they were right, it wasn't their opinion the law cared about. The law was made for owners, not for such as them. That's our notion on the subject.

It makes us laugh, as we eat chalky biscuit in our dark hole of a fore-castle, to hear about all this pious horror of desertion, and about sending ships of war to

Australia and Quebec to prevent it; as if it was ships of war that the men wanted. The Americans pay seamen ten pounds a month for the voyage to California; while owners in London are allowing landsmen to work out their passages to Australia at five pounds a head, and enter such men as a portion of the crew. As if this didn't pinch us sailors, that do know something about seamanship, sharply enough, we are sent out with two pound ten a month, and sometimes no advance and never an allowance made to wives or parents. Those wages are given although freights have advanced thirty per cent., and men hired in Australia for England would not work a ship for twice the money. Of course, when we have got to Australia, we very often don't choose to come home upon such terms.

A Queen's ship is to be sent, I've heard, to the St. Lawrence to try and stop desertion at Quebec. Labour lost, I'll wager! Why, the worst craft that sail upon water are the hulks that go out to Quebec for timber. The men are knocked up with extra labour, working at the pumps. The vessels are neither coppered nor sheathed; and, on the return voyage, all sorts of plans are contrived to keep some of them from tumbling asunder in the sea. The Venus brig came home with as many as seven chains passed under her, to bind her frame together. Then they sail badly — as may be supposed — make long

voyages, and run short of provisions. The logs of timber, on the return voyage, are piled high above the long-boat, and washed about the deck by the sea. It is no wonder that the crews of such craft will desert, when seamen can earn a dollar a day in the country dragging timber; and when crimps are offering them all kinds of inducements from the builders of new ships, and the masters of vessels bound to port for want of hands. As for stopping the crimps from taking us in tow by orders from the holy-stoned deck of a man-of-war, I should like to see anybody stopping them. There is nowhere a stricter river police than at Quebec. The men row round about the ships armed to the teeth; they are up to every move; and, what is more, know all the crimps, but still the work goes on at a rare rate in spite of them.

It is all very well to have shipping-masters appointed by the owners to act between us, give us contracts to sign, to pay us and to take our receipts. We do not like the shipping-masters, for we see that they take more pains to secure us to the owners than to see that we have been considered fairly. 'T is a pity that we are not better at our learning. I knew a man, James Glanford is his true name, seaman of the Rodney, who found out when he took the balance of his wages at the shipping-master's office, after a voyage to Hobart Town and Ceylon, that he had made a blunder, and had

been underpaid three pounds. But he had given a release, and could not get the mistake set right again, either by force or favour. If the shipping-master would have helped him to make out his small bit of adding and subtracting, he would have had his dues. But that wasn't the shipping-master's business. He did not represent the fore-castle interest.

But of all schemes put in force against us that we are told to consider for our good, there is none discussed more than what is called the Registration Act. There is one owners' clause in it that we think rather insulting. It is that in case of wreck or loss of ship, every surviving seaman shall be entitled to his wages only on the production of a certificate from the master or chief surviving officer, to say that he "exerted himself to the utmost to save ship, cargo and stores." It is to be assumed that he didn't do his duty, unless somebody will step forward and vouch for him that he did. If the clause had said that seamen having been proved guilty of neglect of duty in the hour of shipwreck should forfeit their wages, that would have been another thing, and not offensive to us. As it is, though, it is better for those by whom such clauses are suggested, no doubt. It leaves owners a better chance of saving something from the wreck, though it be saved out of a survivor's wages. I don't say that I think — because I do *not* think — that

there are many owners who would use any ungenerous construction of this clause; but there the clause is, and we think it shows the spirit of the law, hauling taut against the fore-castle, but all a-slack in favour of the owners and the after-cabin.

But the great fact about the Registration Act is that, according to it, we are all ticketed and numbered; and, without producing his ticket a man cannot be admitted to employment under the English flag. That is no grievance, to be sure; we go and sail under the stripes and stars. To us sailors these documents are so much lumber: they are of no use to us in the world. We must produce them here, produce them there, and Jack has to go before a magistrate if he should lose his ticket. Then he gets another and pays a fine of from two to ten shillings and costs. The consequence of all this registering and passporting is, that when a man has once deserted, he deserts for good and all. If he's to be identified and put in prison or fined wages when he gets to England, he takes good care to remain with brother Jonathan. The system costs, I think, somewhere about ten thousand a year, but the big register of all our names and ages can take no account of those who work their passage to America, nor of those that ship aboard Yankee vessels in England; and loses sight of those that quit seafaring life and settle down ashore, and of those

that die in the colonies, or emigrate; and can't take note of any of the odd drains that have carried men away for seventeen years — to say nothing of our being scattered and living and dying unheard of by the Registrar in all parts of the world. So I hope the list will be found important to the nation on the breaking out of war. However the Register, such as it is, mayhap is better than no register at all, and I take it for granted that there are reasons for all these things that a gentleman from Parliament could show to us, just as we could show to him what manner of life we lead; and not to be too bold in finding fault with legislation, I will just make an end of what I want to say by giving a short account of how we work on board a merchant vessel, having shown already how we eat and sleep and lodge.

From daylight to dark we are all busily employed. The sails, spars, and rigging are always being overhauled and made right, as we sail from port to port; in fine weather not an idle minute is permitted. We count our time, as landsmen know, by bells, one bell being half-an-hour. Each twenty-four hours contains seven watches; five watches of four hours, or eight bells each, and two dog-watches, of two hours or four bells. These last come between four and eight o'clock of afternoons. The crew is then divided into two equal sets, called the starboard and the larboard watch.

The starboard watch is under the orders of the captain and second mate, the larboard watch under the first mate and perhaps a third mate or a boatswain. Those are the men, and those are the hours, and the supposition is that the two sets of men relieve each other every four hours, except during the dog-watches, when they shift their order, to the end that the same men may not always have the same watches to keep. That is the supposition, which allows for every man on board the vessel twelve hours of work on deck, and twelve hours for rest, food, and sleep below. In practice we have nothing of the sort; ships must be well manned that can afford to be content with twelve hours a day of work out of the sailor. The afternoon watch, from noon until four o'clock, and the first dog-watch, from four to six, are kept by all hands, except in very rough weather. The consequence of this is, that the men who have stood the middle night-watch from midnight until four in the morning, turn in for four hours, and at eight o'clock must be on deck again to take their turn from eight to twelve; but after twelve all hands are kept on deck till six, so that the men who have kept the middle night-watch work all day from eight to six, except only by an hour allowed them for their dinner. At six o'clock they get short rest, because the rotation being changed, they turn in only for the dog-watch until eight, and then must come on deck to go on

keeping watch till midnight. Thus each half of the crew takes turn with a day of extra labour, in which there are eighteen hours of duty and six hours of rest, those hours of rest not being in one heap but in two separate portions, one of four and one of two hours only. Even these snatches of sleep are liable to be interrupted by a sudden rise of wind, and that unwelcome cry that it blows to us: "All ha-a-ands reef topsails! Tumble up, there! tumble up!"

In the succeeding twenty-four hours, the men that have been overworked get twelve hours on deck and twelve below. The average rest allowed to the sailor is therefore about nine hours a day, in which he must get through his sleep, meals, washing, clothes-mending, and other necessary occupations. This allowance would be little enough if it were given in a lump; but it is made more insufficient of course when it is cut up into slices, which, of necessity, are again subject to so many interruptions and deductions. In nearly all ships, American as well as English, this division of time and labour is adopted. It wears us out; it uses us up too fast; and many an accident that has resulted from a drowsy look-out, or a discontented crew, may make it doubtful whether the plan is always, so much as it appears to be, a source of gain to the owner on each voyage. Some masters refuse to their hands even the forenoon watch below, and keep the men on deck twenty hours one

day, and fourteen hours the next. If any fore-castle man could get into Parliament from one of these All Hands Crafts, I reckon he would bring them in a sweeping Ten Hours Bill. Sea air has need to be wholesome. There is little else good for the health of a sailor in an English trading ship.

I never saw any other system of work followed on board ship, except one when I was in a Sydney whaler, and we formed a plan of our own in the fore-castle, and got leave to have it tried. We divided the twenty-four hours into three watches of eight hours each, and the plan, while it allowed us our full share of rest and sleep, gave perfect satisfaction to the master; we returned to port after a very hard season in sound health and in good spirits, without having had one case of sickness among us all the while we were away. And all the voyage we reckoned ourselves rather a jolly crew, and pulled together with a will, when there was extra work to do.

A ship is often in the best possible trim after she has been two or three months at sea. Every chafe has been perfectly served with spun-yarn, or protected by rope mats or "Scotchmen" (slips of wood or bamboo). The old sails are all mended, the rigging has been completely overhauled, and shrouds and stays set up taut. The yards are painted, the masts scraped and varnished, and the decks have been holystoned until the heads of the copper bolts glisten like overgrown sovereigns

that might have been dropped upon the clean white planks. Every inch of standing rigging shines with "Stockholm;" the bends and anchors are blacked, the sides painted in grinning Quaker port-holes, and the boatswain's locker is full over the brim with the work of the men's hands in the shape of gaskets, man-ropes, chafing gear, grafted strops, fancy yoke-lines, huge balls of marlin, house-line, spun-yarn, and other blue water manufactures. Then comes the season of what he call humbugging. The master puzzles his head to make work for the crew, rather than ease the watches. To annoyances of this kind sailors are more especially subject in ships carrying no passengers. Passengers are a check upon the master; but I have sailed more than once under masters who have needed no check of that kind, and who have been kind and fatherly towards their crews. Then, mind you, nothing to do is as bad for most crews as overwork. Sky-larking and lop-lollying don't improve a man's seamanship; and it is well for him to be kept in regular employ upon some reasonable duty; but that mustn't be overdone. We soon get cantankerous and discontented if we are worried with unnecessary orders, and set to undo to-day what we did yesterday, and persecuted with petty acts of tyranny, which too many skippers are able and glad to exercise.

There is no help, perhaps, against that last trouble; but

there should be help against it when either tyranny or want of reasonable care ends in loss of limb or life. If I could catch the ear of any honourable member, I would tell him here is a case in which we forecastle-men think a little interference of the law much wanted. I have seen many a man killed, and I know, and every seaman knows, that a merchantman rarely makes two long voyages together without losing by a casualty at least one of her hands, or having one or more men maimed for life. Many of these accidents are beyond human prevention; but a terrible number of them are produced by culpable deficiencies in spars or rigging, or by careless inattention of the officers in foolishly exposing men to danger. The country knows we are no cowards, and we know that there are plenty of fine noble fellows in command of trading vessels; and, though I say it, the country should take better care of us.

But there are some in command who are not fine or noble, and there are some good fellows who are careless, and who would be more careful if they were made responsible by the certainty of an inquiry into every case of accidental death on board the ship. If a man is killed ashore, the beadle takes it up, the coroner is informed of it, and goes and sits; the newspapers are told of it, and all the editors are down like boatswains' cats upon anything they see foul in the matter; faulty

machinery gets fined, juries storm; and every one ashore takes the very utmost care, if only for his own sake, to keep himself from maiming any fellow-creature. On board ship, how is it? A sailor is killed. Down goes some such entry as this into the log book:—

“REMARKS. At six bells in the middle watch, during a heavy squall, John Treenail went out to stow the flying jib. The weather-guy parted; the flapping of the sail sprung the boom, which broke short off, and the man fell overboard. Hove the ship to, but, the boats being stowed on deck, were unable to lower one in time to save him. At seven bells made sail; ship laying her course.” On the arrival of the ship at the next port the lost man’s register ticket is given up at the custom-house, and his death reported there. “The Merchant Seaman’s Fund” claims his clothes and wages, if no near relatives appear. Beyond those points no attention is likely to be paid to the matter by the authorities. The man’s life in such a case — a sample of a large number of others — was, most likely, lost for want of a few fathom of new rope to replace the worn-out guy. In men-of-war, where the immediate authorities are more responsible, such accidents don’t happen nearly so often, although there the men are required to be much more smart, to show much more agility, and to perform, in fact, more dangerous climbing and skipping up aloft. Many merchant seamen’s lives

would be saved every year, if there were strict inquiry made at home into the cause of every fatal accident, or serious bodily maiming; and if, in case of proved neglect, a money compensation were made payable by the party in fault to the wounded man, or to the dead man’s parents, wife, children, or friends.

As for the more delicate care of the sailor’s life, in the way of attending to him when in sickness, I suppose that to be, in a trading vessel without passengers or a surgeon, quite out of the question. A sick sailor at sea is the lame horse of the team. He is in everybody’s mess and nobody’s watch, and his existence is completely miserable. No lighter diet replaces the customary rough food, and the captain physics him according to a book he carries inside the medicine-chest. Some masters have a taste for surgery and carve their patients most unmercifully; but a blister and a strong dose of salts are the remedies most commonly in use for all complaints, and when they fail, the sick man is happiest who is left to his fate.

I have said nothing about the Twenty-two Fines and other sailors’ grievances, because Dorothy has hinted to me that if I go through my list I shall be set down for a regular grumbler, and get nobody to mind what I am saying. So I shall say no more, but just put it to any landsman how *he* would like to board and lodge in a forecastle and keep the watches as we sailors keep them;

and whether he would not growl if, on the top of all this aggravation, there were piled coils of laws tier upon tier to keep him down and squeeze the juice out of him for owners to get at it more easily.

Had we been learned and had Brutuses among us, there would long ago have been some oratory and some agitation on these matters; but we are mostly too ignorant to state our case, and there is nobody except ourselves who fairly knows it. I shall write no more; but I wish that somebody who looks out for occasions to do good, would see into these matters for us and tell them in a freshwater way, so as to get attention. Dorothy, by what I read, seems to have put down my statement very well: I thank her for it: but it was not to be expected she could altogether take the brine out of my language. So no more at present.

Only, ladies and gentlemen, when you are thinking — and not without need — about your national defences, I ask you whether these things, though of a common sort, aren't worth considering? You live in an island, you know. You must have sailors. How *can* you keep 'em off so!

THE LITTLE OAK WARDROBE.

THE quiet old town of Abbeylands was on the eve of going to sleep; several of the oil-lamps had retired from public life after

winking in a mysterious manner to their companions to follow their example; the shops in the High Street had already put up their shutters; the rain was falling in torrents; the chimney tops were veering in all directions, as if performing a demoniac polka with the inconstant wind; a miserable wet night, about ten o'clock, and not a soul stirring. The three policemen had gone home; the thieves, if there were any, were afraid of catching cold; the surgeon had just returned from a country visit and was putting up his horse in the little stable behind his house; waiters at the Pigeon's Arms were flying about in all directions with suppers, and slippers, and cigars, and brandies and waters; and far away from the coffee-room — not in a private apartment, seven shillings and sixpence a day — but in a low, dingy, little bed-room, which served him for parlour and all, a young man was standing with his arms folded across his breast and looking into a trunk which he had recently opened. "A stock in trade," he said, "from which something may be made after all!"

"Yes, from that small box may be evoked powers as tremendous as the genie's in the Arabian Nights — wealth — happiness — revenge — and that's the best of all!"

Nothing was visible to account for these glowing anticipations. The contents seemed of the ordinary kind — clothes — not many, nor very splendid in material;

only among them were mixed up pieces of apparel belonging properly to the softer sex: crumpled-up bonnets, worn-out old shawls, faded cotton gowns. Poor fellow! he was perhaps bringing down presents to an aunt. They couldn't be very expensive ones, but the kindness of the remembrance would make up for want of value. "Hark! ten o'clock!" he said, as the Abbey clock struck the hour. "I must be off, or the old rascal will have shut up shop." He buttoned his coat, threw a sporting looking horse-cloth over his shoulders, and emerged into the dusky street. "I saw it," he said, "at the corner of the staircase. If the villain hasn't moved it, all will go well. If he has, how can I describe it without exciting suspicion?"

One shop was open in the cross-road at the top of the main street. A great glaring lamp still flourished in front of the window; under it, and sheltered by a sort of verandah that projected over half the pavement, was standing a deal table with two chairs on the top of it: on them were various articles of crockery-ware, useful and ornamental; a small swing glass marked in chalk two shillings and sixpence; and, between the chairs, a little pile of books, the lowest being *The Whole Duty of Man* and the highest *The Wandering Jew*. Inside of the dark recess, where innumerable goods were piled up on both sides of a narrow passage, sat a man with a pen behind his ear; a ledger lay

before him, which he might perhaps have been able to read, if he had felt so inclined, with the aid of a very thin and dirty farthing candle, which was stuck into an ink bottle; but his studies lay in another direction. He was absorbed in thought. "After all," he thought, "what good has it done me? It isn't so great sum when all's told. Two hundred and thirty pounds wouldn't ruin the Bank of England. It ruined George Evans, though," he began again. "His father should have kept his papers better. If the man was fool enough to lend me the money, and lost my note of hand, what business is it of mine, that his son must lose the whole of it? Did I make the law? If they had brought me my acknowledgment, wouldn't the money have been paid? The lad has given up pestering me with his letters. I hope never to hear of him again; besides, the Statute of Limitations makes it also safe, and the money by this time would all have been spent; for I hear he has turned a reprobate, and gone on the stage. This is a wicked world, and theatres are the schools of Satan. Amen!"

This ejaculation was uttered aloud, and was considered by the utterer of it — the worthy Mr. Benson, pawnbroker and second-hand furniture merchant — the bond and seal of all religious observations. It was heard by the young man in the horse-cloth wrapper.

"I'm glad you're not shut up,

Sir," he said, going through the narrow gangway to the end of the room. "I want to do a little business with you."

"A watch?" said Mr. Benson, opening a little drawer, in which lay a number of square tickets of dirty paper.

"No; I don't happen to have such a thing," replied the visitor. "I come to buy something. As I passed the shop to-day, I saw a piece of furniture I require; a narrow case, with drawers in it, of oak I think it was. Ah! there it is, just under the staircase."

"Of oak indeed! you may say of the very finest oak that ever grew in clay. Why, that oak would fetch a large price, independent of the great convenience of the drawers. I paid a pretty sum for it at Farmer Merriwood's sale, when the old gentleman died, ten days since; it had been in his family, they said, two hundred years — a very fine piece of furniture, and dirt cheap at one pound ten."

"I'm no great judge of these things," said the young man; "but I have an aunt in the town who is in want of just such an article. I wish to make her a present of it; and I will pay for it now, on condition, that if she doesn't like it, you shall take it back and supply me with another article to-morrow morning."

"Very fair — that's very fair — but how can I send it to-night?"

"Nay, that must be part of the bargain," replied the purchaser, counting the money into Mr. Ben-

son's hand; "and you must also give me a receipt for the — what shall we call it? — the wardrobe, with all it contains; for fortunes are sometimes found in very odd places," he added, with a smile. "I've heard of chair bottoms being stuffed with five pound notes."

"I run the risk of all that," said Mr. Benson, writing the receipt, "and as to carrying it home, it ain't very heavy. I'll manage that. What's the address?"

"Mrs. Truman, number two, Abbeyfield Lane," replied the youth, "not a very elegant part of the town; but the poor must live somewhere."

"It's a very dark, ill-charactered place," said the pawnbroker. "Couldn't you wait till to-morrow morning? A man was robbed and murdered there twenty years ago."

"Oh, things are improved since then," said the young man with a laugh; "besides, an old chest of drawers is not so very tempting a property, in spite of the goodness of the oak, and the time it was in Farmer Merriwood's possession."

Mr. Benson looked at his visitor with doubt at first, but he saw nothing but the fine open countenance of a young man of twenty-two, and gradually became satisfied that there was nothing to be afraid of. For one instant a thought even came into his head to invite the purchaser to take a glass of gin and water — but it died away, like other good resolutions.

"If you arrive at my aunt's before me," said the young man, "say I sent her the wardrobe; but I hope to be there in time to receive you." So saying he wrapt his horsecloth closer round him, and departed!

Mr. Benson looked round well pleased. He had ended the day well by disposing of a useless piece of lumber at a considerable price. "He must be very fond of his aunt, that young man," he said, "and if she's no better judge of furniture than he is, I wish she would come and deal at my shop." He cast a look round — to see that there was no risk from candle or lamp — hoisted the wardrobe on his shoulder, locked the door, and walked rapidly towards Abbeyfield Lane. On arriving at number two, he knocked gently at the door, but received no answer for some time. "Why, this is the house that has been empty so long! I didn't know any one had taken it. Where did they get their furniture?" Another knock produced a motion within; a step sounded in the passage, and an old lady opened the door. She seemed astonished at the lateness of the visit. "I was just going to bed," she said, "and only sat up to let in my nephew. He is longer of coming than he said."

"He'll be here immediately," replied Mr. Benson, "and in the meantime has presented you with this very handsome piece of furniture. He has paid for it — all, except the portorage — and the

solid oak is no joke to carry on a night like this."

"If my nephew was here," said the old lady, "I would ask you to come in; but, I'm a lone woman, and it wouldn't be proper — there's sixpence for the carriage, and I'm greatly obliged to the dear boy. He's always so thoughtful of his poor old aunt."

"Pray, Ma'am, have you been long in this cottage?" inquired Mr. Benson; "and may I ask you where the furniture came from?"

"My nephew took the house for me three days ago. Some of the furniture came by the canal — and the rest we hope will arrive to-morrow."

"If you require any additional articles, you will find the best qualities and lowest prices at my shop," said Mr. Benson, putting the poor woman's sixpence into his pocket, and resuming his homeward way. "I don't like this," he said, as he splashed up the High Street. "There's something curious about that old woman. Why did she give me a whole sixpence? — looking so wretchedly poor too? And why did she seem so delighted to lay hands on the wardrobe? I'm sorry I let it go at thirty shillings. The young fool would have given double the money — but I'm always so soft-hearted. I shall never be rich — but what of that? Wealth is not happiness. Amen!"

He extinguished the flaring lamp at the front of his premises; removed the table and all that it contained within the door, turned

the key on the inside, and drawing out from a secret drawer a bottle of gin, and, lifting a kettle from the fire which had hitherto glowed unseen behind a set of window curtains hung over the model of a suspension bridge, he proceeded to concoct a pretty strong tumbler, which he applied to his lips with the self-satisfied air of a man who felt that he had deserved some relaxation and enjoyment, after the labours of a well-spent day. A pipe, also, soon added its perfume to the happiness of the position, and Mr. Benson sat like a great Indian idol, inhaling the incense of his gin and tobacco, blandly smiling as the smoke curled in gay wreaths round the bowl of his long clay, and occasionally sipping the comfortable potation before him. The clocks which had either been sent to him in pledge, or were arranged on different brackets for sale, kept up a miscellaneous concert of hours from one o'clock to twelve — for they were not by any means particular in their notions either of time or tune; but, as a majority of them seemed to be of opinion it was getting near midnight, the contemplative proprietor lighted one more pipe, poured forth one other libation, and carefully locked away the now half empty bottle in the sanctum devoted to its custody.

He watched once more the curls of the smoke; but fancy was at work, and aided the wreaths as they rose, twisting them into ex-

cellent chests of drawers, or handsome mahogany sideboards, on which he expected enormous profits; into little cottages they expanded themselves, which he felt sure he could buy for very little money; then, as the candle began to burn less clearly, he saw one of the large puffs, which he traced with more than usual attention, convert itself into a bed in a dingy little apartment, and through the half-drawn curtains he saw the emaciated countenance of a dying man. The fire uttered a little sound at this moment, as the coals collapsed to the bottom of the grate, and he thought the noise it made formed itself into words from the old man's lips: "I lent him the money, George — two hundred and thirty pounds. I have lost the note of hand; but if he doesn't pay it he is a villain, and will repent it when the hour comes on him as it does on me now."

"Nonsense! folly! madness!" cried Mr. Benson, pushing back his chair, and hurrying the tumbler to his lips. "Would the man have me give money to every person that chose to say that he had lent it, with nothing to show for it but a white-faced dying old — Ha! — a carriage at my door at this hour! — a knocking! — who can it be? Some one in distress — come to arrange about pawning the family plate; a countess, perhaps, to pledge the family jewels — coming, coming!" He opened the door and peeped out through the falling rain. A car-

riage, covered with mud and dripping with wet, was at the kerb-stone. The driver let down the steps and a lady tript lightly across the sloppy pavement and entered the shop. "The carriage will wait," she said; "turn the key and double lock — for I have something of importance to say to you." Mr. Benson said nothing, but went up the narrow gangway with the flickering candle in his hand, followed by his visitor. He set down the light, and looked carefully into the woman's face. It was flushed and excited; the eyes flashed with great brilliancy, and her lips quivered with agitation — a tall masculine woman, plainly dressed, and evidently under the influence of some strong feeling.

"You are Mr. Benson, the pawnbroker?" she said.

"I am; and dealer in second-hand furniture, books, statues, and miscellaneous articles, clocks, watches, wearing apparel, and double-barrel guns."

"You attended the sale at Farmer Merriwood's last Wednesday?"

"I did."

"Did you buy it?"

"What?"

"I forgot. I haven't told you. I won't tell you. What did you pay for all the articles you bought at Cecil Green, at Farmer Merriwood's?"

"I got tolerable bargains, Ma'am; I don't deny that — the family all dispersed — no near re-

lations. I paid for all I had there a matter of fifteen, or, perhaps, twenty pounds."

"Will you make me out a list of them? — transfer them at once to me? — and I will give you two hundred across the table."

Mr. Benson looked at the woman as she spoke.

"No, Madam," he said, "two hundred's too little. If it's worth hundred to you, it's worth a deal more to me."

"We won't fight about that. What did you buy? — beds? sofas? drawers? — let me see the list."

He took from a wire that hung from the cross-bar of his desk the auctioneer's account.

The woman gazed at it; and on coming near the end started. "Yes," she said, "here it is. What do you ask for all? But tush! I want nothing but one small article. Keep the rest of the trash. Give me the oak wardrobe with the four drawers in it, and I will give you what you demand. Come!

"I can't," said Mr. Benson, turning pale, and trembling with agitation. "It's gone — sold — delivered — lost."

"Fool!" cried the woman. "You have ruined me and yourself. That wardrobe would have enriched us both. Why did the villains not advertise the sale? I would have come to it if I had been dying. Can you recover it? Who bought it? Will money tempt them to sell it again? Tell

me the name of the purchaser, and I will get possession of it yet."

"I don't remember the name of the person. I think it was a clergyman's wife from Ipswich — or, no. I think it was a Liverpool gentleman who was going out to America; but if he's not sailed it might be possible — I don't say it would — to recover the furniture still."

"Give me his address. I will go to Liverpool myself — to America — anywhere."

"It may, perhaps, be got back without so much trouble," said Mr. Benson, after a pause. "But why are you so very curious about a common chest of drawers? I examined it very carefully, I assure you; they are nothing but ordinary oak — no secret recesses — no hidden springs; there's surely some mistake about it."

"There's no mistake. Did you take out the drawers when you made your examination? Did you turn the top one upside down? Did you see that the bottom was thick and heavy, — that it was double? That it might contain documents, notes, a will, receipts, acknowledgments?"

"No, I didn't turn it out. I'm an unsuspecting, innocent man — grossly imposed on — ruined. Amen!"

The pawnbroker seemed so overcome that the woman was melted. "Hear what I tell you," she said. "If we arrange matters together, we may yet be rich. Do

I understand that you will share with me whatever the drawer contains?"

"What *does* it contain?" inquired Benson in a whisper. "Does it contain anything?"

"Why do I offer you hundreds for it?" inquired the woman; "but I will tell you all. Did you know Farmer Merriwood?"

"No, I can't say I knew him. I once sold him a second-hand saddle; and he made some row about the stuffing coming out. I had to let him off for half the price agreed on."

"It's like him — harsh, cold, selfish — so I was told, in his latter years. He was different long ago — very different."

"I didn't know him then," replied Mr. Benson.

"I did," continued the woman; "but no wonder he changed; for misery was in his heart, and disgrace fell on his family. These things change a man's temper."

"He was well to do in the world," said the pawnbroker; "churchwarden and highway commissioner. I never heard of any disgrace."

"Some people didn't think it so. He had a daughter; twenty years ago people called her beautiful. She was his only child. She was beautiful, at all events, to him. Her name was Caroline. How she loved him! how she attended to all his wishes, and read to him, and played on the piano to him, and was everything to him, and so playful, and so kind! We all loved her."

"Did you know her?"

"Did I know her? I knew her from the time of her birth. I was a distant relation. Cousin Janet they called me, though I was their paid servant; but the word cousin was better than all their wages. So we went on for years and years, I taking care of the house; Philip Merriwood attending to the farm, and Caroline, the delight of us both. Don't you see what's coming, old man? You must be dull as this wretched room you live in, if you don't guess what followed."

"I can't," said Mr. Benson. "I'm trying. I can't. Amen!"

"Not when I tell you that the Marquis of —, but never mind his name, it is best, perhaps, omitted; but he had a son — his eldest son, Lord Rostock — dashing, gay, but kind — oh, kind and generous like a knight of old; he saw her, saw Caroline; was struck with her beauty—who wasn't?—got to speech of her, spoke her fair, won her heart; the old story—the old story! Love rules all. Hearts break; but fools fill up the places of those who perish. Ah! once — 't was in September, twelve years ago — she came to me, and said, 'Cousin Janet, do you think my father a forgiving man?' — 'Of course, my darling,' I said. 'He is a Christian.' — 'But will he forgive a person for getting above him in the world, for leaving the rank he moves in? Ha, ha!' she added, with a beautiful, wild laugh. 'What would he think if he had to stand with his hat off as

he saw me going up the church path, and asked how my ladyship was? Wouldn't it be charming to be a lady?' I told her no, or turned the talk, or gave her wise advice. I forget what I did; it was so pretty to see her walking up and down the floor of her bedroom, flirting one of her slippers as if it were a fan, and swaying about from side to side as if she had a court train to her robe. And all the time she was only in her nightgown, and showed her pretty naked feet."

"And what happened? Cold, eh? consumption?"

"No — elopement — ruin — death! She was missing one morning that same month, and Philip Merriwood never held up his head. He seemed to know what had happened without being told. He never asked for her, and when a letter was put in his hands a few days after, signed by Caroline, and telling him that she was about to be married — to be a lady — rich and grand — but kind still, and loving to him, he tore the paper into twenty pieces and said 'fool! fool!'"

"And so she was," said Mr. Benson. "He didn't marry her?"

"No, and she never wrote again. So the house was dark and dismal; Philip Merriwood went into the bed-room that had been hers, and seized the little oak wardrobe where she had kept her clothes. He emptied the drawers on the floor, and ordered me to remove the frocks and stockings, and the blue silk jacket, and the

pink satin slip, and all the things, and throw them into the fire. It was an old piece of furniture, and had belonged to his people for hundreds of years. It had once been the place where he kept his secret papers; his leases and bonds and parchments were all in the front drawer, but in the top one there was a false bottom; there — in the thickness of the wood — he kept the things he cherished most: — the letters that had past between him and Sophia Felton, his wife, before they were married; the last letter she wrote to him when she was dying; the first copy-book of Caroline when she was learning to write; the little notes she sent him when she was at school. So when he had turned all Caroline's clothes out of the drawers he opened the secret ledge; and how he read, and cried, and read again! We couldn't get him down to dinner, and when he came he ate nothing. A month passed, and a long time passed, and when half a year was come and gone, there came a letter one day with a great crest upon the seal — a marquis's crest they call it — and when it was opened Farmer Merriwood saw it was from young Lord Rostock, whose father had just died and left him all the estates. Caroline, he said, was provided for, and happy; but as he felt that he owed some reparation to the father he enclosed him a Bank of England note for a thousand pounds."

"Bless me; what a generous noble gentleman," exclaimed the

pawnbroker. "She must have been a cunning gipsey — what a fortunate man Farmer Merriwood was!"

"How he trembled as he held out the thin piece of paper, his lips moving evidently with curses on them, but no sound being heard! 'Cousin Janet,' he said at last, 'come with me upstairs; you shall witness what I do.' We went up, and to my surprise he went into what had been Caroline's bedroom. 'This is a thousand pound note,' he said, 'which that ruffian thinks will reconcile me to shame. I won't touch it, and I won't let him have it back — to employ it perhaps in tempting some one else. If the girl he took away from me is ever in want, you will know where to find money for her support. It shall lie beside all the other things that remind me of her behaviour. No one shall touch it till I die.' And so saying he pulled out the secret drawer at the top, and laid the note lengthways on its back, and shut it up with a bang, and gave me the silver pin that touches the spring. From that hour no one has ever opened it, and there it lies, with the printed face upwards, a bank-note for a thousand pounds."

"And I sold it for thirty shillings!" shrieked Mr. Benson, "to a miserable old woman — a ruined man! I've lost a thousand pounds. The young man was too much for me. I hated him from the first — but vengeance will pursue him for his iniquity. Amen!"

"And why was the sale so hur-

ried?" continued Cousin Janet, "I left Cecil Green six years since, but I have kept the spring-opener carefully — carefully. I heard he was ill — he wrote to me that he did not expect to live long, and that all was as he had left it in the drawer. I couldn't get up from Yorkshire for some days. In the meantime he died, and was buried, and the furniture sold, and the money lost. Go, give what sum you like, but get me back that wardrobe, and we shall divide the money."

"Equally?" exclaimed Mr. Benson, starting up; "where is that silver pin? Give it me — it is not too late to make the attempt to-night."

"Oh yes, it is, though," said the woman. *I'll* keep the key. What you have to do is to recover the wardrobe; or, if you will tell me the purchaser's address —"

"No, no — I'll keep that to myself," replied the pawnbroker with a cunning look. "We'll open it in presence of each other."

"I will be here at nine to-morrow morning," said Cousin Janet. "We understand the arrangement — it's getting on for one o'clock — good night." So saying she slipped along the gangway, and got once more into the carriage.

"What a fool to think a drawer can't be opened with a hatchet in the absence of a silver pin!" said Benson. "Amen! Good night."

The rain continued all the night through. Mr. Benson heard it as he lay awake flooding on roof and garret window. As soon as the

dawn began to force its way through the watery air, he sprang up and put on his clothes. Rapidly he pursued his way to number two, Abbeyfield Lane, and standing before the door felt in his pockets that the rouleaux of golden sovereigns were safe — for he fancied the sight of the yellow metal would have more effect than a mere promise to pay, or even a roll of notes. They were all right — three, of a hundred pounds each. He knocked, "Is Mr. Truman down stairs yet?" he asked through the key-hole. There was no answer, but in a short time he heard the rap of a small hammer. He knocked louder — and the rat, tat, tat of the hammer ceased. The door was opened. The person who opened it was Mrs. Truman's nephew.

"Hallo!" he said, "who expected to see you at such an early hour?"

"Business, my dear Sir. I find I made a little mistake last night. I sent your dear aunt the wrong article. I hope the old lady is well."

"Yes, she's very well," said the nephew, "a little tired with sitting up so late, but delighted with the wardrobe, I assure you. I was just trying to fit the drawers a little closer. The top one seems loose."

"I find the want of it destroys the set," said Mr. Benson; "would you do me the favour to give it back to me? I will replace it with the best article in my shop."

"By no means," replied the

youth. "I haven't had time to rummage it over, yet. I told you fortunes were sometimes found in old family furniture."

There was a long pause; Mr. Benson was forming his calculations. He recommenced the conversation in a whisper, urged his plea with all the eloquence in his power; and, finally, was again seen proceeding through the falling rain with the richly-endowed wardrobe on his back. Hurriedly trotting up the High Street he dashed into his shop, set his burden on the ground, tore the top drawer out upon the floor, and saw a small piece of paper pasted on the back. Was it the thousand pound note? He rubbed his eyes — he looked closer — and he read the three following words: — "Quits. George Evans."

"Not a bad stock in trade," said the same young gentleman whom we encountered at the beginning of this story, Aunt Truman and Cousin Janet all at once, as *he* (for George Evans, the young actor, had played all three parts) replaced certain articles of female apparel in his trunk in the little bed-room of the Pigeon's Arms. "There goes in my aunt's little black mantle. There goes in Cousin Janet's crumpled bonnet. When I have paid for the hire of the cottage in Abbeyfield Lane, and the carriage, and the wardrobe, and the sixpence to old Benson for bringing it down, I think it will leave that old ruffian's conscience clear, for he will

exactly have paid me the two hundred and thirty pounds he borrowed from my father, with interest for nine years."

THE FLOWING OF THE WATERS.

"To conclude in a moist relentment."
SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

As I lay in peace profound,
In the dawn, I heard a sound
Like the noise of many fountains,
Which, self-freed from icy chains,
Aided by the conquering rains,
Leap and triumph down the mountains.

I look'd out, and found it so. —
Fresh from the Eastern lands, the glow
Of the young day, newly risen,
Struck the hills a golden blow —
They that, but a day ago,
Like the wall of some blank prison,
Stared against my windows, showing
Nothing moving, nothing growing,
Nothing save those crags and stones
Which are the world's gigantic bones:
But the waters now were flowing,
And the loosen'd brooks and fountains
Made strange movements on the mountains;
Till, with the continual gliding,
And the lapsing, and the sliding,
And the watery revolving,
All the sharp peaks seem'd dissolving,
And the rocky hardness streaming
Into rivers soft and gleaming,
That pour on with ceaseless motion
To the ever-abiding ocean.

The frost was dead, the frost was slain,
The warmth of the heavens was felt
again;
And the earth, that so long had pined
and starv'd —
Till the hills and the trees and the fields
seem'd carv'd
In cold black marble, heavy and grim,
And grotesque as tombstone cherubim,
(Except when the Sun sloped down to his
rest,
And redden'd the pine-trees out in the
west,) —
Old mother Earth, with glad new cheer,
Laugh'd in the face of the baby Year.

Her two months' spell at last was broken.
 Out of the forests, warm and deep,
 The voice of the wakening birds had
 spoken,
 And the waters leapt from their Winter
 sleep.

They felt the electrical breath of Spring
 (Who was yet far off on the southern
 plains)
 Strike downward through the innermost
 ring
 Of the crystalline ice that bound their
 veins:

They felt the touch of that viewless Hand
 Which, over the arch of the starry
 spheres,
 In motion regular, smooth, and bland,
 Rolls the days and the weeks and the
 months and the years; —
 And they burst into being like joyful
 tears.

From their virgin chambers, secret and
 far,
 From stalactite palaces, quaintly
 pearl'd,
 From cells of granite and caves of spar,
 From the ocean-heart of the orb'd
 world, —
 Out of the pores of the sparkling ground
 They came with an earth-awakening
 sound,
 Throbbing with energy, loud with glee,
 Dancing in music down to the sea.

What restless gleaming, twinkling, flash-
 ing!
 What winding, twisting, meeting, clash-
 ing!
 What curve and sway and gentle play
 Of waters bending every way!
 What rounded lines! what arrowy light!
 What grace and softness, link'd with
 might!
 What change from the hard, blind, dumb
 Last Night!

The Winter grey had pass'd away,
 Like a ghost before the broadening day;
 The young Spring time from a warmer
 clime
 Murmur'd in my heart like rhyme;
 And the music of that gladness
 Mingled with the billowy madness;
 As two voices, subtly blended
 Down the current of one song
 Float, by many echoes tended —
 An enchantment deep and strong.

The shaken air methought was rife
 With sounds of a removed life,
 Beyond the leafy Summer lying;
 And the waves still hurried by,
 Underneath the Sun's great eye,
 With a multitudinous crying.
 February hung his head;
 March was coming in his stead;
 And the frost lay in its shroud,
 And the world was bright and loud.

WOLF NURSES.

THE story of Romulus and Re-
 mus being suckled by a wolf is
 accepted as fabulous: but the fol-
 lowing statement is strictly true.

In the Kingdom of Oude, some
 ten years ago, a male child of
 about eighteen months old was
 missed by its parents. It was
 supposed to have been carried
 away and devoured by the wolves,
 which are very plentiful in that
 part of the world. Every winter
 numbers of children are destroyed
 by these animals, not only in
 Oude, but in our own provinces
 in the north-west.

About seven years after the
 child was missing, a man who
 gained his livelihood by shooting
 in the jungles saw a wolf and se-
 veral cubs, and with them an
 animal such as he had never seen
 before. It was like a boy, but ran
 upon all fours. The man followed
 the animal, but was unable to
 keep pace with it; he traced it,
 however, to a den, and a few days
 afterwards succeeded in taking
 the animal alive. It barked, or
 rather snarled and growled like a
 wolf, and attempted to bite its
 captor. The she-wolf and her

cubs followed the man for some distance, and several times showed symptoms of a desire to rescue the animal; but, as the man was armed, they did not venture to attack him, and at last they returned to the jungle.

The animal was exhibited in Lucnow, and caused some sensation. It was eventually handed over to one of the authorities (an English officer) who had a cage made for it. That it was a human being no one could doubt, though it never stood erect, and never uttered any sound except a growl, or a hoarse bark. It refused every description of food that was cooked for it, and would only eat raw flesh, which it would devour voraciously. Clothes were made for it; but it tore them off with its teeth. A rank smell issued from the pores of its skin, and its skin was covered with short thin hair. The smell was that of the wolf, by whom it had been brought up. It was very partial to hard bones, and would chew and digest them as a dog would. In a word this animal had adopted all the habits of its foster-mother — the she-wolf. Crowds of natives every day came to look at the strange creature, and at last the woman who had lost the child was among the spectators. By certain marks upon the animal she recognised in it her missing offspring; but she was by no means anxious to have it restored to her. On the contrary, she regarded it with extreme horror and disgust.

Every means were resorted to,

to tame the boy; but without effect. Shut up in his iron cage, he seemed to pine, and would never touch food until forced to do so by the pains of hunger. It would have been dangerous to let him go out of the cage; for he was as savage as any wild beast of the desert. Numerous attempts were made to teach him to speak; but he uttered no sounds beyond those already mentioned. He lived for about a year, and became in that time a perfect living skeleton. Just previous to his death he said a few words, which the man who had charge of him understood to be these, "*Seer durd kerta.*" (My head aches.)

This is not the only instance on record of a wolf having brought up a young child, whom it had carried away from its parents. Some fourteen months ago an animal was taken in the district of Mozuffernugger, and brought to the station of Meerut. It was a boy of about five years of age, and a more revolting sight it would be difficult to conceive. The palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet were as hard as the hoofs of a horse. His movements were as nimble as those of a monkey, and not unlike those of that animal. Several English dogs which saw this child showed a disposition to attack and destroy it (this was, of course, prevented), while the child in return snarled at the dogs, and showed its teeth, as though it were upon these weapons that it would rest its defence. This boy, too, like

the one taken in Oude, refused to eat anything but animal food — uncooked; nor would it touch even that in the presence of a human being.

In the provinces subjected to British rule, a reward of 5 rupees (10 shillings) is given for every dead wolf, by the magistrate under orders from the Government. The natives, however, usually contrive to bring them alive to a station, where they allow gentlemen's dogs to worry them to death — for a consideration in money — previous to taking them to the magistrate and claiming the reward. The sport is no doubt a very cruel one — tied up as the wolf generally is — but people have little sympathy for a beast who will often enter the hut of a villager, by night, and carry away a child from its mother's side. These depredations have of late years become less frequent than they were formerly, and ere long, it is but reasonable to suppose, they will be of very rare occurrence — albeit the utter extinction of the race may be regarded as hopeless.

BEET-ROOT SUGAR.

IF you happen to travel in the month of December, as I did, towards the dull, clean, respectable, well-built, wealthy, and highly-fortified city of St. Quelquechose, you will observe, as you approach it, a good many fields in the outskirts deeply scored with long,

black, parallel trenches and mounds of earth, looking like waves that had been suddenly arrested upon the surface of a muddy sea. On closer inspection, the fragments of leaves and roots which are lying about will inform you, that the seeming waves of mud are really stores of beet-roots which have been earthed up to protect them from the frost. The quantity of beet-root which we see thus stored in the course of a mile or two is enormous. You would say there was enough to fatten all the bullocks in France. But that is not their destination. They are intended to feed a stomach whose digestion is ten times as rapid as that of the hungriest ox in Christendom.

Three short quarters of an hour before arriving at St. Quelquechose, you reach the pleasant and populous village of Coquille. Many of the cottages are placed in abrupt hollows, which are in truth the holes from which quantities of stone and chalk have been removed and carted away. A little further on, you pass a chateau, with its bright green park, its avenues of elm-trees, its ornamental water almost in English style, with swans, and a bridge, and a tall grove in the back-ground. From behind the grove rises a mingled vapour, the blackest of smoke and the whitest of steam. That vapour is the breath which snorts from the nostrils of the monster, for whose greedy maw and for whose fastidious palate that vast amount of

vegetable diet is prepared. Concealed behind the clump of elms stands a *Sucrerie*, or Factory of beet-root sugar. I have a letter in my pocket for M. Legrave, the proprietor; so, if you like, we will step down, and have a look at it. We shall see such a sight as is not to be beheld throughout all England, at any price; nor in France, except in winter-time, and which therefore is unseen by the majority of tourists. But, to avoid retracing our steps, we will finish our investigation of the beet-root ground, before proceeding further.

A group of men, women, and boys are removing the earth at the end of that ridge, and are carting away the roots to the Factory. You observe, they are neither the same kind as the mangel-wurzel grown in England to such enormous weights for cattle-feeding, nor as the garden beet which we eat in our winter salads. Sugar *might* be made from mangel-wurzel, as it might from turnips, but the juice is comparatively poor; and the extra evaporation and cooking required would increase the expense ruinously. These are much smaller, and sweeter; cut a slice off, and chew it, and you will taste the difference. The roots are mostly of a light pink, with a few yellow ones intermixed. But the variety which enjoys the highest repute in France for its yield of sugar, is the white Silesian beet. High-coloured roots, like the garden beet, give extra trouble, especially towards the

close of the season, to make their sugar white.

In order to be independent of other farmers for his supply, M. Legrave grows all his own beet. It is desirable, too, to have some control even over the early growth of the root, because the manner in which that is conducted has considerable influence on the success of the manufacture. The manuring of the land ought not immediately to precede the sowing; for it is found that, although the land ought to be in good heart to grow productive sugar-beet, the manure must be well rotted and incorporated with it some time previously. Experience has also proved that beet grown on land which has been folded, or too highly manured, gives unusual trouble to extract the sugar from it. In a factory in the environs of Douai, where they had used some beet grown on a spot on which a quantity of old plaster had been spread, the result was that more nitrate of potash than sugar was forthcoming. Some sugar-makers have grown their beet on the same land for five years in succession, without any sensible inconvenience; but still it is better to alternate the crop with barley or spring wheat, to avoid the evils arising from fresh manure. You now begin to understand what a delicate piece of business it is from beginning to end. One single hitch or flaw in the process — and a great many are possible — spoils the whole.

The storing of the roots by earthing them up is the mode most usually employed; and, although we do not see any little straw chimneys in the ridge, to renew the air, and prevent the mass from heating, they nevertheless would be a wise precaution, and would be absolutely necessary if the heaps were large as well as long, or if the roots were in the least bruised. The earthing-up plan answers well; yet, if the same spot of ground is used to store beet on two or three years successively, vexatious consequences are apt to follow. The very earth remains impregnated with the seeds of noxious fermentation.

Another method of preserving the roots, which is more costly at the outset, but which is so successful as to be adopted by many large establishments, is to store them in covered buildings. This plan completely saves them from the injuries of frost, but does not exempt them from those of fermentation; great care is, therefore, taken to maintain currents of air throughout the accumulation of vegetable matter. But, on either plan, the roots do suffer change, and decrease in utility, to a certain extent, in spite of every precaution. The amount of sugar obtained becomes less in quantity and inferior in quality as the season advances. The temperature of the season itself has something to do with it, a mild winter being much less favourable than a hard one. When the crown begins to

shoot its leaves, the juices of the root are much less valuable. This winter of 1852-3 has altered the quality of the beet by at least a month. That is, the juice obtained in January has lost the same proportion of sweetness as it would in February of an ordinary year. One process alone can prevent this serious inconvenience; and that is, to dry the roots immediately they are taken out of the ground. The French *hope* to be able to dry beet-root on the spot where it is grown, and to deliver it like so much wheat, to be worked at any time of the year, at a not utterly ruinous price. But the problem yet remains to be solved.

The chesnut mare who dragged us hither is unharnessed from her cabriolet, and is regaling herself with a quatern of oats and a five pound bunch or half-*botte* of hay — whence doubtless our rustic expression of “looking for a needle in a *bottle* of hay.” While she is enjoying herself in her stable at Coquille, we will go and have a peep at M. Legrave’s Sugar-house.

We pass through gates inscribed with a prohibition to enter — a *défense* which barks much worse than it bites — into a sort of square farm-yard. Crossing that, an open door admits us into the factory itself. Looking first to the right, and then to the left, we perceive that the two wings are appropriated to different processes, comprising the two great parts of the whole operation,

namely, the extraction of the juice from the roots, and the treatment of the juice after its extraction. In front of us is the passage leading to the fifteen-horse steam-engine, which occupies a central position amidst the whole. All the heating, and boiling, and forcing, and evaporation is effected by steam, and not by fire. There is the least possible of fetching and carrying in the establishment. The steam-engine does all the hardest of the labour, and only requires to be fed and tended. And the juice, from the moment it is squeezed out of the roots to the time when it reposes in the crystallizing vats laden with brilliant particles of sugar, is made to flow backwards and forwards, up stairs and down stairs, through pipes connected with the boilers and the engine; so that the workmen at their respective stations have nothing to do but to turn a few cocks, to receive their material, and to send it about its business as soon as they have done what they want to do with it.

The existence of the beet-root sugar, manufactured in France, is the result of the peculiar policy of Napoleon I., which is a matter of history, and which we have no time to discuss now. The production of native sugar owes its development to the provisions of the decree of 1812, which fostered it by granting numerous immunities. It may be remarked, however, that as a vast amount of capital has been sunk in the trade, on the strength of that decree,

any sudden alteration of the sugar duties, without compensation, would be an act of great injustice towards the manufacturers who have so invested their property. They would be fairly entitled to a recompense, were such a change likely to happen — which it is not. Immense pains and ingenuity have been bestowed in France on the manufacture of beet-root sugar; but, after all, it still remains very up-hill work. The French themselves confess that if the rich produce of the cane were treated by an equally skilful process, it would yield immediately sugar as beautiful and as pure as the whitest refined sugar from beet. But in spite of all the science which has been at work, it cannot be denied that the manufacture of native sugar is still very far from having arrived at perfection. A great difficulty is that the process fails if it is not completed with the utmost rapidity. A slight fermentation of the pulp or the juice would ruin all. Consequently the factory goes on full gallop, night and day, weekday and Sunday, without the least cessation, from the time the first beet-root is brought to the building to the hour when the very last one has yielded its quota of sugar. At Coquille, the season runs from September to the beginning of March. To show the proportion of human and machine labour employed, this fifteen-horse steam-engine finds work for a hundred men, women, and boys, who are divided into two relays of fifty

each, and whose day's-work, therefore, is twelve hours, exclusive of the two half-hours allowed for breakfast and dinner. The men earn from five-and-twenty to thirty sous a day; the women, fifteen. But higher wages than these are paid at Lille and other busy towns of the Department du Nord. There is nothing at all unhealthy in the trade, and no more danger than is incurred by other people who have to do with steam and fire.

The first step in making beet-root sugar is to clean the roots. This is sometimes effected by scraping them with a knife, but mostly by washing them in a large hollow wooden cylinder turning on an axis. Towards the end of the season, it is better to look them over one by one, by hand, and to cut out every decayed speck and spot. To leave any such, would cause fermentation of a nature the most destructive to the process. Two systems of extracting the juice are employed, neither of them, at present, thoroughly satisfactory, each having its own peculiar inconveniences. One mode is, to subject the roots, in the state either of pulp or thin slices to a methodical washing with hot or cold fluid. The plan of washing (which comprises maceration) does not succeed so well, but is necessarily the only one that can be employed upon dried beet-roots. The oldest and most general method, and that employed at Coquille, is to reduce the roots to pulp, and then

subject them to strong pressure. In short, the two acts of rasping and of squeezing, present us with the raw beet-root juice.

The juice of the beet-root, as it grows, is contained in a multitude of minute cells which, united together, form a compact substance, or cellular tissue. In this state, even a very powerful pressure would extract only a small portion of the fluid. It is highly important, therefore, not to apply the pressure till all the cells, or at least a great number of them, have been ruptured. The juice, then, will run out of itself, and easily obey the squeezing process. Hence the necessity for rasping or grinding the roots.

We will first go into the very outer apartment of the right-hand wing of the factory. It is a large barn-like room, with wide open doors, through which the people are carting in beet, and depositing it in heaps upon the floor. On one side, a large wooden trough, filled with water, has one end joining an opening in the partition wall. In the trough, three-quarters under water, are a couple of cylinders which are made of strong wooden splints, and are kept turning and turning everlastingly by the ever handy steam-engine. Note too, that the axes (or axes?) on which they turn, are not horizontal, but slope considerably towards the aperture in the wall, so that the roots are naturally shaken that way. Four or five farm lads amuse themselves by throwing beet-roots — one by

one, or two by two — into the trough, so that they shall tumble into the water just at the mouth of the cylinder. It is very good fun — nearly as good as catchball. Many an English boy, not knowing what to do with his Christmas holidays, would be delighted to come here for an hour every day, and toss beet-roots into that rumblingsplashing entrance-hole. There is a short ladder leading up to the trough, so you may mount and peep in. But 't is very muddy and sticky; take care you don't slip. The lads are polite enough to suspend their game for a moment, supposing that you don't care to be snowballed with beet-root. Rumble and splutter go the revolving cylinders. This first part of the process is not hard to understand.

We now return to the other side of the wall, and insinuate ourselves amidst a crowd of men, women, and boys, and a lot of black iron things which keep moving about monotonously. The crowd, however, is orderly and stationary. Every one is in his place; every one can do what they have to do almost without stirring. First observe the opening in the wall, and you will there see the lower ends of the two cylinders, gurgling amidst their muddy liquid, and turning up the beet-roots, which now look, really, quite clean and Sundayfied. From the hole where they are thus disgorged, there starts an inclined plane of planks, a few feet broad, on whose sloppy surface are

standing some young ladies with their petticoats tucked up to their knees, and some young gentlemen with their trowsers shortened in similar style. Their office is to assist the passage of the beet-root with short rakes, and to send it slipping on its way down the incline plane. At its bottom are other lads and lasses, who help to push the roots into a sort of dark open throat or maw, which looks as frightful a cavity as the jaws of Behemoth or the Kraken. They are effectually aided by some big iron things like hammers, which instead of beating, only push, and are therefore properly styled *poussoirs*. The good steam-engine keeps them constantly going; the people have only to give them something to push. You have witnessed the cramming of turkeys and geese, and this seems an exaggerated nightmare of the practice. As soon as the beet-roots are swallowed, you can hear, though you cannot see, that it is all over with them in no time. They do not, like the mandrake, send forth dolorous wailings, but there is such a whisking and a crunching, that you feel that mince-meat is nothing to them. From a hole cut in the bottom of that great iron stomach, they flow in the shape of a greyish, pinkish pulp, all tattered and torn, and thoroughly dis-gested. A shallow sort of cistern receives the miserable mess. And now, quick's the word, my men and boys. Spring-heeled Jack, and light-fingered Dick are the only chaps

for the next job. The voice of the sluggard here, if he began to complain, would soon get gagged with a nice little bit of beet-root.

On one side of the cistern stands a man with a wooden shovel; on the opposite side is a boy with a woollen bag in his hands. Boy opens mouth of bag; then holds out bag to man. Man whips two or three shovels-full of pulp into bag — not too much, for fear it should split the next half-minute. When bag is sufficiently filled, first boy hands it to second boy. Second boy vanishes. Presto! first boy holds out another bag; which is filled, and vanishes. And so on, *ad infinitum*. The trick is managed thus — there is a third boy to hand bags in a proper position to first boy, and there is a fourth boy to run and fetch bags for a third boy to hand to first. The little men are as completely portions of a complicated machine, as are the pushers, the cylinders, or the strong-digestive iron stomach. Everything, machines and men, are contrived to act with lightning-like celerity.

Now let us follow second boy with his bag of pulp. He has only a step to take. Close at his elbow are two large iron presses, one to be going on with the pressing while the other is being packed with pulp to be pressed. Second boy lays bag of pulp at bottom of press. Another boy covers it with a thin iron plate of the same size as the press and the bag. Second boy lays another bag of pulp on

the plate; other boy covers it with another iron plate. And so on, till the pile is complete. Then the steam-engine begins to squeeze, and the beet-root juice to trickle down, like so much coloured water from a rock. Taste; it is very sweet, and not unpleasant. You may fill your phial, if you like to carry off a sample. But it will not keep, be assured of that; otherwise, these good folks would not be so much in a hurry which never ceases.

As soon as the juice is all expressed from that pile, alternate boys remove the plates and bags. The plates are ready to pack press No. 2; but the bags have to be emptied of their refuse, before they can be used again. They are therefore handed by some boys to a party of women perched on the top of a wall, who shake out the exhausted pulp over the precipice on the other side of the wall, where we lose sight of it; the bags immediately find their way back again to the first boy and the man with the shovel, at the cistern of fresh-digested pulp.

All mysteries are interesting, so the reader shall have the solution of a great one. Our temporary home being some leagues distant from St. Quelquechose, Coquille, and the great *Sucrerie* district, we had been sadly puzzled by certain carts which passed our windows from time to time. They were filled with a greyish broken-up substance, a seeming mixture of whity-brown paper and sand. What could it be? Nobody knew.

Was it manure, or was it some incomprehensible chemical for some fanciful factory? But one day, we lighted upon a barge, or *barque*-full, and the guardian of the treasure kindly informed us that it was the residue of beet-sugar-making. It was the same pressed pulp which the women are now tossing over the wall. The object of its conveyance was to fatten bullocks. M. Legrave sells a little of his residue, but not much; he uses it himself. He has two hundred head of cattle fattening upon his premises, besides sheep and pigs, and they readily eat this dry beet-root biscuit. A M. de Mesmay, after his bags of pulp came from the press, had them subjected to the action of steam. By this, the pulp was swelled, the fragments of still unbroken cellular tissue were torn asunder, and fifteen per cent. more juice was obtained, by making the bags undergo a second pressing. But what would be thus gained in one way would be lost in another. A too thoroughly exhausted residue would be rejected by animals. The grains at Barclay's brewery have been squeezed so dry, that pigs would not eat them.

The juice which streams from the iron press is caught in a reservoir, and is then forced upstairs, to undergo the *défécation*, or clarification, which, like everything else here, is the better for being done in double-quick time. We will follow it closely, — though not through the pipes. We turn to the left wing of the building,

mount a ladder, and on a first floor or stage find a row of boilers much like over-sized kettle-drums. The man who clarifies is at his post; his implements are few and simple; — a burning lamp, though it is daylight, a metal table-spoon, a sort of rake to stir up his broth with, and two large buckets or *seaux* full of lime and water, like thick creamy white-wash. Look into the boiler, and you will see nothing but a large copper worm or *serpentin*, coiled at the bottom. You observe, however, that two pipes, each provided with a tap, or *robinet*, enter his kettle-drum, one at the top and the other at the bottom.

Our clarifier turns the upper tap, and in rushes a stream of beet-root juice in its natural state, and at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere. The sole clarifying agents which he employs are heat and lime. Alum is sometimes used; others attain their end by means of sulphuric acid, either alone, or together with lime. When the cauldron is really full, or before, the lower tap is turned; and in comes the steam raging through the worm. The time to add the lime is when the liquor is so hot that you can hardly bear your hand in it. But we have not to wait long; the steam does its work; the scum is already rising. When the soup is hot enough, the clarifier pours into it a whole bucketful of white-wash and half another, stirring them well up with his rake. He is careful not to put too much; because too much lime

gives an offensive taste to the crystallizable sugar. If he does not put enough, the clarification will be imperfect. How is he to know exactly? He tests it thus. He takes a spoonful of the boiling liquid, cools it with his breath, and inspects its surface by the aid of his lamp. He is searching for something which he cannot find yet. The other half-bucket is therefore added, and well rinsed out. After another boil, the spoon is again filled, cooled, and inspected; and on its surface is a net-work of fine threads like a spider's web. You can see it yourself: take another spoonful, and verify the test. All the substances which have been rendered insoluble by the heat and the lime are thus woven together, and are sent to the surface in the form of scum. It is now at least five or six inches thick, and the juice which boils up through it is clear and amber-tinted. It will do; the steam is turned off, the boiling ceases. The liquor escapes through the bottom of the boiler; and, to save waste, the very scum which remains is pressed in woolen bags, exactly in the same way as the raw pulp.

The three next steps which the syrup has to take, although equally curious, are not interesting to, and are almost unseen by, the casual visitor. These are, the first filtering through *noir animal*, or ivory black; the first evaporation; and the second filtering through ivory black. In the year 1811, M. Figuier, of Montpellier, first made

known the powerful bleaching properties of charcoal prepared from bones. At Coquille, the ivory black is manufactured upon the spot. The bones are put into round iron pots, placed one on the top of the other to exclude the air, and so calcined in a furnace. When burnt enough, they are ground to the requisite size in a sort of coffee-mill. Were they red instead of black, they would be not unlike a heap of coarse gravel. Besides this first furnace, there are two others of different construction to re-calcine the ground bones which have already served as filters. They are then used again, a certain portion of fresh ivory black being mixed with them. Where all the bones come from, deponent doth not say. It is said that fields of battle in general, and that of Leipsic in particular, have been ransacked for raw material to make *noir animal* with. At Coquille, they profess to reject any Christian bones that fall into their baking pots. "But, Monsieur," asked the superintendent, innocently, "Do you think that makes much difference? Bones are bones, as far as ivory black is concerned." What a consolation to think that the lump of sugar which sweetens your coffee has been brightened by infiltration through the remains of your enemies!

After filtering, evaporating, and filtering again, the clarified and concentrated fluid flows into the boiler, where it is to undergo its last cooking, or *cuite*. The man

entrusted with this is a highly responsible person. On his attention depends the success of the crystallisation, and, in fact, of the whole. Still it looks a lazy kind of work, to have nothing to do but watch a large boiler full of hot treacle, giving it a stir now and then. His only implement is a long-handled fish-slice, that is, a circular thing made of iron and pierced with small holes (like the machine with which cooks take up fried eggs out of their pan), at the end of a stick. He has two tests to decide when his syrup is enough. The first is a mere common-place judgment by the thread of syrup, the form and length of which, as it drops from his egg-slice, or is drawn out between his finger and thumb, tells him whether the lucky moment has arrived. The second proof is very pretty. "Blow!" said the superintendent; the boiling-man blew a strong puff into the iron of his slice, and from the other side of it started a throng of little bubbles, which went off dancing in a cloud, till, one by one they burst. They were his tiny pilot balloons; the flight of these in air was to him an unfailing omen. That sight makes me sure that pleasant amusement might be found in blowing a multitude of soap-bubbles at a time, instead of sending them forth to seek their fortune in solitude. Some fine summer's afternoon, we will endeavour to make the experiment.

The final chamber, in which syrup is separated into sugar and

treacle, is on the ground-floor, and in a warm climate. You enter a door through a glazed partition; on the left is an apartment which looks like a tan-yard under cover. But the vats are pools of sweetness in different states of solidity. Some are but lately filled from the pipes which run around the enclosure; others are being emptied of their contents. We may walk amidst them, but had need proceed carefully; they are more than six feet deep, and a false step might be followed by hopeless suffocation. On account of the heat, as well as by reason of the sticky gummy nature of the sugar, the men who are emptying them have no other clothing than a very short pair of trowsers. After a day's work at the bottom of the vat in a full suit of clothes, a man would certainly be unable to get into them again next morning, even if he could get out of them at night. A little imagination and a shade of twilight would convert these sugar labourers into gladiators stained with the gore of their adversaries. Only one man at a time works in a vat. He descends by a ladder fixed against the side, and stands on a plank resting upon the glutinous mass, which he seems to fear to touch with anything besides his wooden shovel. With this he raises lumps, or clods, of a brownish substance, which, if you look closely, proves to be beet-root treacle swarming with grains or crystallized sugar. He may get the clod upon his shovel, but he would have a difficulty in get-

ting it off without assistance; so people on the edge of the vat help him with their hands, and pull, and scrape, and push the huge *bon-bon* which he offers them into a copper receptacle that might pass with the ignorant for a two-handled coal-scuttle. Some of these sugar-scuttles are emptied into wicker baskets lined with cloth, to dry and drain for the refineries, with which we have nothing to do at present; but samples from other vats are at once converted into *cassonade*, or the article known in England under the various titles of brown, coarse, or powder sugar. The French call it also *sucré brut* to distinguish it from white loaf sugar, the preparation of which is a distinct affair.

Before I tell you how the concluding piece of legerdemain is managed, I should like you to pause for just one instant and guess. How would you contrive, in the course of from three to seven minutes, to separate this scuttle full of half-melted lollipop into two portions, one consisting of clean dry powder sugar, the other of treacle? I guess that you will not be able to guess; for, if the true idea were to strike you, it would seem at first so impracticable, that you would immediately dismiss it. The separation is effected by the same agent which prevents the planets from rushing into the sun, and the moon from tumbling down upon the earth. Sugar is made to settle in one direction, and treacle is compelled

to disappear in another, by the application of centrifugal force.

Opposite, and contiguous to the crystallising apartment is a room which I shall venture to call the chamber of whirligigs. We have had some curious bubble-blowing, we are now to have a game of the most furious top-spinning that I ever saw. At a slight elevation above the floor are some circular iron boxes, about two and a half feet in diameter, which are somehow connected with the steam-engine by leather straps. On the floor stand a number of smaller iron vessels, resembling sieves, which in truth they are, only the part which sifts the articles introduced, and which is made of brass wire-cloth, is the circular side, not the bottom of the sieve. Into the sieve a man shoots his scuttle-full of lollipop; the spinning-man puts it into the box, or *turbinet*, gives a few touches, and it begins to spin, at first slowly, then quicker and quicker, till at last it revolves at the rate of a thousand revolutions in a minute. It would make a man look about him to take a few turns in such a merry-go-round as that! As the motion increases, you can perceive the treacle and sugar fly to the sides of the sieve, none remaining at the bottom, but forming a smooth and regular wall around the inside of the sieve. All you can now distinctly see is that this wall is gradually becoming lighter in colour; and at last, one of the spinning-men approaches with a long-spouted tin pot containing

about a quart of water in his hand. He raises this aloft, and dexterously and steadily pours it, so that the stream falls on an iron disk, or small circular plate, exactly in the centre of the sieve. Of course the water splashes in fine drops against the wall of sugar, and washes out any remaining portion of treacle which has as yet resisted the centrifugal force. The sugar at once becomes a shade or two lighter, a few more hundred revolutions are given to dry it, and to whisk away the water, as a housemaid drains her mop, and the *turbine* is made to stop. A dozen pounds or more of sugar are added to the heap. Another scuttlefull from the vat is put into the sieve, and the whirligig recommences its office.

The molasses or treacle are caught by the sides of the iron box, and run down a hole in the centre into a common receptacle. They are worked over again twice or three times, to extract the crystallisable particles to the utmost, and alcohol is sometimes distilled from what remains. But beet-root treacle is not like the molasses from the cane; it has so disagreeable a flavour as to be quite uneatable. If I had a boy who was too much addicted to the treacle-pot, I would slyly fill it one day with a French sample, and leave the warning to do its work.

Overhead is the sugar granary. Cartloads were sent away last week, cartloads lie there now, and cartloads will soon be dispatched to the refineries at Lille. But it

is a costly product, and you will not be surprised that sugar in France is one-third dearer than in England, setting aside the difference of flavour between beet-root and cane. We have now glanced at the whole establishment. Not to be sensible of the attention we have received would be most ungracious; not to admire the ingenuity displayed would be idiotic. But still, above all, one feeling prevails; how vexing it is, and how it illustrates the perversity of human nature, to see a great and intellectual nation compelled to waste its resources on an enterprise which, however successful we may acknowledge it to be, is neither more nor less than a scheme for buying in the dearest and selling in the cheapest market, all the while that a cheap market to buy in, and a dear market to sell in, is open at their very doors.

BLACK MONDAY.

DEGENERATE boys are, I believe, now to be found, who leave home willingly for school. People at home have prejudices about carpets, and will not suffer rings to be chalked on them for marbles, or arenas on a larger scale for hopscotch. Hockey cannot be played in a hall or in a garden; if it could, holiday friends, in their clean shirt-collars, never would get into the heat of the game properly, or if they did they would be called away by their mammas.

Clean collars, hair-brushes, and dancing shoes are the real ills of a holiday life. As for the gay world and the charms of pastry, they yield very transitory pleasures, as schoolboys commonly find out before they have been three weeks at home. Cases do now, I believe, frequently occur, in which the pains of school are more than counterbalanced by its pleasures; in such cases degenerate boys fly in the face of the poet, and go willingly to school, abolishing the due observance of the ancient institution of Black Monday. I am for due observance of all fasts and festivals, and feel quite sure that there is no better reason why Gunpowder treason should be celebrated than why Black Monday should never be forgot.

Under these circumstances, it is my wish, if possible, to set on foot an agitation with a view to the eventual petitioning of the Government to bring in a bill for the better observance of Black Monday. The spread of liberal views among teachers has led to a culpable laxity among children with respect to the proper feeling that should animate — or rather deaden — them upon this day of penance. It has shocked me much of late to see boys going to school with smiles upon their faces, laughing and chattering as though they were going to a theatre. They go to the school-room to be edified and not amused. If I can meet with so many people of my way of thinking as will make it

possible to rent Exeter Hall for an occasion or two, I think we shall then be in a fair way for getting a Black Monday Bill.

There may be many who keep the day dull now, I don't deny that I believe there *are* many; but in my young days the proper celebration of it was a rule absolute, and there were no exceptions. The eve of Black Monday used to be kept on Saturday, when the school box was packed. We then used to get out our books with solemn faces. The geography book thumbled and inked, covered newly by an indefatigable sister, but not disguised under its new cover of clean brown paper; we knew it by its size and shape, by ink-blots on the edges of the leaves, and by the general aspect of the cluster of dogs' ears at one corner. As we put it in its place within the box we murmured over it edifying sentences remembered out of its contents, such as, "Leinster contains twelve counties, namely, Dublin, Louth, Meath, Westmeath, Longford, King's County, Queen's County, Kildare, Wicklow, Wexford, Carlow, and Kilkenny. Munster contains six counties, viz., Cork, Kerry, Clare, Limerick, Tipperary, and Waterford. Connaught has five counties, viz., Galway, Mayo, Sligo, Leitrim, and Roscommon. Ulster is subdivided into nine counties, viz. —" this, that, and the other; and so on dolefully murmuring reminiscences, excited by the sight of the dismal old book, as pleasantly as men remember cash

accounts when they are looking at a bankrupt debtor. Then the Tutor's Assistant was let down over the geography, dust to dust, dryness to dryness. Over that book we murmured a desperately wild legend that had been begotten of its mysteries, and was well known to all of us, showing how a boy might be haunted by the figures in his sums, and cry in his affright, "the Rule of Three does puzzle me, and Practice makes me mad." Then we brought to the box, perhaps, the English dictionary, out of which we had once learned day after day the spelling and signification of words, thirty at a time, beginning at the top of the first column of it, and finishing at the end of the last column of Zeds. We buried Virgil in our box, and dropped a tear over him as over a man whom we had never understood; whom no boy ever could understand, we felt convinced. We piled upon our slates Xenophon, Bland's Exercises (Bland had ruffled us incessantly), the Gradus, Lempriere, Ainsworth's Dictionary, Goldsmith's History of Rome, a sponge and copy book; then threw all, like the contents of a plague cart, into the pit that had been dug for them among our linen. They were not done with yet, we felt; ere long they would give plague to us, and the first day of plague would be the day most fitly called, on the same principle that gave a title to the Black Assizes, Black Monday.

Another penance undergone by

schoolboys of the last generation, that ought not to be shirked by boys in this, was the great washing of feet and heads upon Black Monday Eve, the Saturday night previous. Sunday intervened always as a day of quiet rest. We were to go so clean to school, that our legs on that last Saturday night were parboiled, and our heads were scrubbed so that the skin felt to be coming off about our ears. This penance was the more acutely felt, as we knew well that when we got to school on Black Monday evening, our heads would be again raked severely with a small-toothed comb. On the Sunday before Black Monday was the Feast of Uncles, when we would take care to go and say good bye to any relative who had not paid his nephew's tax for the half-year then to commence. Before getting into bed on Sunday night, we always counted up our shillings and half-crowns, and put the money into a big purse made by a little sweetheart with blue eyes and fairy feet; then put the purse into a pocket of the new and strong school trowsers that lay, neatly folded by a mother's hand, ready for wear next morning on a chair by the bedside. Then we got into bed, and lay awake so long that we caught the mother's face over our own attempting a sly kiss at the grown people's bed-time; then we fell asleep. We dressed next morning, hurriedly roused by candle-light, in frost and cold, were made to swallow eggs and toast, and ham

and boiling coffee, and rolled off in a hackney coach through dark and snowy streets to the Swan with Two Necks, Lad Lane. From that place we were booked — or I was booked, for it will be seen that I have slipped insensibly from generalities into a recollection of my individual experience — from that place I was booked outside to Millstone.

Outside the coach on one Black Monday morning, for example, two hours before sunrise, I found Phipps and Buttons — a boy whose real name was Woodcock — Buttons in a thin old-fashioned great-coat, and a worsted comforter, behind the coachman, and Phipps in a thick coat and heavy wrapper, with his mouth lost behind his heavy folds of handkerchief, upon the box seat. Phipps wore thick hair gloves; Buttons old Berlins carefully mended. "Hollo Tub!" they cried, as I scrambled up to them, "Hollo Tub!" — I was called Tub from my shape at that time. "Hollo Buttons!" I answered, "Hollo Phipps!" and then we all said "Here's a go!" We didn't say more just then, for Phipps's father and mine were there to see us off, and Buttons's mother — Buttons had no father. Buttons's mother — such a pale woman she was — had come out at that time in the morning to see Buttons off, and when the ladder was put up for some passengers to mount by, if she didn't clamber up and put her arms round him and kiss him! Buttons turned scarlet, and looked

aside at Phipps. Phipps looked at me and laughed, but somehow I remembered my mother's coming to my bedside overnight, so that when Buttons made up a mouth and kissed his mother back two or three times in spite of us, I didn't sneer as Phipps did when the coach drove off, but got out my dinner and began to eat a sandwich.

At Putney, Pullet was in waiting, and wanted to get up and make a third upon the box. "There's only room for two you know," said Phipps. — "There's room for three when two are boys, especially with a thin coachee," said Pullet. Coachee was fat and liked the notion. "Besides," cried Pullet, "Here's my peashooter, and I've got such a jolly pocketful of peas." — "Up with you," we all cried, Phipps foremost. — "Well," said the coachman, "you're a bold boy to carry a peashooter. Black Monday. But you mustn't do that, though." Pullet was firing into the flanks of the horses, and making the coach go awfully. Railroads have abolished peashooters by this time, I suppose, but in my young days it was always considered part of our equipment when we went home on the coach top — eight or ten together — for the holidays, to carry peashooters and blow split peas at the passers-by, and into open windows, or against closed windows at which any one was sitting, as we rattled over the stones of any country town. When we stopped to change horses we

attacked the ostlers, and the landlord of the inn, and the more irascible of the passengers who happened to get down to drink a glass of ale or stretch their legs. As for the coachman and guard, if they scolded now and then, we got up a hailstorm for their own exclusive service. On the way home that was very well; but on Black Monday, on the way to school, when a word from a passenger as the coach stopped at Millstone Hall would subject our own flanks to savage peppering, a peashooter on Black Monday was indeed a bold conception. Nobody but Pullet would have thought of bringing one; being brought, however, none of us thought for a moment of resisting its temptations.

When the sun was up and we had changed horses two or three times, under the bright blue sky, breathing the crisp morning air as the coach rolled up and down hill over the white snow, we were all mad with joy, Black Monday though it was. Buttons — who got terribly teased and knocked about at school because he was a queer fellow, though we all liked him — Buttons had his turn at the peashooter, and after a successful combat with a gipsy woman, his shot telling well about her nose and pipe, nothing further offered itself. Suddenly Buttons looked mysterious and bent over to us, whispering "Let's have at the insiders!" Glorious because dangerous game, we all rushed into enjoyment of the bold suggestion.

Buttons, at the end of the seat, had the coach window with a little twist of his body fairly within range; he charged heavily his wrath-producing tube, drew a good mouthful of breath, aimed at the open window and discharged his piece at random. The shot must have told with terrible effect. Instantly a head purple with wrath was thrust out of the window with so much abruptness that the hat fell out into the snow, and the coach was stopped that the guard might pick it up. There was a volley of words sent back for our volley of peas, among which came often repeated the significant question, "Coachman, what school are those boys going to?" The coach started again while the coachman made a sound as of answering, but the cold air soon caused the offended face to be drawn back. "He has pulled up the window," said Buttons grinning. — "Don't get us into trouble," said Phipps to the coachman. The coachman looked stern, but I saw that he meant kindness. "I tell you what," said Buttons, "when we change horses next I'll tell him I did it and beg his pardon. I don't care if he cuffs me." We agreed that nothing could be fairer than that, and when the coach stopped at the Robin Hood, and the old gentleman got out and looked up at us viciously, Buttons — who had thought twice about the cuffing — spoke an apology down to him from his seat on the coach top. "Come down then, you young

rascal, and let me punish you," cried the gentleman. Buttons began immediately to get down in a very simple-minded way, but the old gentleman, when he got down, to the amazement of us all gave him a shilling and told him to get up again. Pullet cried halves over Buttons's shilling because the peashooter had made it, and the peashooter was his; Buttons agreed readily to that reasoning, and paid Pullet a sixpence.

When we got to the Robin Hood at Bigglesford, where there was always a coach dinner ready in the parlour, we boys scrambled down, and were in the inn by the time the coachman had cried out, "Dine here, gentlemen." Buttons came with us, because we had teased him already out of his idea, that he would sit on the coach while we went in and eat his sandwiches; that he liked his sandwiches better, because the bread in them was home made. Of course, we had argued, he could eat his sandwiches and dine into the bargain; it was a pity to go hungry to Millstone Hall. So we all went in, and were at work like little old men about the table when the other passengers joined us. The old gentleman who had gone into a passion looked at us very good-humouredly, and as we considered his behaviour to have been extremely handsome, we were all anxious to show him every attention in our power, and to help him to every thing that we thought good. "Pea-soup, Sir?" cried Phipps in a minute, for he

had the ladle in his hand. — "Do take some pea-soup, Sir," said Pullet very earnestly, when the old gentleman grinned and shook his head. Buttons's face turned black, and after a throe or two, two boiling geysers of soup burst out of the corners of his mouth. I don't know where the joke was, but it suddenly occurred to us that there was a great joke in asking the old gentleman to take pea-soup, and we began, all of us, to take secret opportunities of exploding into laughter among ourselves, and now and then burst out, we couldn't help it, in the midst of speaking to the gentleman. We did our best to show our good will, however. Phipps tried to cut out the breast of a fowl for him as an especial titbit, and as he didn't eat it, and nobody took any, the fowl was left so sadly mangled, that the landlord compelled Phipps to pay an extra shilling for what he called a wilful destruction of his property. So Phipps had to pay three-and-sixpence, and we others half-a-crown a-piece. We had our pocket money with us, and were capitalist till we got to Millstone, when our purses would be given up to Mrs. Pestle and our money given to us in weekly pence spread over the half-year. Phipps said, when we were off again, that if we had got a shilling by the old chap, we had lost a shilling, and he didn't see why he should lose it, so he proposed that Pullet and Buttons should set their gains against it. Buttons didn't mind,

but Pullet did; so Buttons paid to Phipps his second sixpence, and a fight was arranged between Phipps and Pullet for the next morning to adjust the difference about the other. Young Buttons I thought afterwards a greater fool than I had fancied at the time, for as his money yielded him through the half-year only a penny a week, he must have had little enough in his pocket after the dinner had been paid for.

After another stage or two, the old gentleman inside restored the balance in his favour, by bringing out "to warm the boys" a glass of mulled port wine. We were still under the invigorating influence of this dose when the coach got within the familiar range of our school walks, and presently pulled up at the gate of Millstone Hall. The afternoon was bitterly cold, so there were only the French usher and servant man in waiting. As we got down with heavy hearts, we were all frightened at the appearance of a lady's head which popped out of the coach window, and addressed Monsieur Camille with a fierce denunciation of our conduct on the journey, and a request that we might all be flogged.

Monsieur Camille, who only understood one word in ten, politely approached the coach window, and listened with attention while our boxes were being let down from the coach top. With great courtesy he extended his hand to receive the small collection of parched peas that she had

picked up and reserved as her witnesses against us. We did not like Monsieur Camille, and expected no good at his hands; infinite, therefore, was our relief, when the coach rolled away, as we saw him throw the peas upon the ground gently with a sigh, and walk in with a hand laid upon my shoulder and Pullet's, as he pushed us pleasantly before him. Since that day I have had reason to find out more thoroughly what I was taught on that Black Monday of the difference between the quick wrath of a warm-hearted man, and a sullen, reserved, unforgiving temper. Our ignorance of that distinction caused us all to hate M. Camille. He could not win upon us much by words spoken in our own tongue; he was oppressed by his fellow-teachers, worried by the boys as a Frenchman—we were very national, and talked enormously about roast beef and frogs—worried in all ways by all kinds of sneers and tricks, into flashes of passion, that brought down a storm about our cheeks and backs. His weak health helped, I think, to make him irritable; and though, on the whole, I won't confess that any milksop system can be better than the old school plan by which boys were hardened properly, and fitted for their conflict with a selfish, wicked world, still I will own that I thought Mr. Pestle's school system had hardened us a little too much, when, after Monsieur Camille had died in an inn chamber at Millstone and been

buried, without a tomb-stone, in our country churchyard, Mr. Pestle's elder boys found out his grave, and paid off their old grudges by kicking the fresh turf away from it, and stamping the little hill into disorder. That they did that is a painful fact; but, of course, a fact perfectly exceptional in its character. It does not militate against my argument for a good hardening school, the day of return to which shall be distinguished as a genuine Black Monday.

There can be no doubt that there is something naturally rebellious in a child's heart; we frolicked on the way to Millstone, I confess with shame, because there seemed to be a power within us that would shine out, and that not the Blackest Monday in the year could fair darken. The fault was ours. But when we got within the walls of Millstone Hall, and went into the large boarded barn — the detached schoolroom — and saw the long rows of inky desks, and the four seats of the four kings of terror, Mr. Pestle and the three masters under him and over us, all became black within us. The Latin master, a stout man whom I had seen once flogging four boys abreast with a postillion's whip, and who was unmerciful in all his dealings, sat on a chair near the little stove. Far away from his chair and from the stove — made dangerous by his vicinity — cowered the dozen boys who had arrived already, whispering together, furtively

showing alley-marbles to each other, and sucking them to bring out the full richness of their colour. M. Camille came in, coughing, after having helped to carry up our boxes to the dormitory, and sat on a form near us, willing, I thought, to talk to us, had he known how to win our confidence, but we were altogether cowed. Then the bell rang for tea.

Happy were those who sat at tea-time so placed that their doings would escape the Latin master's eye. We had not yet seen Mr. Pestle. Our luxury, when we could secure enjoyment of it undetected, was to manufacture muffins out of bread and butter. We did it in this way: — every boy had a large mugful of hot milk and water on the board before him, with two very thick slices of bread. One of these slices being turned butter downwards over the mug, was pressed over the rim until a circle was cut out by it, and left fast as a light lid over the milk and water, sucking in all steam. When we had felt this circle to be warmed quite through, it required some ingenuity to get it out of the mouth of the mug without letting it fall into the skyblue lake below, where it would become instantly mere sop. If extricated carefully it came out thick, and round, and hot, and was, in fact, a muffin. Any boy detected in the act of making muffin of his bread and butter was reported to Mr. Pestle, and received due punishment. Monsieur Camille, however, we

all knew, suffered muffin to be made under his very nose at that part of the table over which he watched.

After tea we went back to the school-room, where we waited gloomily to be called in one by one to undergo the tortures of the small-tooth comb. I need not dwell upon these incidents, but we went early to bed, still without having seen Mr. Pestle himself, who had a party in his parlour. When left to ourselves for the night, our tongues were suddenly unloosed, and in ten minutes we had our bolsters up, and were dancing about the floor in the heat of a brisk engagement.

Suddenly the door opened, and the jolly face of Mr. Pestle, with the pale fat face of the Latin master, were presented to us. "All stand as you are," cried a voice before which we shrank. "You will now, Mr. Wilkins, take down the name of every boy who is not in his bed, and give me the list to-morrow morning; each boy upon that list will receive a caning." I was upon the list, for I was standing, like a Hercules in night-clothes, with my bolster uplifted over the prostrate Buttons, when we were all bidden not to move another inch. So that Black Monday ended. If Black Mondays in the present day are not maintained with the same strictness of discipline, the next generation of men, I fear, will not resemble those who were turned out into the world after being duly bruised under the Pestles of

more Spartan times. The decay of virtue may in that case shortly be expected.

SEVENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.

As late as eight-and-twenty years since, across the open road at the great western entrance into London, between the triple archway and screen of the Park and the triumphal gateway of Constitution Hill, there stretched a turnpike with double lodges. To that turnpike, half a century earlier, I wish the reader to accompany me. An unusual number of people are collected (it is Thursday, the 3rd of August, 1775) to see the king and queen returning from the drawing-room. It is not much of a show. Not even a gilt coach figures in it, or a prancing horse, or a company of lancers or dragoons. Only a stir is perceived at the further end of the crowd, two lines are formed, and through them come two sedan chairs, each surmounted by a crown and borne by two men in the royal liveries — majesty in the one exhibiting itself in very light cloth with silver buttons; and in the other wearing lemon-coloured flowered silk on a light cream-coloured ground. And so, between the two lines, observing, smiling, and bowing as they pass, George the Third and Queen Charlotte move away — and the sight is over.

But even then, for one person in the crowd, the scene appears not to lose all its interest. He is a small, thin, precise-looking man, in a dress of grave square cut, with a large bush wig, very sharp features, long nose and chin, a keen restless eye, a step as active and firm as though it carried sixteen instead of sixty winters, and a complexion certainly not tanned by an English sun. But he speaks English; and, asking of one who stands near what that noble red-brick house is that bears the look of having sprung up quite recently at the gate of Hyde Park, is told that it has just been built by the Lord Chancellor Apsley, on ground taken out of the park, and given him for the purpose by the king.

The stranger had probably more interest in the answer than he expected when he put the question. Within that house, he could hardly fail then to remember, there lived with Chancellor Apsley his father Lord Bathurst, the celebrated friend of Pope and Swift; from whose life, wanting now but nine years to complete its cycle of a century, Burke had drawn the happy illustration which he had thrown out six months ago in the House of Commons, in a speech already admired of all men, but to the man now standing by Apsley Gate more than commonly impressive. Having to move certain resolutions for a basis of conciliation with our American colonies in the dispute at this time raging, the

great orator had pointed to Lord Bathurst's venerable age, for proof that within the short period of the life of man our commercial and colonial prosperity had risen, and for warning that the same brief space might suffice for its not less rapid fall. Here was one, said Burke, who had lived in days when America served for little more than to amuse Dutch William's subjects with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; who had survived to days when as much as England had won through the civilizing conquests and settlements of seventeen hundred years, had been added to her by that very America in the course of half a century; and who yet might be spared to see these fruits of man's energy blasted by man's folly, and all this glorious prosperity withered and passed away. As merely a burst of eloquence, this was a thing to be remembered; but to the stranger of whom I speak, it possessed a nearer interest. For if the resolutions with which it closed had not been contemptuously rejected, the revolution which had driven him here into exile might not in his days have begun. If concession to those American colonies of the right of taxing themselves, of the right of trial in places where offences were committed, and of the privilege of juries in Admiralty courts, had found more than seventy-eight supporters in a house of three hundred and forty-eight members, the peal of musketry which had

broken over Lexington might not have been heard by that generation; and Mr. Samuel Curwen, prosperous merchant and Judge of Admiralty at Salem in New England, would not have found himself, a sudden fugitive from home, standing before Apsley House that August afternoon.

Two days after the Lexington affair he had taken flight from the port of Boston. His little native town of Salem was then in a flame. Some weeks earlier he had been pointed at and denounced for an ardent loyalist; but when the new militia bands had once crossed arms with the king's troops, this feeling broke all bounds. Everywhere men who had claimed the right to uphold opinions adverse to those of the majority of their fellow citizens, were driven forth with ignominy. We are told to forgive our enemies, was the fierce cry which rose on all sides, but we are not told to forgive our friends. Mr. Curwen thought he might possibly escape unmolested in Philadelphia; but on arriving there, in his precipitate flight from Boston, he found the militia as eager to put shoulder to shoulder in peaceful Pennsylvania, as he had left them in puritan Massachusetts; drums were beating, colours flying; and he saw two companies of armed quakers, commanded by Friend Samuel Marshall, and Friend Thomas Miffin, parading the streets of the drab-coated city. So there was nothing left for this poor ex-colonial Judge of Admiralty, but to

put himself on board a schooner bound for England, and try to find with us the liberty of opinion which America was then too bent on seizing for herself to have time to concede to her offspring. He was at sea nearly two months; and long before he landed at Dover, in July, the battle of Bunker's Hill had been fought, and all hopes of peaceful accommodation closed.

When Judge Curwen fled from the rebellious colonies he was sixty years old, when he went back to the triumphant young republic he was sixty-nine; and of the eventful years which formed the interval — all of them passed in England, and all with the usual penalties of exile, though some with more than its usual enjoyments — he left a curious record in a diary which his surviving representatives printed in New York a dozen years ago,* and in which those past days with all their pains and pleasures, their hopes and their misgivings, still live for us with a vivid and singular reality. For the record was honest and genuine, as in the main the diarist himself was. He does not appear, indeed, to have been of the heroic stuff of martyrs. If the liberty of opinion he craved had been conceded to

* It was printed in 1842 with the title of *Journal and Letters of the late Samuel Curwen, Judge of Admiralty, &c.: an American refugee in England*; under the Editorship of Mr. George Atkinson Ward, "Member of the New York Historical Society, and Honorary Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society."

him, it would probably have involved nothing graver than the liberty to change his opinion; for he was clearly a man impressible by events, and would probably have saved himself a very long voyage, and very great inconvenience, if he could only have held his tongue till after the first few blows were struck in the war of his fellow-citizens for independence. Not that he was a time-server — far from that; his views within his line of sight were steady and unwavering; but in politics this line stretched but a little way, and took also a subsequent not dishonourable bias from his avowed liking for his native land. In other respects he was a man of fair learning, and more than average accomplishment; not at all intolerant of opinions at issue with his own; in religion a dissenter of the class still most prevalent in New England, in his tastes scholarly and refined, not ill-read in general literature, prone to social enjoyments, a reasonably good critic of what he saw, — altogether an excellent example of the class of men out of whom the Fathers and Founders of that great republic sprang; and a companion not less pleasant than instructive to pass a few hours with, as I hope the reader will find.

If he also finds, as he moves in such company through some memorable scenes long past, that on all sides views are entertained of the probable results of this quarrel between Great Britain

and her Colonies, which at the present day appear almost too monstrous for belief, he will not be less kindly disposed to the elderly New Englander who felt that he could only resolve by headlong flight the many awful doubts that were besetting him of what must follow a contest so unnatural. With its only practicable issue, Separation, staring every one in the face at the period his diary begins — no one is bold enough to confront it. The idea is not more abhorrent to Lords North and George Germaine than it is to Chatham and to Burke. It will appear not less to the credit of Mr. Curwen's sagacity than of his humanity that he constantly urged conciliation, because he held steadily to the belief that America never would be conquered by arms; but not for an instant, till the very last, did he doubt that the downfall of both countries would follow fast on the heels of what was called "Independence." And all around him, whether favourable or not to the claims of the insurgent colonists, are not less firmly of *that* opinion. It was not till Mr. Curwen had been living more than two years in England, that (on the night of the 3rd September, 1777) he met one man at Bristol who held quite different views. This eccentric person will appear in our second chapter.

But whatever errors in political science might be prevalent — did the great mass of the people even on this side the Atlantic, though

much ill-blood had been violently stirred, desire other than a speedy and amicable close to this breaking out of quarrel? Mr. Curwen tells us, no. The experience of his first two months in London sufficed to prove to him that though the upper ranks, most of the capital stockholders, and the principal nobility, were for forcing at all hazards supremacy of Parliament over the insurgent colonies, yet from the middle ranks downward the people were decidedly opposed to it. He went into all kinds of coffee-houses (a better index of public opinion in those days than the club-houses since have been), and though he found the resistance of America the standing topic of dispute, and the dispute "something warm," yet it was always "without abuse or ill-nature." Indeed in one of the very first letters he had to write out after his arrival, when he had not been five weeks in London, he mentions the surprise with which he had found "a tenderness in the minds of many here for America, even of those who disapprove of the principles of an entire independence of the British legislature, and ardently wish an effort may be made to accommodate." He went hardly anywhere into English middle class society that he did not, at the outset of this wretched quarrel, find a manly tolerance expressed for that of which he confesses he had himself in America been very far from equally tolerant. There was one house indeed, where with the

noblest echo of this better feeling, he might also have heard a noisier and more violent majority eager to welcome extremities from which the bulk of the nation recoiled; but he could not find his way into it. In the fourth month after his arrival, Burke was upholding with unabated and unrivalled eloquence another motion in that house "to compose the present troubles and quiet the minds of His Majesty's subjects in America," but Mr. Curwen in vain exerted himself to obtain admission. After another month, Lord North in a very different spirit was urging there, amid *Hear him!* of greater triumph and with a success of numbers more potent than Burke's reasoning or wit, his bill for absolutely prohibiting all future commercial intercourse with America; and still Mr. Curwen knocked at the gallery door in vain. He remonstrated at last; he spoke to Mr. George Hayley, M. P., whom he met in the Strand; and Mr. Hayley, an active and bustling City member in those days, now faded out of human memory, could only assure the respected ex-judge that really all strangers for the present time must be excluded, for the attendances were great, the floor of the House too small, and positively the members themselves could not get on without the gallery.

But if he must wait (it is only for a time) the unbarring of those inhospitable doors, many more genial ones have been meanwhile,

and still are, opening to him. Let us go back a little, and retrace what amusements or occupations they were that relieved the first months of his exile. For this agitated time offered no exception to the law which prevails at every other, and which, in presence of the most trivial interests that can engage the individual attention, seems to dwarf the mightiest that affect the welfare of the world. It is of course not really so, as a very little reflection teaches us. We perceive it to be the result of one of the wisest of providential arrangements, that when we penetrate beneath the surface of the most wide-spread calamities that absorb the attention of history, we should find the ordinary currents of human life moving on with little suffering or disturbance; and we can afford to leave entirely to the use of jaded men of fashion such regrets as Horace Walpole was at this particular hour indulging, that so little grief should be felt by the public for the public misfortunes, and that theatres, operas, parties, dinings, merry-makings, fashionable preachings, and Sunday evening promenades, should still be in progress just as usual, though armies were surrendering, fleets showing the white feather, and an incapable ministry despoiling the Crown of what Horace protests is "its brightest jewel"—the Colonies of North America!

Judge Curwen has only been one day in London when he is to be discovered strolling about

Westminster Hall, remarking it as something odd that the Master of the Rolls (then Sir Thomas Sewell) should be sitting in court with his hat on; finding the noise "much greater than would be allowed in our American courts;" thinking it unbecoming the dignity of a judge that, in place of peremptorily checking the noise and confusion, Mr. Justice Nares should actually submit to rise out of his seat, step forward, and lean down to hear; and giving other intimations of an old-world formality and love of grave precision which a modern visitor from the New World would hardly be expected to display. He saw, of course, on this and on other occasions the Chief Justice, and thought his manner very like "the late Judge Dudley of Massachusetts;" all but those peering eyes of his, which denoted a penetration and comprehension peculiarly his own. After that hard look at Mansfield, the man whose eloquence was ever loudest against his countrymen, and whose politics, admired in his Tory days in America, now appear to him far less palatable in these days of exile — (an "excellent judge and mischievous politician" is the character he gives of him) — he is most anxious to get sight of Wedderburn, who only last year had flung in Benjamin Franklin's face the grossest insult that language could frame; and in Mansfield's court he discovers the indiscreet and fiery little Sergeant, but not saying anything that was worthy of remembrance.

In the Common Pleas he sees Blackstone, already famous across the Atlantic as the author of the Commentaries; and, before leaving Westminster Hall, he entertains himself in the committee chamber of the House of Commons at the examination of the witnesses in the case of the Worcester election, observing the M.P.s sitting on an elevated bench looking like a court of sessions, and noting that the examination is carried on by advocates "with regularity and decency."

From the law courts to the theatres is no violent step, reflecting as they do in pretty equal proportions the passions and humours of life, alike dealing largely in fictitious pathos and purchased buffoonery, and differing mainly in the fact that the law court beats the theatre in the reality of the catastrophes witnessed or inflicted in it. Mr. Curwen being a man of some taste, of course his first attempt was to see Garrick; and on a night when he was acting Hamlet, he forced his way into Drury Lane. He found him in all respects greatly above the standard of the performers who surrounded him, yet thought him even more perfect in the expression of his face, than in the accent and pronunciation of his voice. But it is to be remembered that the great actor, now in his sixtieth year, was arrived at his last season, and after this was to be seen no more; a fact of which Mr. Curwen had no very agreeable evidence in attempting to get into Drury Lane

a few months later to see him play Archer in Farquhar's delightful comedy, when, so enormous was the crowd, that after "suffering thumps, squeezes, and almost suffocation for two hours," he was obliged to "retire without effecting it." He attempted it with no better success a few weeks later, when the dazzling performance of Richard, which had first startled London five-and-thirty years before, was given for the last time; when their Majesties both were present, the theatre was again crammed to suffocation, and Mr. Curwen again turned back a disappointed man. He had to console himself as he might with Mrs. Barry at Covent Garden, where he saw and admired her fine person in Constance; where also he saw a lady play Macheath, thinking it "a great impropriety, not to say indecency"; where he thought Quick a good actor, too; and discreetly singled out Moody for praise before the merits of that performer were publicly acknowledged. On the whole, though, this particular time was but a dull time for theatres, as the interval between the sinking of a great star and the rising of any other generally is; and there seems no reason to attribute to anything but the correctness of his taste the formal complaint of our American critic, that he has no wish to indulge a cynical or surly disposition, yet cannot help declaring that he finds great disappointment at the London theatrical performances. The bulk of the actors fell below

his idea of just imitation. To his seeming they overacted, underacted, or contradicted nature; the nicest art of the stage, which is to mark the lines of separation between humours or passions bearing to each other only general resemblances, appeared to be lost altogether; the hero was a bully, the gentleman a coxcomb, the coxcomb a fool, the fine lady affected, insipid, or pert; and nothing but the lower grades of character, the gamesters, chamber-maids, or footmen, were represented to the mark of what was true. As a reward to this well-informed lover of the theatre, however, for reaching London so late as the last season of Garrick, it so befell that he did not quit London till he had assisted at the first success of Mrs. Siddons, and saw the stage as it were re-awaken at the inspiration of her genius.

Nor was he, meanwhile, without other resources. He went to Vauxhall Gardens, a "most enchanting spot" in those days, with glorious gravelled walks, shrubberies, illuminated alcoves, and everywhere such myriads of variegated lamps, that the lord of Strawberry Hill was wont to protest he should never again care a button for trees that hadn't red or green lamps to light themselves up with. He took boat at Temple Stairs and went to Ranelagh, where he found infinite numbers of well dressed people, and rubbed up against the Duke of Gloucester and the French Ambassador. At an exhibition, silly enough in it-

self, called *Les Ombres Chinoises*, a badly arranged puppet-show, he saw, among several well dressed people of fashion, an elderly gentleman with a star on his coat, who was pointed out to him as Lord Temple and "supposed author of *Junius*," a notion which seems strangely to have slept from that hour till an examination of the Stowe papers re-awakened it not many months ago. He went to the Royal Academy Exhibition in Pall Mall (it was its last year there), and was yet more struck by it in the year next following — its first in Somerset House. In a very full house at the Haymarket he heard the humorous George Alexander Stevens's Lecture on Heads; and saw subsequently (of course) an imitation and attempted improvement of the same, where the heads shone forth in transparency, Captain Cooke's calling forth elaborate eulogium, and Lawrence Sterne's the accompaniment of a pathetic apostrophe; — the exhibitor passing afterwards to very surprising tricks with cards, and winding up the whole with marvellous imitations of the thrush, blackbird, skylark, nightingale, woodlark, and quail. But songs more wondrous than these, the good new Englander heard on another occasion at Covent Garden Theatre, where, in honour of Händel (the musical saint of England, he exclaims, whose performances are as much read and studied as Romish manuals of devotion by their admirers), a performance of the oratorio of Mes-

siah was given, with an effect he can only describe by heaping epithet on epithet, as noble, grand, full, sonorous, awfully majestic. "The whole assembly as one, rising," continues the earnest old man, "added a solemnity which swelled and filled my soul with an — I know not what, that exalted it beyond itself, bringing to my raised imagination a full view of that sacred assembly of blessed spirits which surround the throne of God."

Such was the character of the amusements that our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers patronised, and incident to which, not seldom, other sights more grave were intruded. Thus, when our American holiday maker was crossing Clerkenwell Green one day in the hope of passing a pleasant evening in company with a fellow-refugee from New England, "Mr. Copley the limner" and his family (among whom played a sprightly child of two years old, who was destined to become Lord High Chancellor of England), he was startled by the sight of five couple of boys *chained together*, going under care of tipstaves to Bridewell — an exhibition, we grieve to say, which remained common and familiar in the same quarter for more than half a century afterwards. On another occasion, in that same neighbourhood, he was led by an awful curiosity, having heard that it was "notorious for its constant supply of Tyburn," into a court called Blueberry Alley, which he found

to be, precisely what to our disgrace such courts remain at the present hour, "filled with small huttish kind of houses, the habitations of filth and vice." Having occasion to cross Hounslow Heath, his attention is arrested by "three monuments of human folly and divine justice" — as many gibbets with the remains of so many wretches, hanging in chains. At Tyburn itself, he sees thirteen executed in one day; in connexion with which he has to note the melancholy consideration that robberies are nevertheless greatly increasing, as indeed is thieving of all kinds in the metropolis. Not long after, he beheld a similar exhibition of ten suffering in one day on the same scaffold. Quietly walking up Holborn on another day, shortly after having seen two pickpockets publicly whipped at the Old Bailey (when the assembled mob expressed much dissatisfaction with the very moderate lashing inflicted on the oldest offender, and loudly swore "he had bought off Jack Ketch"), he found a throng of ordinary people crowding round a chaise filled with young children of about seven years of age, and, inquiring what it meant, learnt to his horror that so many infants, "capable of being trained to useful employments, and becoming blessings to society," were already known for hardened young sinners, and at that instant were on their way to Newgate. What was his amazement, too, to find a clergyman of the Church of England suddenly

carried of to Poultry Compter on a charge of forgery, — his real name Dodd, but better known by the name of the Maccaroni Doctor; and to remember that this was the same reverend divine whom, not many months before, he had heard at the Magdalen preaching from the text *These things I command you, that ye love one another* “a most elegant, sensible, serious, and pathetic discourse, enough to have warmed a heart not callous to the impressions of pity,” and which did indeed warm *his*, until his eyes “flowed with tears of compassion.”

The tears of compassion due to Doctor Dodd in the pulpit, however, were certainly not due to him in his more proper place, the prison; and Mr. Curwen's feeling, when he heard what his previous career had been, took the very different and more natural direction of surprise that such a man should have been permitted to mount the pulpit at all. But without dwelling upon this, or seeking to account for the indifferentism which at that time had crept into the Church, and which the vigorous preachings of Wesley and Whitfield were rapidly driving out of it, let us accompany our New England visitor to one of those fashionable Sunday promenades at which it was then no unusual or indecorous thing to find yourself, in the evening, crowding and pushing past the parson under whose pulpit, in the morning, you had been sitting with reverent attention, — and of

which the Doctor of Divinity so unexpectedly committed to the Poultry was a noted and constant visitor.

The Sunday evening promenade, says Mr. Curwen (and the remark may be not unworthy of attention with such a question as the Sunday admission to the Sydenham Palace still undetermined), had been invented because less objectionable places of amusement were closed by enactment. In lieu of such, the promenade had been instituted “to compensate for twelve tedious hours' interval laid under an interdict by the laws of the country, as yet unrepealed formally by the legislature, though effectually so in the houses of the great and wealthy, from whence religion and charity are but too generally banished.” It was held at the house (now D'Almaine's) in Soho Square, which the Lords Carlisle occupied to within twenty years of this date, which Mrs. Cornelys had afterwards hired for her celebrated balls and masquerades, and which — on that ingenious but unsuccessful lady's retreat from it, to vend asses' milk at Knightsbridge — was fitted up with rooms *à la Chinois*, with variegated lamp-lit galleries, with grottoes of natural evergreens, with wildernesses of flowering moss and grass, with dimly-lighted caves of spar and stalactite, with Egyptian recesses mysterious in hieroglyphic panellings, and with tea-rooms and tea-tables for accommodation of a thousand pro-

menaders. The employment of the company was simply walking through the rooms, and drinking (when they could get it) tea, or coffee, or chocolate, or negus, or lemonade; for which privilege tickets were purchased at the doors costing three shillings each. What such a place would degenerate into, the reader can easily imagine. "Though it is also resorted to by persons of irreproachable character," says our grave and elderly friend, "among the wheat will be tares; the ladies were rigged out in gaudy attire, and attended by bucks, bloods, and macaronies." Full dress he found not requisite; but respectable habiliments absolutely so; and on the night he attended, the spurs of one promenader caught carelessly in a lady's flounce, whereupon the booted individual was obliged to apologise, and take them off. Yet very difficult it must have been for anybody, spurred or not, to keep clear of the flounces, seeing that the ladies appear to have come uniformly in two divisions, of which the first swept their track by long trails, and the other by enormous hoops and petticoats. A good thousand thronged the rooms on the night when Mr. Curwen was there; and such was the jostling, interfering, and elbowing, that for his own part, he tells us, being old and small, he received more than a score of full butt rencounters with dames in full sweep, and had to admire the greater experience with which the yet more ancient

Duke of Queensbery piloted his perilous way. Of the accommodation in other respects, he also enables us to judge. He made fifteen vain attempts to get a dish of tea; and when served at last, it was in a slovenly manner, on a dirty tea-stand. Of all the commoner tea resorts he had already had experience; — he knew Bagnigge Wells, White Conduit House was not strange to him, nor was he unfamiliar with the Dog and Duck; — but never, in the humblest of such places of public resort, had he seen the company treated with so little respect by servants, as here. With Ranelagh, whose vacation it pretended to supply, it was not in that respect comparable; Vauxhall was a thousand times more agreeable; and taking himself off at the early hour of twelve, it was with no small content Mr. Curwen found himself once more safe in his own lodgings.

And now, week had crept on after week, month after month, and he was in the second year of his exile. The war that had driven him here was raging more furiously than ever; his wife Abigail, who had refused to accompany him on his flight, had been obliged to pay ten pounds in Salem to find a man for the American army in his stead; George Washington was proclaimed Lord Protector of the thirteen independent States; the hope, which even Jefferson once entertained, that England and her Colonies

might have been a free and a great people together, was for ever gone; and nothing remained for such as held the ex-judge's moderate opinions but to prepare for a lengthened exile. Exactly twelve months were passed since he landed at Dover, and here was a letter just come from a friend at Salem — "filled with American fancies," Heaven help them! Nothing was dwelt upon in it but their power, strength, grandeur, and prowess, by land and sea; their policy, patriotism, industry; their progress in the useful arts, and their fixed determination to withstand the attacks of tyranny — "etcetera, etcetera, etcetera," adds Mr. Curwen, impatient of his correspondent's extravagance. For he feels, alas! that too soon, to their sorrow, these fanciful notions, like Ephraim's goodness, will "vanish as the morning cloud and early dew" into the land whither all such fatal delusions sooner or later pass. But meanwhile he may not shrink from the conclusion such letters put before him. He must no longer hope to measure his residence in England by the probabilities of weeks or months, but by the sad certainty of years.

London, then, can be no place for his continued abode. It is too expensive for the narrow means to which the necessities attendant on his flight restrict him. He must visit some of the leading country towns to ascertain whether without the cost of London, yet not wholly apart from the cul-

tivated society to which he has been accustomed, his mode of life may be able to adapt itself to his altered circumstances. And perhaps, at some early day, the reader will not object to accompany him on this proposed ramble through the leading towns of Old England, and mark how little or how much they may still retain of what their visitor from New England observed in them Seventy-Eight Years Ago.

FISHER'S GHOST.

IN the colony of New South Wales, at a place called Penrith, distant from Sydney about thirty-seven miles, lived a farmer named Fisher. He had been, originally, transported, but had become free by servitude. Unceasing toil, and great steadiness of character, had acquired for him a considerable property, for a person in his station of life. His lands and stock were not worth less than four thousand pounds. He was unmarried, and was about forty-five years old.

Suddenly Fisher disappeared; and one of his neighbours — a man named Smith — gave out that he had gone to England, but would return in two or three years. Smith produced a document, purporting to be executed by Fisher; and, according to this document, Fisher had appointed Smith to act as his agent during his absence. Fisher was a man of very singular habits and ec-

centric character, and his silence about his departure, instead of creating surprise, was declared to be "exactly like him."

About six months after Fisher's disappearance, an old man called Ben Weir, who had a small farm near Penrith, and who always drove his own cart to market, was returning from Sydney, one night, when he beheld, seated on a rail which bounded the road—Fisher. The night was very dark, and the distance of the fence from the middle of the road was, at least, twelve yards. Weir, nevertheless, saw Fisher's figure seated on the rail. He pulled his old mare up, and called out, "Fisher, is that you?" No answer was returned; but there, still on the rail, sat the form of the man with whom he had been on the most intimate terms. Weir—who was not drunk, though he had taken several glasses of strong liquor on the road—jumped off his cart, and approached the rail. To his surprise, the form vanished.

"Well," exclaimed old Weir, "this is very curious, anyhow;" and, breaking several branches of a sapling so as to mark the exact spot, he remounted his cart, put his old mare into a jog-trot, and soon reached his home.

Ben was not likely to keep this vision a secret from his old woman. All that he had seen he faithfully related to her.

"Hold your nonsense, Ben!" was old Betty's reply. "You know you have been a drinking and disturbing of your imagina-

tion. Ain't Fisher agone to England? And if he had a come back, do you think we shouldn't a heard on it?"

"Ay, Betty!" said old Ben, "but he 'd a cruel gash in his forehead, and the blood was all fresh like. Faith, it makes me shudder to think on't. It were his ghost."

"How can you talk so foolish, Ben?" said the old woman. "You must be drunk sure-ly to get on about ghosteses."

"I tell thee I am *not* drunk," rejoined old Ben, angrily. "There's been foul play, Betty; I'm sure on't. There sat Fisher on the rail—not more than a matter of two mile from this. Egad, it were on his own fence that he sat. There he was, in his shirt-sleeves, with his arms a folded; just as he used to sit when he was a waiting for anybody coming up the road. Bless you, Betty, I seed 'im till I was as close as I am to thee; when, all on a sudden, he vanished, like smoke."

"Nonsense, Ben: don't talk of it," said old Betty, "or the neighbours will only laugh at you. Come to bed, and you'll forget all about it before to-morrow morning."

Old Ben went to bed; but he did not next morning forget all about what he had seen on the previous night: on the contrary, he was more positive than before. However, at the earnest, and often repeated request of the old woman, he promised not to men-

tion having seen Fisher's ghost, for fear that it might expose him to ridicule.

On the following Thursday night, when old Ben was returning from market — again in his cart — he saw, seated upon the same rail, the identical apparition. He had purposely abstained from drinking that day, and was in the full possession of all his senses. On this occasion old Ben was too much alarmed to stop. He urged the old mare on, and got home as speedily as possible. As soon as he had unharnessed and fed the mare, and taken his purchases out of the cart, he entered his cottage, lighted his pipe, sat over the fire with his better half, and gave her an account of how he had disposed of his produce, and what he had brought back from Sydney in return. After this he said to her, "Well, Betty, I'm not drunk to-night, anyhow, am I?"

"No," said Betty. "You are quite sober, sensiblelike, to-night, Ben; and therefore you have come home without any ghost in your head. Ghosts! Don't believe there is such things."

"Well, you are satisfied I am not drunk; but perfectly sober," said the old man.

"Yes, Ben," said Betty.

"Well, then," said Ben, "I tell thee what, Betty. I saw Fisher to-night agin!"

"Stuff!" cried old Betty.

"You may say *stuff*," said the old farmer; "but I tell you what — I saw him as plainly as I did

last Thursday night. Smith is a bad 'un! Do you think Fisher would ever have left this country without coming to bid you and me good bye?"

"It's all fancy!" said old Betty. "Now drink your grog and smoke your pipe, and think no more about the ghost. I won't hear on't."

"I'm as fond of my grog and my pipe as most men," said old Ben; "but I'm not going to drink anything to-night. It may be all fancy, as you call it, but I am now going to tell Mr. Grafton all I saw, and what I think;" and with these words he got up, and left the house.

Mr. Grafton was a gentleman who lived about a mile from old Weir's farm. He had been formerly a lieutenant in the navy, but was now on half pay, and was a settler in the new colony; he was, moreover, in the commission of the peace.

When old Ben arrived at Mr. Grafton's house, Mr. Grafton was about to retire to bed; but he requested old Ben might be shown in. He desired the farmer to take a seat by the fire, and then inquired what was the latest news in Sydney.

"The news in Sydney, Sir, is very small," said old Ben; "wheat is falling, but maize still keeps its price — seven and sixpence a bushel: but I want to tell you, Sir, something that will astonish you."

"What is it, Ben?" asked Mr. Grafton.

"Why, Sir," resumed old Ben, "you know I am not a weak-minded man, nor a fool, exactly; for I was born and bred in Yorkshire."

"No, Ben, I don't believe you to be weak-minded, nor do I think you a fool," said Mr. Grafton; "but what can you have to say that you come at this late hour, and that you require such a preface?"

"That I have seen the ghost of Fisher, Sir," said the old man; and he detailed the particulars of which the reader is already in possession.

Mr. Grafton was at first disposed to think with old Betty, that Ben had seen Fisher's Ghost through an extra glass or two of rum on the first night; and that on the second night, when perfectly sober, he was unable to divest himself of the idea previously entertained. But after a little consideration the words "How very singular!" involuntarily escaped him.

"Go home, Ben," said Mr. Grafton, "and let me see you to-morrow at sunrise. We will go together to the place where you say you saw the ghost."

Mr. Grafton used to encourage the aboriginal natives of New South Wales (that race which has been very aptly described "the last link in the human chain") to remain about his premises. At the head of a little tribe then encamped on Mr. Grafton's estate, was a sharp young man named Johnny Crook. The peculiar

faculty of the aboriginal natives of New South Wales, of tracking the human foot not only over grass but over the hardest rock; and of tracking the whereabouts of runaways by signs imperceptible to civilized eyes, is well known; and this man, Johnny Crook, was famous for his skill in this particular art of tracking. He had recently been instrumental in the apprehension of several desperate bushrangers whom he had tracked over twenty-seven miles of rocky country and fields, which they had crossed bare-footed, in the hope of checking the black fellow in the progress of his keen pursuit with the horse police.

When old Ben Weir made his appearance in the morning at Mr. Grafton's house, the black chief, Johnny Crook, was summoned to attend. He came and brought with him several of his subjects. The party set out, old Weir showing the way. The leaves on the branches of the saplings which he had broken on the first night of seeing the ghost were withered, and sufficiently pointed out the exact rail on which the phantom was represented to have sat. There were stains upon the rail. Johnny Crook, who had then no idea of what he was required for, pronounced these stains to be "White man's blood;" and, after searching about for some time, he pointed to a spot whereon he said a human body had been laid.

In New South Wales long droughts are not very uncommon; and not a single shower of rain

had fallen for seven months previously — not sufficient even to lay the dust upon the roads.

In consequence of the time that had elapsed, Crook had no small difficulty to contend with; but in about two hours he succeeded in tracking the footsteps of one man to the unfrequented side of a pond at some distance. He gave it as his opinion that another man had been dragged thither. The savage walked round and round the pond, eagerly examining its borders and the sedges and weeds springing up around it. At first he seemed baffled. No clue had been washed ashore to show that anything unusual had been sunk in the pond; but, having finished this examination, he laid himself down on his face and looked keenly along the surface of the smooth and stagnant water. Presently he jumped up, uttered a cry peculiar to the natives when gratified by finding some long-sought object, clapped his hands, and, pointing to the middle of the pond to where the decomposition of some sunken substance had produced a slimy coating streaked with prismatic colours, he exclaimed, "White man's fat!" The pond was immediately searched; and, below the spot indicated, the remains of a body were discovered. A large stone and a rotted silk handkerchief were found near the body; these had been used to sink it.

That it was the body of Fisher there could be no question. It might have been identified by the teeth; but on the waistcoat there

were some large brass buttons which were immediately recognised, both by Mr. Grafton and by old Ben Weir, as Fisher's property. He had worn those buttons on his waistcoat for several years.

Leaving the body by the side of the pond, and old Ben and the blacks to guard it, Mr. Grafton cantered up to Fisher's house. Smith was not only in possession of all the missing man's property, but had removed to Fisher's house. It was about a mile and a half distant. They inquired for Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, who was at breakfast, came out, and invited Mr. Grafton to alight; Mr. Grafton accepted the invitation, and after a few desultory observations said, "Mr. Smith, I am anxious to purchase a piece of land on the other side of the road, belonging to this estate, and I would give a fair price for it. Have you the power to sell?"

"Oh yes, Sir," replied Smith. "The power which I hold from Fisher is a general power;" and he forthwith produced a document purporting to be signed by Fisher, but which was not witnessed.

"If you are not very busy, I should like to show you the piece of land I allude to," said Mr. Grafton.

"Oh certainly, Sir. I am quite at your service," said Smith; and he then ordered his horse to be saddled.

It was necessary to pass the pond where the remains of Fisher's body were then exposed.

When they came near to the spot, Mr. Grafton, looking Smith full in the face, said, "Mr. Smith, I wish to show you something. Look here!" He pointed to the decomposed body, and narrowly watching Mr. Smith's countenance, remarked: "These are the remains of Fisher. How do you account for their being found in this pond?"

Smith, with the greatest coolness, got off his horse, minutely examined the remains, and then admitted that there was no doubt they were Fisher's. He confessed himself at a loss to account for their discovery, unless it could be (he said) that somebody had waylaid him on the road when he left his home for Sydney; had murdered him for the gold and bank-notes which he had about his person, and had then thrown him into the pond. "My hands, thank Heaven!" he concluded, "are clean. If my old friend could come to life again, he would tell you that *I* had no hand in his horrible murder."

Mr. Grafton knew not what to think. He was not a believer in ghosts. Could it be possible, he began to ask himself, that old Weir had committed this crime, and — finding it weigh heavily on his conscience, and fearing that he might be detected — had trumped up the story about the ghost — had pretended that he was led to the spot by supernatural agency — and thus by bringing the murder voluntarily to light, hoped to stifle all suspicion? But then he con-

sidered Weir's excellent character, his kind disposition, and good-nature. These at once put to flight his suspicion of Weir; but still he was by no means satisfied of Smith's guilt, much as appearances were against him.

Fisher's servants were examined, and stated that their master had often talked of going to England on a visit to his friends, and of leaving Mr. Smith to manage his farm; and that though they were surprised when Mr. Smith came, and said he had "gone at last," they did not think it at all unlikely that he had done so. An inquest was held, and a verdict of wilful murder found against Thomas Smith. He was thereupon transmitted to Sydney for trial, at the ensuing sessions, in the supreme court. The case naturally excited great interest in the colony; and public opinion respecting Smith's guilt was evenly balanced.

The day of trial came; and the court was crowded almost to suffocation. The Attorney-General very truly remarked that there were circumstances connected with the case which were without any precedent in the annals of jurisprudence. The only witnesses were old Weir and Mr. Grafton. Smith, who defended himself with great composure and ability, cross-examined them at considerable length, and with consummate skill. The prosecution having closed, Smith addressed the jury, (which consisted of military officers) in his defence. He admitted

that the circumstances were strong against him; but he most ingeniously proceeded to explain them. The power of attorney, which he produced, he contended had been regularly granted by Fisher, and he called several witnesses, who swore that they believed the signature to be that of the deceased. He, further, produced a will, which had been drawn up by Fisher's attorney, and by that will Fisher had appointed Smith his sole executor, in the event of his death. He declined, he said, to throw any suspicion on Weir; but he would appeal to the common sense of the jury whether the ghost story was entitled to any credit; and, if it were not, to ask themselves why it had been invented? He alluded to the fact — which in cross-examination Mr. Grafton swore to — that when the remains were first shown to him, he did not conduct himself as a guilty man would have been likely to do, although he was horror-stricken on beholding the hideous spectacle. He concluded by invoking the Almighty to bear witness that he was innocent of the diabolical crime for which he had been arraigned. The judge (the late Sir Francis Forbes) recapitulated the evidence. It was no easy matter to deal with that part of it which had reference to the apparition: and if the charge of the judge had any leaning one way or the other, it was decidedly in favour of an acquittal. The jury retired; but, after deliberating for seven

hours, they returned to the court, with a verdict of Guilty.

The judge then sentenced the prisoner to be hanged on the following Monday. It was on a Thursday night that he was convicted. On the Sunday, Smith expressed a wish to see a clergyman. His wish was instantly attended to, when he confessed that he, and he alone, committed the murder; and that it was upon the very rail where Weir swore that he had seen Fisher's ghost sitting, that he had knocked out Fisher's brains with a tomahawk. The power of attorney he likewise confessed was a forgery, but declared that the will was genuine.

This is very extraordinary, but is, nevertheless, true in substance, if not in every particular. Most persons who have visited Sydney for any length of time will no doubt have had it narrated to them.

A WALK THROUGH A MOUNTAIN.

I TOOK a walk last year through the substance of a mountain, entering at the top, and coming out at the bottom, after a two or three mile journey underground. Perhaps the story of this trip is worth narrating. The mountain was part of an extensive property belonging to the Emperor of Austria, in his character of salt merchant, and contained the famous salt mine of Hallein.

The whole salt district of Upper Austria, called the *Salzkammergut*, forms part of a range of rocks that extends from Halle in the Tyrol, passes through Reichen-thal in Bavaria, and continues by way of Hallein in Salzburg, to end at Ausse in Styria. The Austrian part of the range is now included in what is called the district of Salzburg, and that district abounds, as might be expected, in salt springs, hot and cold, which form in fact the baths of Gastein, Ischl, and some other places. The names of Salzburg (Saltborough), the capital, and of the Salzack (Saltbrook), on the left bank of which that pleasant city stands, indicate clearly enough the character of the surrounding country. Hallein is a small town eight miles to the south east of Salzburg, and it was to the mine of Hallein, as before said, that I paid my visit.

On the way thither I passed through much delightful rock and water scenery. From Linz, the capital of Upper Austria, I got through Wells and Laimbach to the river Traun, and trudged afoot beside its winding waters till I reached the point of its junction with the Traunsee, or Lake of Traun. From the village on the opposite shore, I followed the same stream again upon its wanderings by mountain steep, and wooded bank, along the valley called after the river's name, until I came to Gmünden, where the Traun flows through another lake. At Gmünden I stopped to

look over the Imperial Salt Warehouses. The Emperor of Austria, as most people know, is the only dealer in salt and tobacco with whom his subjects are allowed to trade. His salt warehouses, therefore, must needs be extensive. They are situated at Gmünden to the left of the landing-place, from which a little steamer plies across the lake; and they are so built as to afford every facility for the unloading of boats that bring salt barrels from the mine by the highway of the Traun. The warehouses consisted simply of a large number of sheds piled with the salt in barrels, a few offices, and a low but spacious hall, filled, in a confused way, with dusty models. There were models of river-boats and salt moulds, mining tools, and tram ways, hydraulic models of all kinds, miniature furnaces, wooden troughs, and seething pans. I looked through these until the bell from the adjacent pier warned me, at five o'clock in the evening, to go on board the steamer that was quite ready to puff and splash its way across the beautiful green lake. We went under the shadow of the black and lofty Traunstein, and among pine-covered rocks, of which the reflections were mingled in the water with a ruddy glow, that streamed across a low shore from some fires towards which we were steering.

The glow proceeded from the fires of the Imperial Saltern, erected at Ebensee. I paid a short visit to the works, which have

been erected at great cost; and display all the most recent improvements in the art of getting the best marketable salt from saline water. I found that the water, heavily impregnated, is conducted from the distant mines by wooden troughs into the drying pan. The pan is a large shallow vessel of metal, supported by small piles of brick, and a low brick wall about three feet high, extending round two-thirds of its circumference, and leaving one-third, as the mouth of the furnace, open to the air. Among the brick columns, and within the wall, the fire flashed and curled under the seething pan. Ascending next into the house over the great pan, and looking down upon the surface and its contents through sliding doors upon the floor, I saw the white salt crusting like a coat of snow over the boiling water, and being raked as it is formed by workmen stationed at each of the trap doors in the floor above me. As the water evaporated, the salt was stirred and turned from rake to rake; and finally, when quite dry, raked into the neighbourhood of a long-handled spade, with which one workman was shovelling among the dried salt, and filling a long row of wooden moulds, placed ready to his hand. These moulds are sugar-loaf shaped, and perforated at the bottom like a sugar mould, in order that any remaining moisture may drain out of them. The moulds will be placed finally in a heated room before the salt will

be considered dry enough for storeage as a manufactured article.

The brine that pours with an equable flow into the seething pan at Ebensee, is brought by wooden troughs from the salt mine at Hallein, a distance of thirty miles in a direct line. It comes by way of mountains and along a portion of the valley of the Traun, through which I continued my journey the same evening from Ebensee, until the darkness compelled me to rest for the night at a small inn on a hill side. The next day I went through Ischl and Wolfgang, and spent three hours of afternoon in climbing up the Scharfberg, which is more than a thousand feet higher than Snowdon, to see the sunset and the sunrise. There was sleeping accommodation on the top: so there is on the top of Snowdon. On the Scharfberg I had a hay-litter in a wooden shed and ate goat's cheese and bread and butter. I saw no sunset or sunrise, but had a night of wind and rain, and came down in the morning through white mist within a rugged gully ploughed up by the rain, to get a wholesome breakfast at St. Gilgen on the lake. More I need not say about the journey than that, on the fifth day after leaving Ebensee, having rested a little in the very beautiful city of Salzburg, I marched into the town of Hallein, at the foot of the Dürrenberg, the famous salt mountain, called Tumul by old chroniclers, and known for a

salt mountain seven hundred and thirty years ago.

After a night's rest in the town, I was astir by five o'clock in the morning, and went forward on my visit to the mines. In the case of the Dürrenberg salt mine, as I have already said, the miner enters at the top and comes out at the bottom. My first business, therefore, was to walk up the mountain, the approach to which is by a long slope of about four English miles.

I met few miners by the way, and noticed in them few peculiarities of manners or costume. The national dress about these regions is a sort of cross between the Swiss Alpine costume and a common peasant dress of the lowlands. I saw indications of the sugar-loafed hat; jackets were worn almost by all, with knee-breeches and coloured leggings. The clothing was always neat and sound, and the clothed bodies looked reasonably healthy, except that they had all remarkably pale faces. The miners did not seem bodily to suffer from their occupation.

As I approached the summit of the Dürrenberg, the dry brownish limestone showed its bare front to the morning sun. I entered the offices, partly contained in the rock, and applied for admission into the dominion of the gnomes. My arrival was quite in the nick of time, for I had not to be kept waiting, as I happened to complete the party of twelve, without which the two guides do not start.

It was a Tower of London business; and, as at the Tower, the demand upon our purses was not very heavy. One gulden-schein — about tenpence — is the regulated fee. Our full titles having been duly put down in the register, each of us was furnished with a miner's costume, and, so habited, off we set.

We started from a point that is called the Obersteinberghauptstollen; our guides only having candles, one in advance, the other in the rear.

We were sensible of a pleasant coldness in the air when we had gone a little way into the sloping tunnel. The tunnel was lofty, wide, and dry. Having walked downwards on a gentle decline for a distance of nearly three thousand feet through the half gloom and among the echoes, we arrived at the mouth of the first shaft, named Freudenberg. The method of descent is called the "Rolle." It is both simple and efficacious. Down the steep slope of the shaft, and at an angle, in this case, of forty-one and a half degrees, run two smooth railways parallel with each other, and each of about the thickness of a scaffold pole; they are twelve inches apart, and run together down the shaft like two sides of a thick ladder without the intervening rounds. Following the directions and example of the foremost guide, we sat astride one behind the other on this wooden tramway, and slid very comfortably to the bottom, regulating our speed

with our hands. The shaft itself was only of the width necessary to allow room for our passage. In this way we descended to the next chamber in the mountain, at a depth of a hundred and forty feet (perpendicular) from the top of the long slide.

We then stood in a low-roofed chamber, small enough to be lighted throughout by the dusky glare of our two candles. The walls and roof sparkled with brown and purple colours, showing the unworked stratum of rock-salt. We stood then at the head of the Untersteinberghauptstulm, and after a glance back at the narrow slit in the solid limestone through which we had just descended, we pursued our way along a narrow gallery of irregular level for a further distance of six hundred and sixty feet. A second shaft there opened us a passage into the deeper regions of the mine. With a boyish pleasure we all seated ourselves again upon a "Rolle" — this time upon the Johann-Jacob-berg-rolle, which is laid at an angle of forty-five and a half degrees — and away we slipped to the next level, which is at the perpendicular depth of another couple of hundred feet.

We alighted in another chamber where our candles made the same half gloom, with their ruddy glare into the darkness, where there was the same sombre glittering upon the walls and ceiling. We pursued our track along a devious cutting, haunted by confused and giant shadows, suddenly passing

black cavernous sideways that startled us as we came upon them, and I began to expect mummies, for I thought myself for one minute within an old Egyptian catacomb. After traversing a further distance of two thousand seven hundred feet we halted at the top of the third slide, the Königs-rolle. That shot us fifty-four feet deeper into the heart of the mountain. We had become quite expert at our exercise, and had left off considering, amid all these descents and traverses, what might be our real position in the bowels of the earth. Perhaps we might get down to Aladdin's garden and find trees loaded with emerald and ruby fruits. It was quite possible, for there was something very cabalistic, very strong of enchantment in the word Konhauserankehrschachtricht, the name given to the portion of the mine which we were then descending. Konhauser-return-shaft is, I think, however, about the meaning of that compound word.

So far I had felt nothing like real cold, although I had been promised a wintry atmosphere. Possibly with a miner's dress over my ordinary clothing, and with plenty of exercise, there was enough to counteract the effects of the chill air. But our eyes began to ache at the uncertain light, and we all straggled irregularly along the smooth cut shaft level for another sixty feet, and so reached the Konhauser-rolle, the fourth slide we had encountered in our progress.

That cheered us up a little, as it shot us down another one hundred and eight feet perpendicular depth to the Soolererzeugungs-werk-Konhauser — surely a place nearer than ever to the magic regions of Abracadabra. If not Aladdin's garden, something wonderful ought surely by this time to have been reached. I was alive to any sight or sound, and was excited by the earnest whispering of my fellow adventurers, and the careful directions as to our progress given by the guides and light-bearers.

With eager rapidity we flitted among the black shadows of the cavern, till we reached a winding flight of giant steps. We mounted them with desperate excitement, and at the summit halted, for we felt that there was space before our faces, and had been told that those stairs led to a mid-mountain lake, nine hundred and sixty feet below the mountain's top; two hundred and forty feet above its base. Presently, through the darkness, we perceived at an apparently interminable distance a few dots of light, that shed no lustre, and could help us in no way to pierce the pitchy gloom of the great cavern. The lights were not interminably distant, for they were upon the other shore, and this gnome lake is but a mere drop of water in the mountain mass, its length being three hundred and thirty, and its breadth one hundred and sixty feet.

Our guides lighted more candles, and we began to see their

rays reflected from the water; we could hear too the dull splashing of the boat, which we could not see, as old Charon slowly ferried to our shore. More lights were used; they flashed and flickered from the opposite ferry station, and we began to have an indistinct sense of a spangled dome, and of an undulating surface of thick, black water, through which the coming boat loomed darkly. More candles were lighted on both sides of the Konhauser lake, a very Styx, defying all the illuminating force of candles, dead and dark in its dim cave, even the limits of which all our lights did not serve to define. The boat reached the place of embarkation, and we, wandering ghosts, half walked and were half carried into its broad clumsy hulk, and took each his allotted seat in ghostly silence. There was something really terrible in it all; in the slow funereal pace at which we floated across the subterranean lake; in the dead quiet among us, only interrupted by the slow plunge of the oar into the sickly waters. In spite of all the lights that had been kindled we were still in a thick vapour of darkness, and could form but a dreamy notion of the beauty and the grandeur of the crystal dome within which we men from the upper earth were hidden from our fellows. The lights were flared aloft as we crept sluggishly across the lake, and now and then were flashed back from a hanging stalactite, but that was all. The misty darkness about us brought

to the fancy at the same time fearful images, and none of us were sorry when we reached the other shore in safety. There a rich glow of light awaited us, and there we were told a famous tale about the last Arch-ducal visit to these salt mines, when some thousands of lighted tapers glittered and flashed about him, and exhibited the vaulted roof and spangled lake in all their beauty. As we were not Archdukes, we had our Hades lighted only by a pound of short sixteens.

We left the lake behind us, and then, traversing a further distance of seventy feet along the Wehrschachtricht, arrived at the mouth of the Konhauser Stiege. Another rapid descent of forty-five feet at an angle of fifty degrees, and we then reached Rupertschachtricht, a long cavern of the extent of five hundred and sixty feet, through which we toiled with a growing sense of weariness. We had now come to the top of the last and longest "slide" in the whole Dürrenberg. It is called the Wolfdietrichberg-rolle, and is four hundred and sixty-eight feet long, carrying us two hundred and forty feet lower down into the mountain. We went down this "slide" with the alacrity of school-boys, one after another keeping the pot boiling, and all regulating our movements with great circumspection, for we knew that we had far to go and we could never see more than a few yards before us.

Having gained the ground beneath in safety, our attention was

drawn to a fresh water well or spring, sunk in this spot at great cost by order of the Archduke, and blessed among miners. Amid all the stone and salt and brine, a gush of pure fresh water at our feet was very welcome to us all. The well was sunk, however, to get water that was necessary for the mining operations. We did not see any of those operations underground, for they are not exhibited; the show-trip underground is only among the ventilating shafts and galleries. Through the dark openings by which we had passed, we should have found our way (had we been permitted) to the miners. I have seen them working in the Tyrol, and their labours are extremely simple. Some of the rock-salt is quarried in transparent crystals, that undergo only the process of crushing before they are sent into the market as an article of commerce. Very little of this grain salt is seen in England, but on the continent it may be found in some of the first hotels, and on the table of most families. It is cheaper than the loaf salt, and is known in Germany under the title of *salzkorn*, and in France, as *sel de cuisine*. In order to obtain a finer grained and better salt, it is necessary that the original salt-crystals should be dissolved, and for this purpose parallel galleries are run into the rock, and there is dug in each of them a dyke or cistern. These dykes are then flushed with water, which is allowed to remain in them undisturbed for the space

of from five to twelve months, according to the richness of the soil; and, being then thoroughly saturated with the salt that it has taken up, the brine is drawn off through wooden pipes from Hal-lein over hill and dale into the evaporating pans.

We had traversed the last level, and had reached what is generally called the end of the salt-mine; but we were still a long way distant from the pure air and the sunshine. We had travelled through seven galleries of an aggregate length of nearly two miles; we had floated across an earthy piece of water; had followed one another down six slides, and had penetrated to the depth of twelve hundred feet into the substance of the mountain limestone, gypsum, and marl. Having done all this, there we were in the very heart of the Dürrenberg, left by our guides, and entrusted to the care of two lank lads with haggard faces. We stood together in a spacious cavern, poorly lighted by our candles; there was a line of tram-rail running through the middle of it and we soon saw the carriage that was to take us out of the mountain emerging from a dark nook in the distance. It was a truck with seats upon it, economically arranged after the fashion of an Irish jaunting car. The two lads were to be our horses, and our way lay through a black hollow in one side of the cavern, into which the tram-rail ran.

We took our seats, instructed to sit perfectly still, and to re-

strain our legs and arms from any straggling. There was no room to spare in the shaft we were about to traverse. Our car was run on to the tram-line, and the two lads, with a sickly smile, and a broad hint at their expected gratuity, began to pull, and promised us a rapid journey. In another minute, and we were whirring down an incline with a rush and a rattle, through the subterranean passage tunnelled into solid limestone which runs to the outer edge of the Dürrenberg. The length of this tunnel is considerably more than an English mile.

The reverberation and the want of light were nothing, but we were disagreeably sensible of a cloud of fine stone dust, and knew well that we should come out not only stone deaf, but as white as millers. Clinging to our seats with a cowardly instinct, down we went through a hurricane of sound and dust. At length we were sensible of a diminution in our speed, and the confusion of noises so far ceased, that we could hear the panting of our biped cattle. Then, straight before us, shining in the centre of the pitchy darkness, there was a bright blue star suddenly apparent. One of the poor lads in the whisper of exhaustion, and between his broken pantings for breath, told us that they always know when they have got half way by the blue star, for that is the daylight shining in.

A little necessary rest, and we were off again, the blue star before us growing gradually paler,

and expanding and still growing whiter, till with an uncontrollable dash, and a concussion, we are thrown within a few feet of the broad incomparable daylight. With how much contempt of candles did I look up at the noon-day sun! The two lads, streaming with perspiration, who had dragged us down the long incline, were made happy by the payment we all gladly offered for their services. Then, as we passed out of the mouth of the shaft, by a rude chamber cut out of the rock, we were induced to pause and purchase from a family of miners who reside there a little box of salt crystals, as a memento of our visit. Truly we must have been among the gnomes, for when I had reached the inn I spread the brilliant crystals I had brought home with me on my bedroom window sill, and there they sparkled in the sun and twinkled rainbows, changing and shifting their bright colours as though there were a living imp at work within. But when I got up next morning and looked for my crystals, in the place where each had stood, I found only a little slop of brine. That fact may, I have no doubt, be accounted for by the philosophers; but I prefer to think that it was something wondrous strange, and that I fared marvellously like people of whom I had read in German tales, how they received gifts from the good people who live in the bowels of the earth, and what became of them. I have had my experiences, and I do not

choose to be sure whether those tales are altogether founded upon fancy.

FRIEND SORROW.

Do not cheat thy Heart and tell her,
Grief will pass away —

"Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day."

Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;

Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.

Cheat her not with the old comfort,
"Soon she will forget" —

Bitter truth, alas, but matter
Rather for regret;

Bid her not "Seek other pleasures,
Turn to other things:" —

Rather nurse her caged sorrow
'Till the captive sings.

Rather bid her go forth bravely,
And the stranger greet:

Not as foe, with shield and buckler,
But as dear friends meet;

Bid her with a strong clasp hold her,
By her dusky wings;

And she 'll whisper low and gently
Blessings that she brings.

THE LAST CRUSADER.

RAFAELLE, the Angel-limner;
Guido with his heavenward turned
visages; the ghost — stalwart,
grim, awful — of Michael Angelo
Buonarotti, pointing with a giant
hand* from the midst of the

* It is matter of artistical tradition that the figures in Sebastiano del Piombo's great picture of the Raising of Lazarus were drawn by Michael Angelo, who wished to pit the Venetian painter against Rafaelle, and knowing the proficiency of Sebastiano as a colourist and his weakness as a draughtsman, designed his picture for him.

gemmed raiment and rich carnations of Sebastiano del Piombo; with these the grand old white-bearded man Tiziano Vecelli, so affectionately called by his countrymen *the Titian*, with hues as gorgeous as his own Venice. Such are my glorious company in one of the shabby suite of shabby rooms near Charing Cross, called (in a spirit of polite irony, I presume,) the National Gallery. Shabby, paltry, in bad taste, miserably inefficient as these rooms may be for the purposes they were intended to fulfil, while I have these great masters of Art around me I can forgive and forget the ugly hive that holds so many sweets: the barn-like frontage, the mustard-pot dome, and pepper-box cupolas. I am not alone. The Grenadier Barracks may be close behind me, with most unromantic fife and drumming in the yard thereof, for ever calling discordant echoes from the purlieus of Leicester Square; with inartistical-looking privates lolling out of monotonous windows, with doors, jamb-studded by lance corporals returning from the fatigue duty of carrying home their better-halves basket of newly mangled linen. The neighbouring sky may be obscured by puffy steam issuing from the work-a-day baths and wash-houses. There may be little charity children, hard by, droning forth spelling-lessons in St. Martin's Schools. Sallow paupers may be uncomfortably stone-breaking, oakum-picking, bone-crushing, hand-

mill-grinding, all in direct opposition to good taste and the advancement of the Fine Arts, in the inner yards of St. Martin's workhouse; but I can condole all their common-place delinquencies, and all the shortcomings of the locality, the *entourage*, the population, Cockspur Street with its hideous statue, St. Martin's Lane, the ginger-beer fountains, the post they have stuck Nelson on. *Here*, in the one-pair front of the National Gallery, I can walk with the peacocks in the rainbow-marbled palace of Dido; good master Steenwyck my gentleman usher. I can bide under the trees with Pater Æneas in the storm. I can tremble when Lazarus rises, and weep when the Angel lifts His auburn tresses in pious Francia's canvass. I can fondle the little lamb that Saint John is leading in the desert, can wipe the moisture from the swimming eyes of the Gevar-tius of Vandyck, can count the furrows in the forty per cent. face of Rembrandt's Jewish Rabbi.

But not for these is my admiration, Sir, to-day. My frying-pan (to be vulgar) is for other fish. I am spell-bound by the canvasses of another painter, newly gone to his reward — taken too soon (though his years had come to those that can be counted but as labour and sorrow) from us and Art — whose birth and death were both of modern date; but who is surely as old a master as any of the Sampsons of the brush — as any strong Gyas or strong Cloan-

thus of the easel and maulstick here present. Proximate to where Claude Lorraine is toying with the Queen of Sheba, stands Joseph William Mallard Turner a-building of Carthage with bricks of gold and silver and jewels. And *that* builder against the Frenchman for any stake you like to mention!

Few of us there be but have laughed, long and loudly, at the monstrous splodges of colour the marvellous man sent of late years to the Royal Academy exhibitions, and bade us, authoritatively, reverence as pictures. What jokes we made! what humorous censures we passed upon those eccentric performances! *Now* that the Master is dead, the evil that he did lies buried with him. For all his faults, and eccentricities, and madnesses (if you will) we will proudly and lovingly remember our Englishman as the greatest landscape-painter the world ever saw. Such, at least, be *my* remembrance of Joseph Turner, the barber's son, who was the Milton of his art — who painted the "Shipwreck" and the "Building of Carthage," — who sleeps the great sound sleep now in the Cathedral Church of Saint Paul, but who lives, and holds his own against all comers among the greatest of the ancient masters in our Gallery.

And, filling mine eyes with the Building of Carthage, the nascent palaces, and growing terraces, and embryo fountains, I turn, in

thought, from Carthage built to Carthage ruined. Musing upon the delended city, slowly, sadly rise before me the shadows of its greatness — visions of its magnificence, its decadence, its various fortunes and woes, its headlong fall, its utter erasure and blotting out from the roll of cities.

Stand, Pilgrim, on the summit of Byrsa, and gaze upon the ruins of Carthage, for it hath its ruins yet: yea, to this day, in spite of railroads and submarine telegraphs and tourists from Peckham Rye poking about the Levant in the steam-boats of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. The ruins of Carthage resemble those of Sparta: meagre in data, too shattered to confirm, too dilapidated to elucidate, they yet cover a considerable space. Gaze, Pilgrim (shading thine eyes from the hot African sun, though the year is yet no older than its second month), fig-trees and olive-trees spread forth their earliest leaves; the haughty angelica, the scrolled acanthus, form tufts of verdure scattered among starred and shapeless masses — rocks almost — of feverish marble, that once were temples, palaces, columns, amphitheatres. Far away in the distance gaze upon the Isthmus, upon the double sea, upon the hazy islands, upon smiling plains, blue lakes and delicately rose-and-purple mountains, upon fields, forests, ships, aqueducts, Moorish villages, Moslem hermitages, minarets, and the white houses of

Tunis the whilom piratical. Silent as are these hot plains (for the sun is high in the heaven, and few Tunisians care to stir abroad in the day-heat), legions of shadows of the men and women who have lived their course of life in Carthage flit solemnly across the landscape: Dido, Sophronisba, and the noble spouse of Asdrubal; Hannibal and Marius; the Roman revenge, and the Carthaginian women weaving their hair into bow-strings. These broad Afric lands stand no need of sowing with dragon's teeth for an army of recollections to start up armed and appointed. Come the mailed men — the serried legions that fought at Scipio's bidding. Comes the shadow of Utica and of Cato's house. Alas! that it should be but a shadow. Caprœa yet can show the ruins of the palace of Tiberius; but of Cato's dwelling there remains nor stock, nor stone, nor vestige. Come the days of the barbarians — come rapine and slaughter, and ruined houses and choked-up fountains — come the Vandals, the terrible Vandals; and, no less terrible though more polished, Belisarius and his Byzantine hordes. Come the cruel Moors with their Sultan, and where his horse's hoof has touched the earth there grows no more grass. Lastly comes, Pilgrim, ravening for Saracen blood, hot upon their track, Louis of France, called the Saint, the LAST CRUSADER. An you would know how it sped with him in his last crusade, and how the Angel of

Death struck him amid the ruins of Carthage, you shall hear in this my reverie.

In God's year 1269, Louis the Twelfth of France is no longer young. Cares of state and private sorrows, fierce wars and pious vigils, have combined, too, with years to enfeeble his health and bow his erst stalwart frame. He cannot sit his charger for any length of time. His two-handed sword and massive triangular shield are burdens to him. His casque weighs heavily on his brow. Wearisome are the strong shirt of mail, the massive greaves, and cuissons, and jamb-plates. Saint Louis grows old and weak. But his soul is strong, and yearns as vigorously as ever (piety prompting) for the redemption of the Holy Land from the miscreant Paynims. His will is, now, in the November of his life, to go beyond sea once more, and do battle for the Cross. The great ones of the kingdom, haughty holders of ducal fiefs, mailed barons and belted knights are summoned to Paris, and the King paints to them, in colours as vivid as he may, of the Christian woes in Palestine — of the perils of the Sepulchre and of the Holy Places. And not only of the dolours of Palestine, but of the Christians of that Egypt and of that Alexandria of which St. Cyril once was pastor — of that Africa in whose burning deserts good Saint Jerome awed the savage lions with the Word. And he declares his fixed resolution to go, armed, to succour his

afflicted brethren in the East, and to slaughter (parenthetically) those other brethren of his who wear turbans and scimitars. They are to be remorselessly extirpated — for the greater glory of Heaven. So saying, he takes the cross from the hands of the Pope's legate, and gives it to his two sons.

The ducal foffers, mailed barons, and belted knights take the cross also in great numbers, directly their lord the King has set the example. Piety becomes fashionable. Takes the cross a brother-king and king-brother of Louis, to wit, Charles of Sicily. Takes it furthermore Edward Longshanks, Prince Royal of England, with as little scruple as he will take Wales and Scotland some of these days. Takes it Gaston of Bearn, and the Kings of Navarre and Aragon. The fair dames of Europe, undaunted by the grim reports of Paynim fevers and Paynim swords, prepare to follow their lords. The lady of Poitiers, the Countess of Brittany, Jolande of Burgundy, Jeanne of Toulouse, Isabella of France, Amicia de Courtenay; youth and beauty of blood-royal — these quit the distaff — which queens are not too proud to handle in 1269 — and follow their husbands beyond the salt sea. Their white hands are not satisfied with buckling on the armour, or lacing the morions, or knotting the scarves of their true knights. The taper fingers long to be unbuckling the armour-straps after victory — albeit, perchance, there

shall be other work found, ere long, for the pretty digits: unguents and bandages to be prepared for the wounded; orisons to be said, with clasped hands, for the souls of the dying.

Saint Louis makes his will. To Agnes, his youngest daughter, he leaves ten thousand francs as her wedding portion. To his Queen Margaret, he leaves four thousand francs. Then he appoints two Regents to rule over the kingdom during his absence: Mathew, Abbot of St. Denis, and Simon, Sire of Nesle. After which he will go take the oriflamme.

Now the oriflamme, as you should know, is a standard of silk, attached to the end of a lance. Now its colours are "Samite vermillion, cut to the guise of a pennon, with three peaks, and having round it hoops of green silk." In times of peace, over the high altar in the abbey of Saint Denis, sheltering the tombs of the Kings of France; in times of war it is borne before them in the front of the battle, where the King's place should be. From the hands of Abbot Mathew Louis receives the sacred standard. At the same time they gird his loins with the *escarcelle* (a girdle), and put into his hand the *bourdon* (a stick), which are called the consolation and sign of journey. And the delivery of these is so ancient in the Frankish monarchy, that it is patent that Charlemagne sits on his throne in his tomb beneath the dome of Aix-la-Chapelle, girt with the golden girdle, and armed

with the jewelled staff he was wont to carry in Italy.

The morrow, after praying at the tombs of the martyrs, and placing his kingdom beneath the protection of the patron of France, he proceeds in great state and ceremony, but with bare feet (as also his two sons), from the Palais de Justice to the church of Notre Dame. The evening of the same day he leaves for Vincennes, where he bids adieu to his Queen Margaret, "gentle, good queen, full of great simplicity," says Robert of Sainceriaux; afterwards he quits for ever the old oaks of the forest of Vincennes, the venerable witnesses of his justice and of his virtue.

"Many and many a time," writes the good Sire de Joinville, "have I seen the holy kingman (*saint homme roy*) sitting at the foot of an oak in the wood of Vincennes, and making us all sit down over against him on the green grass; and all who had matters concerning which they desired speech with him, were suffered to address him without any sergeant or usher offering them hindrance. Many times, so, in the time that is gone, have I seen the good king come to his garden that is in Paris, vested in a coat of camlet, a surcoat of tiretaine without sleeves, a mantle above of black sandalette; and there have his carpet spread for us and for him to sit round about among the flowers, and there did despatch for his people, both high and low, as

he did in the bygone at Vincennes."

There is a gloomy, gothic, silent, fever-stricken seaport down in the dusky South of France, called Aigues-mortes; and from here, on the 1st July in God's year 1270, Saint Louis sets sail — he and his warriors, on his last crusade. Three schemes had been mooted in the King's councils: to disembark at Saint Jean-d'Acre; to attack Egypt; or to make a descent on Tunis; there being Paynims to be slaughtered, and Christian laurels to be won, at each of these three points. Unhappily, Saint Louis takes the last of the three courses, for a reason you are to hear.

Tunis is now governed by a prince whom Geoffrey of Boileau and William of Nangis call Omar-el-Muley-Moztanca. The historians of the period do not state why this prince should have feigned a desire to embrace the Christian creed; but it is probable enough that having heard of the strong crusading armaments preparing in the ports of the Mediterranean, he thought it worth while to send ambassadors to the court of King Louis, flattering the holy king with hopes of an exemplary conversion, on his (Muley's) part illusive and improbable. This he has done on the King of France first taking up the cross — not knowing probably where the storm would fall. His deceit brings the storm right upon his own head; for King Louis, being in doubt as to the

sincerity or hypocrisy of this Mussulman neophyte, resolves to unriddle the pious enigma with a solution of glaives and hauberks, and steers direct for Tunis to convert Muley, *bon gré* if he can, *mal gré* if he cannot.

Perhaps a little political reason lurking beneath this pious resolve: The Tunisians have infested the seas for years; their rovers intercept the succours that are sent to the Christian princes in Palestine; they furnish neighbouring steeds, bright weapons, and strong soldiers to the Sultans of Egypt; there are the centre of the intrigues that Boudoc-Dari keeps up with the Moors of Morocco and the Moors of Spain. So that, besides his anxiety for Holy Cross, Saint Louis *may* wish to clear out a nest of pirates and brigands.

Saint Louis sails gallantly into the Bay of Tunis at the end of July. About this time a Moorish prince has undertaken the task of rebuilding Carthage; some new houses already begin to show their heads among the blocks of ruins, a freshly built castle crowns the summit of the hill Byrsa. The Crusaders are struck by the beauty of the country, covered as it is for miles with olive trees. Omar el-Muley's conversion has already vanished into air. To the Christian salutations of King Louis he responds by a savage menace, that if one single Crusader lands, every single Christian subject of his in Tunis shall be momentarily massacred. But this

menace has no effect on Saint Louis and his host. They land incontinent; they encamp in the Isthmus of Carthage, and the French King's almoner takes possession of the country of Hannibal, saying these words: "I say to you the ban of our Lord and of Louis, King of France, his sergeant." This same country and spot has heard spoken Getulian, Syrian, Vandal, Greek, and Arabic, and always expressing the same passions, couched in different tongues.

Saint Louis resolves to take Carthage before besieging Tunis; for Tunis is rich and strongly fortified. He drives the Saracens from a tower, which defends the cisterns of Carthage; he raises the new castle; in fancied security the stores of the expedition are disembarked, ultimately also the noble dames; and by one of the revolutions that centuries bring round, the great ladies of France establish themselves among the ruins of the palace of Dido.

But fortune is fleeting, and fate is remorseless, and prosperity evanescent. Carthage is taken; but Tunis yet remains to be subdued, and Tunis cannot be taken without succours being received from Louis's brother the King of Sicily. Sweltering, perforce, on the sandy isthmus, the army is attacked by a contagious malady which, in a few days, diminishes its strength by one-half. The fierce African sun literally devours men accustomed to dwell beneath a mild and equably tem-

perate sky. In order to augment the misery of the Crusaders, the Moors fill the air, by means of machines, with burning sand; in their infernal ingenuity they imitate the effect of the famous khan-sim or wind of the desert — an ingenuity worthy of the awful solitudes in which it has been engendered, showing to what pitch men can carry the genius of destruction. Continual combats and skirmishes weaken the forces of the army; the living no longer suffice to bury the dead; the corpses are thrown into the ditches that form the entrenchments of the camp: these soon overflow with the stream of death.

Already the Counts of Nemours, Montmorency, and Vendôme, are dead; the king has seen expire in his arms his best beloved son the Count of Nevers. Then the arrow strikes him; and from that moment he knows that its wound is mortal, that the blow is sufficient to prostrate a frame already half-worn out by fatigue, mental and physical. Yet sincere in all other things — loving the truth above all — Saint Louis dissimulates now. He hides his illness from his courtiers and his people; he feigns vigour and cheerfulness while the hand of Death is weighing him down. Still struggling, and fighting Death with bold front and resolute mien, he goes daily and nightly the round of the hospitals. From holy works he passes to royal duties. The safety of the

camp has to be looked after; an intrepid front has to be made to the Paynims; justice has to be rendered to the King's lieges, beneath the shadow of the King's tent-curtains, as in the old days beneath the oaks of Vincennes.

For days, Prince Philip, the eldest born and heir of Louis, has not quitted his royal father. He is at last obliged to keep his tent; then, thinking that the hours of his utility to his people are numbered, but that it behoves him to provide for their well-being even after his death, he writes his will. Ducange, the antiquary, has seen the manuscript in the saintly King's own writing. The characters are large, yet feebly traced; they are the weak expressions of a strong soul, for the will is full of wisdom, and goodness, and simple-mindedness, and sage advice to his son Philip for the well governing of the kingdom and people that are soon to be his.

On the Monday morning, the twenty-fifth of August, Saint Louis of France, being in extremity, demands and receives extreme unction; then he causes himself to be stretched on a bed of cinders, and — crossing his arms over his breast, and raising his eyes to Heaven — waits for death.

The sight has been seen but once, and never will be seen again. The horizon becomes dotted with black specks — these specks are ships — these ships are the fleet of Charles of Anjou, King

of Sicily, laden with arms and men and munitions of war for the Crusaders. The hills and plains around Tunis are swarming with the Moorish hosts; but in the camp of the Crusaders there is a dead silence; the only figures to be seen are wasted, emaciated, death-stricken soldiers slowly and painfully dragging themselves to the tent of their expiring king. Within that tent, towards the third hour of the afternoon, Saint Louis giving one sigh says clearly and distinctly, these words, "Lord, I shall go into thine house and enter into thy temple!" and dies.

So ran my reverie of the Last Crusader. He was a Christian and a King worthy of better times and better deeds. Long the old knights and gentlemen who followed him were proud to say that they had been crusading with SAINT Louis; "and I have had made," writes the honest Sire de Joinville, "an altar in honour of God and of 'Monseigneur Saint Loys.'"

DIETS OF GOLD AND SILVER.

THOSE among us who are sufficiently in the sunshine of fortune to possess golden luxuries — whether in the forms of plates or dish-covers, candlesticks or candelabra, racing cups or presentation plates, watch-cases or watch-chains, ear-rings or finger rings — are not fully aware of the soli-

citude with which Her Majesty's Parliament supervises the gold; to see that it is of the right quality; to see — not, perhaps, that all that glitters shall be gold — but that all which is called gold shall have some sort of claim to that designation.

It is of old standing, this supervising authority over the goldsmiths. So long back as the reign of Edward the First, an Act was passed to settle this matter: to determine which, between two kinds of jewellery, shall be deemed the real Simon Pure. No article of gold or silver was to be made with a baser alloy than those named in the Act; and none should pass into the market until its quality had been assayed, and a leopard's head stamped upon it. The wardens of the Goldsmiths' Company were empowered to go from shop to shop among the goldsmiths, to ascertain that the gold employed was of the right "touch," or alloy. Then, Henry the Sixth's parliament enacted, among things relating to silver, that all silver articles should be at least as fine as "sterling;" that every workman or maker should stamp his mark on every article; and that every maker's private mark should be made known to the Goldsmiths' Company. Several early charters gave to this powerful Company a general control over the gold and silver trade; the wardens were constituted judges of the standards of the precious metals; and they were empowered to search out and

destroy all specimens of "deceitful work" — that is, work made of gold or silver below the standard. It was towards the close of the fifteenth century that they were entrusted with the privilege of stamping manufactured goods. In the time of Elizabeth a statute declared the well-known "twenty-two carats" fine to be the standard quality which all gold manufactures must reach; that is, an alloy of twenty-two parts of gold to two of silver; while the standard for silver was to be eleven ounces two pennyweights of fine silver in twelve ounces, the rest being copper. The wardens had no bed of roses, it would seem; for an Act passed in 1665 recited, "that the wardens of the said Company, in punishing defaults in the said trade, had been at great charges, and at the peril of their bodies as well as at the loss of their goods; so that the wardens then late, on account of the menaces and assaults from the workers, could not put into execution the authorities given to them by former charters." The Kings, and Queens, and Parliaments laboured hard to ensure the goodness of the precious wares; for in 1738 a new statute strengthened the provisions of all the old ones, especially as to the standards for gold and silver. There was, however, an exemption in favour of jewelers using gold in certain of the trinkets made by them: the gold might in such cases be lower than the standard. All the goods, when found to be of the proper

standard, were to be stamped with the initials of the worker, the arms of the Company, and a distinct variable letter to denote the year; but in mercy to the fragile structure of the tender family of pencil-cases, tweezercases, necklace beads, rings, buttons, thimbles, filagree work, toothpicks, chains, and such-like — they were exempted from the rude visitations of the stamping process.

The Government made use of the Company as a means of insuring the payment of a duty imposed (in 1719) on plate; this duty was sixpence per ounce. The Company kept a sharp eye on the makers, and the Excise on the Company; and assay-papers and receipts were planned with all due formality. The Company were of course not expected to do their work for nothing; they were to receive tenpence for assaying and stamping a gold watch-case, fivepence for a gold buckle, fifteen-pence for a gold snuff-box, half-a-crown for any piece of gold plate under thirty ounces, and so on. There is a curious use of the word *diet* in the Act just named; it being enacted that, from every piece of silver plate, weighing above four pounds troy, sent to be assayed and stamped, the wardens are empowered to take out or detain a diet not exceeding ten grains per pound.

Thus did Parliament, reign after reign, throw its protective shield over these luxuries. The Goldsmiths' Company had at first

control over all the kingdom; but similar guilds were afterwards established at Exeter, Bristol, Newcastle, and a few other towns. About the year 1773, the towns of Birmingham and Sheffield, having become somewhat conspicuous for their works in gold and silver, and feeling the annoyance attending the sending of their wares for assay and stamping to distant towns, obtained powers to establish companies under the title of 'Guardians of the standard of wrought plate.' These bodies were to choose wardens, assayers, and other officers; and we now learn what is the meaning of the *diet* of those towns. The assayer for each town (Birmingham for instance), is empowered to scrape eight grains from every troy pound of the silver plate or other article sent to the Company's office to be assayed and stamped; this he equally divides into two little parcels, one of which is immediately locked up in the *assayer's box*, while the other is operated upon. After the assay, the article is broken in pieces if below the proper standard, and the owner has to pay sixpence per ounce for the assay; but, if it be standard as above, the article is stamped, and a fee paid according to a certain graduated scale. If the four grains per pound be more than enough for the assay, the overplus goes as a perquisite to the Company. But now for the assayer's box and its contents. If the standard of each piece of plate be right and proper, the

remaining little parcel of four grains per pound is taken out of the assayer's box, and with due formality deposited in a more honoured receptacle called the *diet-box*. By the end of a year, this box contains diets or samples of all the plate found by assay during the year to be proper in standard. Once a year, the officers of the Company sent up this box to the Mint in London; where the Assay-master tries the little bits or diets, in order to see that the Birmingham assayer has not departed from the true standard: if he has, his pocket is made to suffer.

These Birmingham and Sheffield guilds, like those of London, York, Exeter, Bristol, Chester, Norwich, and Newcastle, were made a kind of cat's-paw for the Government, in respect to an increased duty of 8s. per ounce on gold manufactures and 6d. per ounce on those of silver, imposed in 1784. The wardens, after assaying and stamping, were to receive the duty before returning the articles; the Excise demanded it of them whether they had received it or not; so we may be pretty sure that the wardens of the respective Companies did not let the owners escape scot-free. The owners paid the duty to the Companies; the Companies handed it over to the Excise; and the Excise gave them 6d. in the pound for their trouble.

As there is no good reason why all the world should agree about these standards of purity, it is no

wonder that manufacturers should have occasionally tried to obtain some variation. The legislature settled this question, in 1798, by allowing two standards for manufactured gold, one of "twenty-two carats," and the other of "eighteen carats;" the same Companies were to assay and stamp both kinds; and the same stamps were to be employed all excepting the "lion passant," which royal animal was to be exclusively appropriated to the finer kind of gold. So recently as 1844 these little peddlings with industry (for such they are apt to appear in these our free-trade days) were further modified. It had been found that, by stamping gold and silver with the same dies, a little hocus-pocus might possibly enable a dishonest person to pass off a silver gilt article for gold; it was therefore enacted that all the gold articles of "twenty-two carats fine" should be stamped with the mark of a Crown and the figures 22.

All these curious statutes, with a few curious exceptions, are still in force; and form a body of industrial law which is more likely to diminish than increase in future. The great City Companies have in many cases outlived their duties, though by no means outlived their wealth; but the Goldsmiths' Company has still both duties and wealth. The following is pretty nearly the relation, at the present day, between the four parties interested in gold and silver manufactures — the Crown,

the Goldsmiths' Company, and the manufacturers, and the public.

Every article made in or near London of gold or silver, except certain trinkets and small wares, must be sent to the Goldsmiths' Hall near Cheapside. The maker must previously stamp his mark upon it, which mark must be known and approved by the Company. It is assayed at the Hall; it is broken up and returned if below the proper standard, but stamped and returned if of due quality. The Company employ persons to scrape a few fragments from every article, for the purpose of assay; and these persons, to ensure their thorough knowledge, must have served a seven years' apprenticeship to a goldsmith. There being many gold and silversmiths, and manufacturers of watch-cases and chains, living in and near Clerkenwell, the Goldsmiths' Company, when they rebuilt their Hall some years ago, determined to build it on its present central site, rather than remove it nearer to the Mint. There is a constant running to and fro between the workshops and the Hall; and many losses might occur if the Hall were too far distant. Clerkenwell and Foster Lane are the two poles of an electric chain, having links of silver and gold — a figure, by the way, which we fear is not quite faultless; for these two metals, though electric in a moral sense, are not much so according to lecture-room philosophy.

When the wardens and assayers

of the Company are examining the articles sent to them, they have power to reject any in which, according to their judgment, there may have been too much solder employed; because solder being less valuable than the metal soldered, the standard of the whole bulk may perchance be reduced too much. The duties of the Company, therefore, may be said to be five-fold, in respect to the principal articles of gold and silver sent to them — viz., to see that the gold or silver is of the proper standard; to see that the silver is not plated silver, or the gold silver-gilt; to see that the solder employed has not been too much in relative weight; to stamp the article when approved; and to receive money when the article is returned to the owner. This money consists of a small sum for the stamping-fee, and a much larger sum for the Government. The present duty — seventeen shillings per ounce for gold, and one shilling and sixpence for silver — is practically reduced to fourteen shillings and twopence, and one shilling and threepence, an allowance of one-sixth being made to the manufacturer for a slight reduction in the weight of each article during the finishing processes; this finishing being always conducted after the assaying and stamping have taken place. The Company pay these duties into the Bank of England, where they are placed to the account of the Receiver of Stamps and Taxes; and the Company, having

thus acted as tax-gatherers, are paid for so doing at the rate of two-and-a-half per cent. The Company receives about four thousand a year from the manufacturers for assaying and stamping, and about two thousand a year from the Government for collecting the tax. There is one deputy-warden appointed by the Company, with a salary, to superintend especially these matters; and under him are an engraver of punches, three assayers, two weighers, three drawers, and a cupel-maker.

Boys carry the articles of plate between Clerkenwell and Foster Lane. Let us suppose that young Tom Simmons, a Clerkenwell apprentice, arrived or arriving at years of discretion sufficiently to be trusted, takes a piece of unfinished plate to Goldsmiths' Hall. The weighers ascertain the weight, calculate the duty at so much per ounce, set down the fee required for assaying and stamping, and enter the items in due form. The drawers or scrapers then take the piece of plate in hand. They examine it to see that the several parts all belong properly to each other, and that it is not charged with a suspiciously large amount of solder. This examination being satisfactorily concluded, they draw or scrape a few fragments from the surface of the article, just sufficient for the purposes of assay; and if there be a shadow of suspicion that there are different qualities of metal in different parts of the article, the

scraper is applied to all those parts, and a fair average made of the whole. Then comes the third stage in the history: the drawers hand over the little fragments to the assayers, who proceed to determine whether the metal be up to the standard. If all be right up to this time, the drawers again take the piece of plate, and stamp it with the requisite marks. If all be not right, if the metal be lower than the standard, the article is retained until the following day; it is again tried, and if again found wanting, it is broken up; but if the manufacturer, willing to save his poor bantling, should ask for a third trial, and should be willing to pay another shilling for it, he can do so: the third verdict is final, there being no appeal against it; and the broken piece of glitter is sent home in disgrace. But *our* piece of plate we of course assume to be standard. After the assayers have reported well of it, and the drawers have stamped it, the weighers reweigh it; and then there is very little else to be done before Tom takes home the piece of plate to his master's.

The principle of adulteration (pity that we should have to use such a term) sometimes creeps into these golden products. The maker of a watch-case may, if he be less honest than his compeers, make some of the tiny bits of less than perfect metal; but the drawers baffle him; they scrape from all the parts, good and bad; and if there happen to be former

peccadillos attached to his name, the scrapings are made yet more carefully; and he must abide by the average result of the whole. The assayers are not allowed to know to whom the several little packets of scrapings belong; these are wrapped up separately by the drawers, with certain private marks and numbers, and are placed in boxes; and the assayers take them from the boxes, assay them, and report the results, without knowing who are the parties affected by their decision. Thus are there one or two hundred assays, more or less, made every day at the Hall: one assayer confining his attention to gold, and two others to silver.

The Company, in order to have some test that their servants have properly performed the duties entrusted to them, hold a kind of annual scrutiny — an assay of a more formal nature. Portions of the scrapings resulting from the assays made during the year, amounting possibly to fifty thousand, are kept, sufficient to form a judgment on the whole. The practical members of the Company are convened — leaving out the noble lords and right honourable gentlemen who somehow become members of this as of the other great City Companies — and the parliament, or jury, or judges, or arbitrators, or scrutineers (call them which we may) melt down the scrapings, and make a very careful assay of them; the result of this assay shows whether or not the three assayers have done

their year's work well. But the *diet* of the Birmingham and Sheffield assay is more official and more imperative; we must briefly notice it.

The golden doings of Birmingham have undergone very considerable change within the last few years. Time was when the "toy-shop of Europe" produced immense quantities of gilt toys, which occupied some thousands of hands; the buckles, the snaps, the clasps, the earrings, the bracelets, the rings, the brooches — as well as other articles which we may designate toys, or trinkets, or sham-jewellery — were thrown upon the market most unsparingly. Such is not now the case; and many causes have led to the change. Fashion has, in many instances, refused to sanction that which she formerly applauded; the gold became thinner and thinner upon the toys, until people began to be ashamed to call it gold at all; the French showed that they could make gilt-toys presenting more graceful designs than our own; while the designation of "Brummagem goods" became rather humbling to those who decked themselves therewith. Thus the gilt-toy trade has declined in that town; but others have arisen which place the golden labours of the townsmen on a better footing. The manufacture of good jewellery has increased; while the rise and spread of the remarkable electro-plating process have given an immense impetus to the employment of the

precious metals at Birmingham. How the Birmingham men use their gold and silver, it is not our province here to describe: our tenth volume (at page 220) has already done this. Suffice it here to speak of the official inspection of the gold and silvre work produced.

The diets or small parcels of scrapings, as mentioned in a former page, are sent up to London from Birmingham in the diet-box, and placed in the hands of the Queen's Assay-master. Here they are examined and assayed, and tested with certain gold and silver trial plates made expressly for this purpose. If the quality be below standard, the Birmingham Assay-master is fined; but if it be equal or superior to standard, a certificate is returned, which is an acquittal for a whole year's labours. A certificate for the Birmingham gold assays takes somewhat the following form: "These are to certify that, having this day duly assayed and tried the gold Diet from Birmingham, of twenty-two carats of fine gold, and two carats of alloy, and also the gold Diet of eighteen carats of fine gold, and six carats of alloy, pursuant to Act of Parliament 5 Geo. 4, sess. 1824, and having made such trials in presence of —, especially appointed by the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury to attend the same; I find, in comparison with the respective gold trial plates made for that purpose, that the Diet of twenty-two carats fine is —, and the Diet of eighteen

carats fine is — the said trial plates, and do therefore report that the said Diets are sufficiently fine, and fully conformable to the true intent and meaning of the Act aforesaid." The Queen's Assay-master signs this certificate, in which there are blanks left for indicating whether the gold is "equal to" or "superior to" the standards respectively referred to.

Query: If the Government duty were abandoned on the one hand, and the Companies' privileges on the other — if manufacturers and purchasers were allowed to make their own bargains uninfluenced by all this official parade — would it not be better and cheaper in the end that these diets should die away? Are they not relics of the same antiquated system which at one time gave curfew laws, and at another sumptuary laws? When trades are too young to run alone they are protected; but they are all getting out of leading-strings now-a-days, one by one. Gold and silver working is certainly an old trade; but (we wish to leave room for correction) it may just possibly not be old enough to be left to itself.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH.

It would appear, from the long list of eccentricities we are about to extract from the Government report on the local charities of the country, that as soon as a man sits before the form of a "last will

and testament," his ideas begin to run riot. He sees all sorts of odd cranky ways of purchasing a snug local immortality by the investment of twenty pounds, to be called the Wiggins charity; he dreams of the far-off years when the grateful recipients of his perennial bounty will demand to know who was Wiggins, and whether Wiggins was duly honoured and recognised in the century to which he belonged. Another gentleman sits before his "last will and testament," and has a mind to make a noise after his death — but a noise on the lowest possible terms. If immortality is to be purchased in Appledom for the small charge of seven shillings and sixpence per annum, he is not the man to leave eight shillings for the purpose: therefore he bequeaths a leg of pork to the parish bell-ringers, to be discussed on New Year's morning, after the bell-ringing. He feels that this bequest will lead annually to the question, who was Chapenier — the munificent donor of the leg of pork. Thus, for the small charge of seven shillings and sixpence, Chapenier feels that he can place himself before the parish for ever. He determines to go down to posterity on a leg of pork.

"A maid deceased" figures on the papers of the parish of Hampstead, as the donor of forty pounds, to be distributed by the church-wardens in a halfpenny loaf to every soul, rich and poor, in the parish. This is a happy way

of spreading a little bounty over a large surface. The parish of Paddington is also endowed with an eccentric gift from "two maiden gentlewomen," in the shape of a piece of land, the rental of which (forty pounds eighteen shillings per annum) is applied in the purchase of bread and cheese for the poor — which refreshments were formerly thrown down from the parish church, to be scrambled for by the people congregated in the churchyard. In the same spirit of eccentricity, one William Clapham made a will in the year 1603, by which he bequeathed the yearly sum of four shillings and fourpence, to be laid out in figs, bread and ale, for the poor scholars of the free-school in Giggleswick, Yorkshire: and to this time these poor scholars, on one day in the year, enjoy a feast of bread and figs — to the glory of William Clapham. When a lady, who wished to be nameless, wrote, "I give and bequeath one hundred pounds, the interest of which shall be applied by the authorities of St. Andrew, Holborn, to the relief of six poor lying-in women, the wives of Irishmen, living within the Saffron Hill Liberty of the parish," she taught a lesson to all future donors of figs.

Contrast this with the bequest of one Thomas Mosely, who, it is thought, many years ago bequeathed a dole of one penny to every person in Walsall. When the commissioners went their round, they found that the Walsall corporation employed three

persons to make the distribution. These began their operations on New Year's Day, and went gradually through the parishes, giving to every inmate of every house the dole of one penny. In this manner they threw away sixty pounds. The yearly bull bequeathed in 1661 by George Staverton to the poor of the township of Wokingham, Berks, to be baited — and then to be sold; the proceeds to be distributed among the poor children of the township in the shape of shoes and stockings — led to a riot in 1835, when the people broke into the place where the bull was yoked, and, in defiance of the authorities, revived the barbarous custom of baiting. Thus for six pounds a year George Staverton contrived to purchase local notoriety for his name, and about one hundred and seventy years after his death to provoke a riot.

Eccentric testators have spread their eccentricities all over the country. There is hardly a parish that does not enjoy the fruits of testatory eccentricity. I think I see Matthew Wall, who, in 1595, wrote "I give and bequeath," and appended to these words the following provisions for the perpetuation of his name on the smallest possible terms: — To the sexton to make up the testator's grave yearly, and to ring the bell, one shilling and tenpence: To sweep the path from the testator's house to the church-gate every year, one shilling: To the vicar of Stortford, to make proclamation yearly,

on Ascension and Michaelmas Day, that the testator left his estate to a Matthew, or William Wall, as long as the world should endure, eightpence: To the parish clerk at Hallingbury for the same, eightpence; and to the minister and church-wardens, to see the testator's will carried out, five shillings. Matthew Wall also gave twenty groats to twenty boys, and ten threepences to ten aged and infirm persons. The general intention of Matthew in this document is a little too obvious: he bungled in his bargain for local immortality. Edward Strode, who wrote "I give and bequeath" about one century after Wall, did not exhibit any remarkable advantage over the little hero of Stortford. Strode fixed upon Shepton Mallet, in Somersetshire, as the abode of his immortality; and caught the happy idea of founding almshouses to be called by his name. More — he determined that the recipients of his bounty should wear the badge of his charity upon them: that the letter E should "be cut large in blue cloth, and well sewed on the right sleeve, and the letter S on the left sleeve, plain to be seen." Thus Strode contrived that four poor old men of his parish should wear his livery, and carry the initials of his name about the country for ever. I can picture Strode to myself also: — a weak man anxious to make a bargain for his soul and a salve for his vanity at the same time. Let me also recall the pompous bequest of the merest pittance made by William Norrice in 1611, to the parish of All Saints, Leicester, "in consideration of the love which he bore" to it — and to himself. He granted fifteen shillings, "issuing out of certain garden-ground in or near Soar Lane, upon the conditions that the minister and churchwardens should yearly, upon the Sunday next before the feast of St. Bartholomew the Apostle, in the afternoon, meet and elect forty-one of the poorest people inhabiting in the parish of All Saints, and deliver a list of their names in writing to the clerk of the parish, and cause him to give notice that all persons whose names were contained in that note should personally attend evening prayer on St. Bartholomew's Day, and that the minister should, on the said feast day, after the second lesson at evening prayer, exhort the people to praise God for his mercy in providing for the poor, and should make choice of some fit psalm for that purpose, desiring the people to sing that psalm with him; and after evening prayer the minister and churchwardens should cause the clerk to call the said forty-one people into some convenient place in the church, calling each by his name, and in a loud voice, and to give each fourpence, and the minister and churchwardens, and clerk were to have fourpence each; all which being satisfied, the said poor should depart, glorifying God (and William Norrice): and in default of all this formality, the

annuity should cease." And all for fifteen shillings!

It is not certain, however, that we might not reasonably prefer the will of William Norrice to one of those documents where reckless munificence is recorded. It is difficult to give well. In 1790 George Jarvis, Esq., of Stanton upon Wye, Herefordshire, left thirty thousand pounds to be invested in Government securities, the interest to be distributed in money, provisions, clothes, or medicine amongst the poor people "of this parish of Bredwardine and Litten." In 1822 this fund amounted to ninety-two thousand four hundred and ninety-six pounds, seventeen shillings, and ninepence, the interest of which was to be distributed amongst the poor of three parishes, the united population of which did not exceed eleven hundred and eighty persons. The yearly fund distributable amounted to three thousand pounds. This was a source of great attraction to the country people round about, and encouraged the idle and dissolute to come and plant themselves within the genial influence of Mr. Jarvis's bounty. Thus George Jarvis, Esq., did not effect much good by his munificence; it is more than probable, on the contrary, that he contrived to do much evil by it.

We run over innumerable bequests of money to preach sermons about the Armada; to return thanks that the fire of London was no worse; to encourage servants

to remain with their employers; to invigorate "the inner man" of bellringers; to tempt "poor maidens" into matrimony; to console the weary hours of single ladies who have arrived "at a certain age"; to reward labourers who have reared infinitely large families on infinitely low wages; to give clean gloves to churchwardens, and targets to local sportsmen; to apprentice deserving little boys, and sing doggrel verse to condemned murderers; to encourage loyalty, and promote education. Two objects are curiously associated by John Peram of Newmarket, who, after the important words "I give and bequeath," wrote to the effect that a marriage portion of twenty-one pounds was to be given out of his estate yearly to a parishioner, or, in default of a marrying parishioner (who must not be worth twenty pounds), to the winner of the next town plate!

The ingenious eccentricities of testators are, in fact, endless. They have tacked sums to churches for the most curious purposes; in the olden time, to strew the sacred edifices with rushes or new hay; and, comparatively in modern times, to reward men who will undertake to wake those who sleep during a dull sermon and "to whip dogs out of the church." These bequests have been made to many country churches, and zealous men have been found to do these offices for the yearly sum of eight shillings. Even the inattention of boys du-

ring divine service long ago attracted the attention of testators. Much money has also been given and bequeathed to sextons and pew-openers, and to the guardians of churchyards, and enormous sums have been set aside to decorate testators' graves: to plant them with rose-trees, or cover them with flying angels.

These vanities and pomps are however relieved, as we run through the list, by tender touches of goodness and piety. Here and there we feel that a good soul has dictated the words that follow "I give and bequeath"; that here the bountiful hand was opened — not to be seen by a staring world, but for the love of doing good; that strong affection, regardless of the applause that may follow the deed, made its noble offering to its object. In a history of bequests the curious reader may find touches of pathos that must move him deeply; traces of quiet goodness that make the vulgar ways of the coarser part of the world sweet again; revelations of an inner spirit which redeem the harsh appearances of social life. The sternest men have softened before a last will and testament; the most abandoned profligates have paused before this solemn document, to do an act of redeeming goodness.

That is a touching pillar planted on the road between Penrith and Appleby, in the year 1656, by Anne, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, to commemorate her final parting with her mother on this

spot, on the second of April, 1616. The inscription declares that Anne of Pembroke gave four pounds to be annually distributed "upon the stone hereby" amongst the poor within the parish of Brougham. Well, after forty years of troubles — and troubles that must have cost the "pious Pembroke" many a bitter hour — it is pleasant to think of the daughter returning to this spot to consecrate it. Four pounds a year could not do much good, you may say, to the people of Brougham; but it may consecrate the spot in years of scarcity by the thanks of people sorely pressed; and the spirit of tenderness which dictated the bounty is something to think of every year.

Bequests to promote the friendly intercourse of neighbours are not rare; but that of Church Street, Kidderminster, is not the least remarkable of these. The original bequest is said to have originated with a maiden woman who left two pounds to be put out to interest, the proceeds to be divided, in the shape of farthing loaves, to all the children born or living in the street, in the presence of all the male inhabitants of the street who might choose to attend the ceremony. Later, John Brecknell, of this street, bequeathed one hundred and fifty pounds to be put out to interest; and the interest to be applied in giving to every child and unmarried person born or living in the street a twopenny plumcake on Midsummer Eve — to furnish tobacco and ale to the

male inhabitants — and the balance to be divided amongst the poorest people of the street.

We may now pass rapidly long lists of bequests in gratitude for escapes from imminent danger; for hired prayers for the repose of testators' souls; and other equally pious and unselfish objects. Yet should I wish to trace in faint outline the general plan of a great and glorious bequest — one in no way eccentric, save for its utterly unselfish character. Let the testator be a bishop, and by birth a nobleman, and so combine with the Christianity of a Churchman the hereditary wealth of a peer. His sphere of action lies to the north — say some hundred and sixty miles from London. He has a great estate, and an observing eye. He sees within his spiritual jurisdiction many conflicting social elements, many injustices, many hard and appalling battles. He sees colleges where deficiencies of income make worthy scholars ridiculous; curacies where good men are starving; nooks and corners where forlorn children are growing into ignorant brutes; and other phases of social life which he cannot quietly contemplate. With these matters vividly before him, he sits at his desk, takes the form of a last will and testament, and after the words "I give and bequeath," writes, my castle and my lands, to lessen all these evils. In a few years, in the hands of honest trustees, scholars find themselves on a fair equality with

their companions; curates are able to live decently; schools are founded here and there; poor boys are apprenticed; and the castle becomes the home of shipwrecked seamen. For hereabouts the coast is very dangerous, and the shipwrecks are frequent. The castle stands on a lordly eminence, and commands the coast for many miles: — it has been a border citadel, but is now to bear friendly warnings to the ships that pass on their way. Within its great walls much pompous revelry has been held; — now it is fitted up to receive shipwrecked men; to accommodate the children round about with school room; to husband medicines and supply medical skill for the benefit of the needy peasantry; and to fire minute guns, as friendly warnings to ships at sea on foggy nights, when men tremble at the helm, and look up in vain for the stars, or aside fruitlessly for guiding lights. Near at hand is a harbour, and round about a fishery; the first is improved and the last developed — and the people are prosperous and happy.

The vast sums that have been scattered over the country to accomplish foolish and miserable ends, by vain and stupid testators, may fairly suggest a warning. There is something very magnificent about Bamborough Castle (the castle we have just described), and something very good about the Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, who turned it into a seamen's hospital; but, in the long

list of bequests buried in Parliamentary blue books, it is easy to find many — we are afraid to say a majority — in which vanity has guided the testator's hand. We do not envy the maids of a certain village their eleemosynary petticoat; we cast no longing glances at the twopenny plum-cakes of Church Street, Kidderminster; we have not the slightest wish to cut a single slice from the pork bequeathed to the bell-ringers of Harlington; but these bequests may be pertinently submitted to the calm and dispassionate consideration of all persons who are in a position to append any words to the well-known form "I give and bequeath." And all such persons will do well to remember before they gratify, not to say Vanity, but even what would be commonly (often erroneously) called Charity, whether they are neglecting claims of Justice. Think of this, will-makers! I may "give and bequeath" my soul to everlasting sorrow and remorse, if I neglect those paramount claims, for any consideration.

PERFIDIOUS PATMOS.

THE natural place of refuge for a hunted man is an island. None but those who have known what it is to be pursued from place to place, who have been aware of such and such blood-hounds upon their track, of such and such scouts waiting at given points to lead them down to death or capti-

vity, can form an idea of the feeling of security engendered by the knowledge that there is between them and their enemies a bulwark far more impregnable than any gabion, glacis, bastion or counter-scarp, that Vauban ever dreamed of, in the shape of a ring of blue water. So islands have been, in all ages and circumstances, the chosen places of refuge to men who could find no rest elsewhere for the soles of their feet. Patmos was the elected asylum of St. John the Apostle. In Malta, the last Christian knights of Palestine, driven from their first island refuge — Rhodes — found a haven of safety, and founded a city of strength against the infidels. The expiring embers of the Druidical priesthood smouldered away in the impenetrable groves of the island of Anglesey. The isles of Greece were the eyries of poetry, and art, and liberty, when the mainland groaned beneath the despotism of the thirty tyrants. The Greeks located their paradise in the islands of the blest. Madeira spread forth pitying, protecting arms to two fugitive lovers. Charles Edward hid in Skye. Once within the pleasant valleys of Pitcairn's Island, Jack Adams and the mutineers of the *Bounty* felt secure and safe from courts-martial and yard-arms. There is a hiding-place for the pursued of sheriffs in the island of Jersey and in the Isle of Man; in which latter insular refuge Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby, sheltered the last remnants of the

cause of the Stuarts against Oliver Cromwell. The dogs of Constantinople found protection from the sticks and stones of the men of Stamboul, in an island in the Bosphorus. The last of the London marshes staunchly defy drainage from the strongholds of the Isle of Dogs; and there is a wall of strength for the choicest London fevers, and the dirtiest London lodging-houses, against Inspectors Reason and Humanity and their whole force, in and about the mud embankments of Jacob's Island.

But, chief and pre-elect of islands on which camps of refuge have been built, is the one we are happy enough to live in, the Island of England. There are other islands in the world, far more isolated, geographically speaking, far more distant from hostile continents, far more remote from the shores of despotism. Yet to these chalky cliffs of Albion, to this Refuge misnamed the perfidious, come refugees from all quarters of the world, and of characters, antecedents, and opinions, pointing to every quarter of the political compass. The oppressor and the oppressed, the absolutist and the patriot, the butcher and the victim, the wolf and the lamb, the legitimist as white as snow and the *montagnard* as red as blood, the *doctrinaire* and the socialist — men of views so dissimilar that they would (and do) tear each other to pieces in their own lands, find a common refuge in this country, and live in common harmony here. The very

climate seems to have a soothing and mollifying influence on the most savage foreign natures. South American dictators, who have shot, slaughtered, and outraged hecatombs of their countrymen in the parched-up plains of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, roar you as mildly as any sucking doves as soon as they are in the Southampton water — make pets of their physicians, and give their barbers silver shaving dishes; pachas of three tails, terrible fellows for bowstringing, impaling, and bastinadoing in their Asiatic dominions, here caper nimbly in ladies' chambers to the twangling of lutes; hangers of men and scourgers of women forego blood-thirstiness; demagogues forget to howl for heads; and red republicans, who were as roaring lions in the lands they came from, submit to have their claws cut, and their manes trimmed, drink penny cups of coffee, and deliver pacific lectures in Mechanics' Institutes.

England, then, is the Patmos of foreign fugitives — a collection of Patmoses, rather; almost every seaport and provincial town of any note having a little inland island of refuge of its own; but London being the great *champ d'asile*, the monster isle of safety, a Cave of Adullam for the whole world. It is with this Patmos that I have principally to do.

Years ago, Doctor Johnson called London "the common sewer of Paris and of Rome;" but at the present day it is a reservoir, a giant vat, into which flow count-

less streams of continental immigration. More so than Paris, where the English only go for pleasure; the Germans to become tailors and boot-makers; and the Swiss, valets, house-porters, and waiters. More so than the United States, whose only considerable feed-pipes of emigration are Irish, English, and Germans. There is in London the foreign artistic population, among which I will comprise French, and Swiss, and German governesses, French painters, actors, singers, and cooks; Italian singers and musicians; French hairdressers, milliners, dressmakers, clear-starchers and professors of legerdemain, with countless teachers of every known language, and professors of every imaginable musical instrument. There is the immense foreign servile population: French and Italian valets and shopmen, and German nurses and nursery-maids. There is the foreign commercial population, a whole colony of Greek merchants in Finsbury, of Germans in the Minories, of Frenchmen round Austin Friars, of Moorish Jews in Whitechapel, and of foreign shop-keepers at the west end of the town. There is the foreign mechanical, or labouring population: French, Swiss, and German watch-makers, French and German lithographers, Italian plaster-cast makers and German sugar-bakers, brewers, and leather-dressers. There is the foreign mendicant population: German and Alsatian buy-a-broom girls, Italian hurdy-gurdy grinders, French begging-letter writers (of whose astonishing numbers, those good associations "*La Société Française de Bienfaisance à Londres*," and "The Friends of Foreigners in Distress," could tell some curious tales may be), Lascar street-sweepers and tomtom pounders. There is the foreign maritime population: an enormous one, as all men who have seen Jack alive in London can vouch for. There is the foreign respectable population, composed of strangers well to do, who prefer English living and English customs to those of their own country. There is the foreign swindling population: aliens who live on their own wits and on the want thereof in their neighbours: sham counts, barons, and chevaliers; farmers of German lotteries, speculators in German university degrees, forgers of Russian bank-notes, bonnets at gaming-houses, touts and spungers to foreign hotels and on foreign visitors, bilkers of English taverns and boarding-houses, and getters-up of fictitious concerts and exhibitions. There is the foreign visiting or sight-seeing population, who come from Dover to the Hôtel de l'Europe, and go from thence, with a cicerone, to St. Paul's, Windsor, and Richmond, and thence back again to France, Germany, or Spain. Lastly, there is the refugee population; and these be mine to descant upon.

The Patmos of London I may describe as an island bounded by four squares; on the north by that

of Soho, on the south by that of Leicester, on the east by the quadrangle of Lincoln's Inn Fields (for the purlieus of Long Acre and Seven Dials are all Patmos), and on the west by Golden Square.

The trapezium of streets enclosed within this boundary are not, by any means, of an aristocratic description. A maze of sorry thoroughfares, a second-rate butcher's meat and vegetable market, two model lodging houses, a dingy parish church, and some "brick barns" of dissent are within its boundaries. No lords or squires of high degree live in this political Alsatia. The houses are distinguished by a plurality of bell-pulls inserted in the door-jambs, and by a plurality of little brass name-plates, bearing the names of in-dwelling artisans. Everybody (of nubile age and English) seems to be married, and to have a great many children, whose education seems to be conducted chiefly on the extra-domal or out-door principle.

As an uninterested stranger, and without a guide, you might, perambulating these shabby genteel streets, see in them nothing which would peculiarly distinguish them from that class of London streets known inelegantly, but expressively, as "back slums." At the first glance you see nothing but dingy houses teeming with that sallow, cabbage-stalk and fried fish sort of population, indigenous to back slums. The pinafores and children are squabbling or playing in the gutters; while from distant

courts come faintly and fitfully threats of Jane to tell Ann's mother; together with that unmeaning monotonous chant or dirge which street children sing, why, or with what object, I know not. Grave dogs sit on door-steps — their heads patiently cocked on one side, waiting for the door to be opened, as — in this region of perpetual beer-fetching — they know must soon be the case. The beer itself, in vases of strangely diversified patterns, and borne by Ganymedes of as diversified appearance, is incessantly threading the needle through narrow courts and alleys. The public-house doors are always on the swing; the bakers' shops (they mostly sell "seconds") are always full; so are the cookshops, so are the coffee-shops: step into one, and you shall have a phase of Patmos before you incontinent.

Albrecht Lurleibeg, who keeps this humble little *Deutsches Caffee und Gasthof*, as he calls it, commenced business five years ago with a single coffee-pot and two cups and saucers. That was a little before February, 1848. Some few foreigners dropt in to visit him occasionally; but he was fain to eke out his slender earnings by selling sweetstuff, penny dolls, and cheap Sunday newspapers. After the first three months' saturnalia of revolution in '48, however, exiles began to populate Patmos pretty thickly. First, Barbès' and Albert's unsuccessful riot; then the escapade of Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc; then the

wholesale proscriptions of Hungary, Italy, Austria, Russia, and Baden — all these contributed to swell the number of Herr Lurleibeg's customers a hundred fold, and to fill Patmos to overflowing. The sweetstuff and dolls disappeared "right away," and the coffee-pots and cups and saucers multiplied exceedingly. In addition to this, the Herr caused to be stretched across the single window a canvas blind, on which his name, and the style and title of his establishment, were painted in painfully attenuated letters, with which not yet content, he incited young Fritz Schiftmahl, the artist, with dazzling prospects of a *carte-blanche* for coffee and tobacco, to depict beneath, in real oil colours, the counterfeit presentments of a Pole, a Hungarian, and a German embracing each other in a fraternal accolade, all smoking like volcanos; the legend setting forth that true, universal, and political brotherhood are only to be found at Albrecht Lurleibeg's.

In the Herr's back parlour — he once designed in the flush of increased business to enlarge it by knocking it into the back yard, till warned, by a wary neighbour, of the horrible pains and penalties (only second to *premunire*) incurred by meddling with a wall in England — in this dirty back parlour with rings made by coffee-cups on the ricketty Pembroke tables, on the coarsely papered, slatternly printed foreign newspapers and periodicals, are a

crowd of men in every variety of beard and moustache and head-dress, in every imaginable phase of attire more or less dirty and picturesque. Figures such as, were you to see them in the drawings of Leech, or Daumier, or Gavarni, you would pronounce exaggerated and untrue to nature; hooded, tasselled, and braided garments of unheard of fashion; hats of shapes to make you wonder to what a stage the art of squeezability had arrived; trousers with unnumbered plaits; boots made as boots were never made before; finger and thumb-rings of fantastic fashion; marvellous gestures, Babel-like tongues; voices anything but (Englishly) human; the smoke as of a thousand brick-kilns; the clatter as of a thousand spoons: such are the characteristics of this in-door Patmos.

Here are Frenchmen — ex-representatives of the people, ex-ministers, prefects and republican commissaries, Prolétaires, Fourierists, Phalansterians, disciples of Proudhon, Pierre le Roux and Cahagnet, professors of barricade building; men yet young, but two-thirds of whose lives have been spent in prison or in exile. Here are political gaol-birds who have been caged in every state prison of Europe; the citadels of France, the *cachots* of Mont St. Michel, the *secrets* of the Conciergerie, the *piombi* of Venice, the gloomy fastnesses of Ehrenbreitstein and Breslau and Pilnitz, the *oubliettes* of the Spiel-

berg and Salzburg. Here are young men — boys almost — of good families and high hopes, blasted by the sirocco of civil war. Here are German philosophic democrats — scientific conspirators — who between Greek roots and algebraical quantities, tobacco smoke and heavy folios in German text upon international law, have somehow found themselves upon barricades and in danger of the fate of Robert Blum. Here are simple-minded German workmen — such honest-faced, tawny-bearded young fellows as you see in the beer cellars of Berlin — who have shaken off their dreams of German unity to find themselves in this back slum Patmos far away from home and friends. Here are swarthy Italians, eying the Tedeschi (though friendly ones) askance, cursing Radetzky and Gyulay, and telling with wild gesticulations how Novara was fought and Rome defended. Here, and in great numbers, are the poor, betrayed, cozened Hungarians, with glossy beards, and small embroidered caps and braided coats. They are more woe-begone, more scared and wild-looking than the rest, for they are come from the uttermost corners of Europe, and have little fellowship save that of misfortune with their continental neighbours. Lastly, here are the Poles, those historical exiles who have been so long fugitives from their country that they have adopted Patmos with a will, have many of them entered into and

succeeded in business, but would, I think, succeed better if the persons with whom they have commercial transactions were able to pronounce their names — those jaw-breaking strings of dissonant letters in which the vowels are so few that the consonants seem to have compassed them round about, like fortifications, to prevent their slipping out.

There are many of these poor refugees (I speak of them in general) who sit in coffee-shops similar to Herr Lurleibeg's, from early morning till late at night, to save the modicum of fire and candle they would otherwise be compelled to consume at home (if home their garrets can be called, and which God knows they can ill spare. About one o'clock in the day, those who are rich enough congregate in the English cookshops, and regale themselves with the cheap cag-mag there offered for sale. Towards four or five the foreign eating-houses, of which there are many in Patmos of a fifth or sixth rate order of excellence, are resorted to by those who yet adhere to the gastronomic traditions of the land they have been driven from; and there they vainly attempt to delude themselves into the belief that they are consuming the *fricassées* and *ragouts*, the suet puddings and *sauerkraut*, the *maccaroni* and *stuffato* of France or Germany or Italy — all the delightful messes on which foreigners feed with such extreme gusto and satisfaction. But alas! these dishes,

though compounded from foreign recipes and cooked by foreign hands, are not, or, at least, do not taste by any means like foreign dishes. Cookery, like the *amor patriæ*, is indigenous. It cannot be transplanted. It cannot flourish on a foreign soil. I question if the black broth of Sparta would have agreed with the Lacedæmonian palate if consumed in an English *à la mode* beef shop.

Patmos is likewise studded with small foreign tobacco shops. Limited to the sale of tobacco mostly, for the cigar is a luxury in most cases beyond the reach of the exile. You must remember that abroad you may obtain a cigar as large as an Epping sausage (and as damp), as strong as brandy and as fiery as a red hot poker for a matter of two sous: — in some parts of Belgium and Germany for one sous; and that in England the smallest Cuba, of Minories manufacture, smoked in a minute and of no particular flavour, costs three half-pence: a sum! There is, to be sure, a harmless milk-mild little roll of dark brown colour, the component parts of which, I believe, are brown paper, hay, and aromatic herbs, vended at the charge of one penny. But what would be the use of one of those smoke toys to an exile who is accustomed to wrap himself in smoke as in a mantle; to smoke by the apertures of his mouth, nostrils, eyes and ears; to eat cigars, so to speak? Thus Patmos solaces it-

self with cut tobacco (which is good and cheap in England), which it puffs from meerschaums or short clays, or rolls up into fragments of foreign newspapers and makes cigarettes of.

If there exist a peculiarity of Patmos which I could not, without injustice, avoid adverting to, it is the pleasure its inhabitants seem to feel in reading letters. See, as we saunter down one of Patmos's back streets a German exile, in a pair of trousers like a bifurcated carpet bag, stops a braided Hungarian with a half quartern loaf under his arm. A sallow Italian (one of Garibaldi's men) enters speedily unto them, and the three fall greedily to the perusal of a large sheet of tissue paper, crossed and re-crossed in red, and black, and blue ink, patch-worked outside with postage marks of continental frontiers and Government stamps. Few of these missives reach their destination without some curious little scissor marks about the seal, some suspicious little hot-water blisters about the wafers, hinting that glazed cocked hats, and jack-boots, and police spies have had something to do with their letters between their postage and their delivery. Indeed, so well is this paternal solicitude on the part of foreign governments to know whether their corresponding subjects write and spell correctly, known among the refugees, that some wary exiles have their letters from abroad addressed to "Mr. Simpson Brown," or "Mr. Thomas Williams," such and such

a street, London; and as foreign governments are rather cautious as to how they meddle with the families of the Browns and the Williams's — who grow refractory sometimes and post their letters in the paddle-boxes of war steamers — the Brown and Williams letters reach London untampered with.

More exiles reading letters. One nearly falls over a dog's-meat cart, so absorbed is he in his correspondence; another, bearded like the pard, and with a fur cap like an Armenian Calpack, is shedding hot tears on his outstretched paper, utterly unconscious of the astonishment of two town-made little boys, who have stopped in the very middle of a "cartwheel" to stare at the "furriner a crying." Poor fellows! poor broken men! poor hunted wayfarers! If you, brother Briton, well clothed, well fed, well cared for — with X 99 well paid to guard you — with houses for the sale of law by retail on every side, where you can call for your half-pint of habeas corpus, or your Magna Charta, cold without, at any hour in the day — if you were in a strange land, proscribed, attainted, poor, unfriended, dogged even in your Patmos by spies; would you warrant yourself not to shed some scalding tears, even in a fierce fur cap, over a letter from the home you are never to see more?

My pencil may limn a few individual portraits in the perfidious refuge, and then I must needs row

my bark away to other shores. Stop at forty-six, Levant Street, if you please, over against Leg-bail Court.

Up four flights of crazy stairs, knocking at a ricketty door, you enter a suite of three musty attics. They are very scantily furnished, but crowded with articles of the most heterogeneous description; *mes marchandises*, as the proprietor calls them. Variegated shades for lamps, fancy stationery, *bon-bon* boxes, lithographic prints, toys, cigar cases, nicknacks of every description are strewn upon the chairs and table, and cumber the very floor; at one window a dark-eyed mild-looking lady, in a dark merino dress, is painfully elaborating a drawing on a lithographic stone; at another a slender girl is bending over a tambour frame; at a desk a round-headed little boy is copying music, while in an adjoining apartment — even more denuded of furniture and littered with *marchandises* — are two or three little children tumbling among the card-board boxes. All these moveables, animate and inanimate, belong to a Roman Marquis — the Marchese del Pifferare. He and his have been reared in luxury. Time was he possessed the most beautiful villa, the finest equipages, the most valuable Rafaelles in the Campagna of Rome; but *la politique*, as he tells you with a smile, has brought him down to the level of a species of unlicensed hawker, going with his wares (to sell on commission) from fancy ware-

house to fancy warehouse, often rebutted, often insulted; yet picking up an honest livelihood somehow. His wife has turned her artistic talent, and his eldest daughter her taste for embroidery to account; his son Mithridates copies music for the orchestra in a theatre, for living is dear in London, and those helpless little ones among the card-board boxes must be looked after. He has been an exile for five years. The holy father was good enough to connive at his escape, and to confer all his confiscated estates on a Dominican convent. No one knows what the *politique*, which has been his ruin, exactly was; nor, I am inclined to think, does the good man know very clearly himself. "We got away from Rome," he tells you mildly, "with a few hundred scudi, and our plate and a picture or two, and went to Marseilles; but when we had 'eaten' (*avevamo mangiati*) what we had brought with us, we came to England. It was very hard at first; for we had no friends, and could speak nothing but French and Italian, and the English are a suspicious people, whose first impulse, when they see a foreigner for the first time, is to button up their pockets as if he must necessarily be a thief." But the marquis went to work manfully, forgot his coronet, and is now doing a very good fancy commission business. He has an invention (nearly all refugees have inventions) for curing smoky chimneys, which, when he has

money enough to patent it, he expects will bring him a fortune. In the days of his utterest and most dire distress, he always managed to pay three shillings every Sunday for the sittings of himself, his wife, and daughter at a foreign Catholic chapel, and to wear every day the cleanest of white neckcloths, fastened no man knows how, for no man ever saw the tie thereof.

Within these sorry streets — these dingy slums — are swept together the dead leaves, the rotten branches, the withered fruits from the tree of European liberty. The autumn blast of despotism has eddied them about from the remotest corners of Europe, has chased them from land to land, has wafted them at last into this perfidious Patmos, where there is liberty to act, and think, and breathe, but also, alas! liberty to starve.

O England, happily unconscious of the oppressions and exasperations that have driven these men here, try sometimes to spare some little modicum of substantial relief, some crumbs of comfort, some fragile straws of assistance to the poor drowning exiles! Their miseries are appalling. They cannot dig (for few, if any, Englishmen will call a foreigner's spade into requisition), to beg they are nobly ashamed. They do not beg, nor rob, nor extort. They starve in silence. The French and Hungarian refugees suffer more, perhaps, than those of other nations. The

former have by no means an aptitude for acquiring the English language, and are, besides, men mostly belonging to the professional classes of society — classes wofully overstocked in England; the latter seldom know any language but their own — a language about as useful and appreciated here as Cochin-Chinese. Only those who have wandered through Patmos, who have watched the gates of the London Docks at early morning when the chance labourers apply for work, who have sat in night coffee-houses, and explored dark arches, can know what awful shifts some of these poor refugees, friendless, foodless, houseless, are often put to.

INDIA-RUBBER.

SOME few months ago, when our peers and right honourable members were pushing each other off their official stools, and discussing the relative merits of "ins" and "outs," two among their number had to submit to a battery of jokes concerning the mottoes in their armorial bearings. "*Flecti non Frangi*" — "*Frangas non Flectes*;" whether better to bend than to break, or to break utterly sooner than bend, is a knotty moral question which philosophers may fittingly discuss. But it has occurred to us that if an India-rubber manufacturer were to set up his carriage,

or emblazon his arms, there ought to be no doubt as to which motto *he* would prefer. To be elastic, to bend rather than break, is a good old Anglo-Saxon quality for India-rubber, and for India-rubber users to possess. We certainly live in an elastic age. If we cannot break that which opposes us, we bounce away from it with great agility, and feel not much the worse for the encounter. There is a fair amount of caoutchouc in the human mind — a useful quality; else we should never bear the knockings and thumpings which the struggle through life brings to us. Look at this little India-rubber gentleman, just purchased brand-new from a toy-shop: you may open his jaws to any extent you please; you can make him laugh, cry, yawn, grin, frown, simper, stare, doze — it is all one to him: he returns into himself again and to the original expression of his countenance, when the pressure from without is removed. He is a self-contained man; a man sufficient unto himself.

Whatever amount of moral caoutchouc we have amongst us, our dealings with vegetable caoutchouc are becoming more curious and more varied every day. These dealings may all or nearly all be grouped under two headings — either we wish to yield (without breaking) to mechanical pressure, or we have a determination not to yield at all to watery pressure. In either case caoutchouc is at hand to

befriend us. Let us see how this ready aid manifests itself.

The Indians of South America knew something of the mechanical-yielding properties of that singular gum, long before we knew whence the gum itself was obtained. We only knew it as a strange blackish substance which would rub out pencil-markings. This, combined with the indefinite nationality of the region from which the gum was imported, led to the name "India-rubber" — a stupid name as things now are, almost as bad as the names green copperas and white copperas, for two substances which neither contain copper, nor are they produced from copper; but it is not easy to get rid of old names. Besides, people do not yet quite know how to screw up their mouths to pronounce properly the very odd-looking word *caoutchouc*; and therefore India-rubber will continue to be talked about. Well, then, these Indians, after they had collected the gum as it oozed from the trees, and allowed it to harden, were wont (among other purposes) to fashion it into bouncing balls, and even to shoe their otherwise naked feet with pieces of it, as a means of assisting in them ludicrous gambols and jumpings. The sharp-sighted French Academicians who visited South America a hundred and twenty years ago, and who saw whence and how the Indians obtained the gum, had evidence that the gum not only has great elasti-

city, but also great power of resisting the passage of liquids through its substance.

It was left for modern times to apply those valuable properties to really valuable purposes. Little do we think, when making use of the many articles now manufactured in this substance, how it has to be torn, and dislocated, and rumped about before it assumes the proper texture and smoothness. The Indians who collect the gum, and usually fashion it into grotesque forms by drying it upon clay cores modelled according to their ideas of artistic beauty, do not take much pains to exclude dirt, or bits of twig, or fragments of stone; all which must be removed before the gum is fitted to play its part in the world. What torture it undergoes! It is cut into minute fragments by a savage slashing machine; it is washed in warm water, to get rid of so much dirt as chooses to take its departure on such gentle urging; and then, in a dry state, it is crushed and kneaded with appalling severity: it is rolled over and over, distorted, crippled, penetrated to the heart, sliced, thinned, thumped, heaped up again into a mass, cut into lumps, squeezed again — until at length every vestige of dirt or stone, of water or air, is driven out, and the mass becomes thoroughly homogeneous. In this state it is pressed with great force into iron moulds, which give to it the form of cubes, slabs, or cylinders, ac-

according to the purposes for which it is destined. And then, when these blocks or other shaped pieces are to be used, they are cut into sheets, or are spun into threads, or are melted for liquid purposes. Great ingenuity is called for in all these processes; for India-rubber has a strong propensity to be wayward: it becomes hot and angry when meddled with; and all the tools and machines employed in working it speedily assume such a heated state as to be unfit for use unless plentifully deluged with cold water.

Among the facts which recent years have brought to our notice concerning American industry, is the untiring perseverance with which the useful applications of India-rubber have been studied. A certain Mr. Goodyear, of Connecticut, who devoted nearly a quarter of a century to the study of the manufacture of caoutchouc, has brought over-shoes (those objects of Sam Slick's especial commendation) to greater perfection than any other enthusiast devoted to that elastic subject; and they exhibit but one among many indications of his success. American over-shoes may be regarded in two lights, as both elastic and waterproof productions. The raw material of Mr. Goodyear's competitors would and did stiffen when cold; and it has hence been his object to surmount the difficulty. In this, it is perhaps no more than justice to say that he has succeeded. His shoes resist

cold; they have an extensive and permanent elasticity; and two of their surfaces may be pressed together without adhering — all valuable qualities. It is said that there are upwards of twenty large establishments in the United States, involving a sunk capital of immense amount, in which Mr. Goodyear's patented inventions are worked by license. Among these is the Hayward Rubber Company, of Connecticut. Over-shoes are the sum and substance of these operations; and the Exhibition Jury writing on this subject tell us that the Hayward Company alone manufacture three thousand pairs every day. The India-rubber odds and ends made in those large factories are almost endless. Waggon springs, elastic maps, balloons, sponge bags, tobacco-pouches, hair-cushions, mattresses, life-boats, buttons, knife-handles; — it would not be easy to select a list more diverse than this.

It is in the combination of India-rubber with other substances that we may probably look for the most valuable future addition to its usefulness. Mr. Hancock of London, and Mr. Goodyear of Connecticut, it is now known were busily engaged for many years on such inquiries; each was ignorant at the time of the other's doings, and both have rendered a good account of their labours. Mr. Hancock's vulcanized India-rubber may be an oddly-named substance; but it is not the less useful for all that. He

discovered that when a thin piece of India-rubber is dipped into and impregnated with melted sulphur, and afterwards heated to about three hundred degrees Fahrenheit, it acquires new and peculiar properties, without losing any of the advantages possessed by it in its original state. This was an important discovery, and he practically carries it out in the following way. The India-rubber, while yet soft from the effect of the kneading process, has sulphur well mixed up and incorporated with it. So long as the mixture remains cold, the gum has not changed its properties; but, after having been heated to three hundred degrees — a temperature sufficient to chemically decompose pure caoutchouc — it puts on many new and striking qualities; it is no longer soluble in the liquids which will dissolve India-rubber; it no longer becomes rigid when exposed to cold; it no longer adheres when two pieces are pressed together; it bears unharmed a temperature so high as would convert pure India-rubber into a sticky mass. Curiously enough, while Mr. Hancock was bringing his discoveries to a practical issue, Mr. Goodyear was making experiments, which led to the production of a substance possessing all the properties of vulcanised or sulphurised (a better term) India-rubber; and both of their countries are now reaping the advantages resulting from the separate investigations of these ingenious men.

There is another name which we associate very closely with the subject of India-rubber — the name of Macintosh. The Macintosh cloak or cape was the result of many and long-continued inquiries. Such a garment is, in effect, made of a cotton or flax cloth varnished with liquid India-rubber; but the most effectual substance for resisting wet is produced by cohering two thicknesses of cloth together with the same liquid: the gum acting in the one case as a varnish, in the other as a cement, but being in both quite impervious to water. The cloth is stretched out flat, and the India-rubber is spread over; formerly the caoutchouc was dissolved in spirits of turpentine or in coal tar, and evaporated to the proper degree of unctuous adhesiveness; but an improvement was made by kneading the gum with naphtha into a pulpy mass, and using it without it having been actually liquefied. Still, the India-rubber, as is its wont, stiffened in cold weather, and a Macintosh cloak became a most unbending and ungracious companion as soon as the temperature sank to anything like freezing point. It was not until the introduction of the sulphurizing process, that this inconvenience was surmounted by a modified use of that operation.

In America, and in England, the applications of this kind of varnished cloth have become prodigiously numerous. Many of these kinds of waterproof cloth

are strong in the direction of warp, but weak in that of the weft. To remedy this defect, the American inventor has devised a sort of stuff or felt, formed in successive layers of thread crossing each other in various directions; there are no "long threads" or "cross threads," but the cloth yields, and resists, equally in every direction, like a piece of felt. When this texture has been anointed with a pulpy coating of India-rubber, it forms a very remarkable material, a kind of tough paper quite impervious to moisture. Many persons will remember the excellently printed India-rubber maps brought over to us by the American Exhibitors: thin, light, smooth, but amazingly strong, these maps are suggestive of other useful applications. The same kind of India-rubber felt is also printed as a paper-hanging for damp walls, with very serviceable effect. The felt is itself somewhat thin; but means have been invented for applying it to the surface of a kind of woolen wadding, thereby producing a thick, warm waterproof, but light and cheap material for out-door clothing: we know little of this in England, but across the Atlantic, many a cozy garment of the kind may be seen. The felt, instead of being applied as a coating to something else, may itself be coated with a woven material: if this woven material be a printed cotton, then we have at once a small table-cover produced. On the other hand, if a carpet be required on a floor so

damp as to rot an ordinary worsted production — make a layer of thick woolen down or flock, cover it with a layer of the India-rubber felt, and we are rewarded with a warm, cheap carpet. By embracing a strong hempen canvas between two layers of the felt, a waterproof sailcloth, or tarpaulin, or rick-cloth, or tent of great strength and toughness is produced. Of some such redoubtable substance are made the life-boats, insubmersible boats, and pontoons, which are much more familiarly known in America than in England: in the Mexican War the carriage of the military equipage was greatly aided by the use of boat-bridges made of India-rubber canoes, and inflated with air. The India-rubber shoes, too, of our transatlantic friends, which are produced to the number of three or four millions in a year, exhibit many curious modes of applying the gum to the surface of the woven material.

The real India-rubber shoes are made with extraordinary quickness by laying on the liquid gum as a varnish on a last, then drying it; then applying a second coating; and so on, until the necessary thickness for a shoe has been obtained. But it is of the shoes having a woven foundation, that we here speak. In the cheapest of these, there is a layer of India-rubber applied to the surface of a non-elastic woven material. In the next better kind the woven foundation is elastic, being a sort

of knitted work; these yield to the movements of the feet, and to the lumps and bumps which our unfortunate pedal extremities too often exhibit. A thin variety of this last-named substance is much used in making gloves for domestic wear in America — gloves that will enable the industrious lady of the establishment to do much household work without endangering the whiteness of her fair hands.

Those who have worn Macintosh cloaks and India-rubber shoes will have had frequent and not very pleasant proofs that the sanitary evil — defective ventilation — may visit men's clothing as well as men's dwellings. The truth is, that in keeping water out we keep perspiration in; the same impervious gummy wall produces the one result as the other. Among the numerous little matters to which the ingenious Connecticut inventor has directed his attention, is this affair of non-ventilation. How to keep the water out, and yet leave escape-holes for perspiration? Water, we know, from numerous examples, will not penetrate through very small holes unless there be a pressure of air greater on one side than on the other of the permeated medium. Mr. Goodyear thought of this; and the result of his thoughts was that he devised a machine for piercing thin sheets of India-rubber with innumerable holes of very small size: holes so small that, while they will allow an exit for perspiration, they allow no entrance for water: for this additional reason, that when the perspiration (which is always transuding, even when we are not conscious of it,) has risen, it fills these little holes, and being oleaginous, has the power, equally with the India-rubber material, of resisting wet. Not only shoes, therefore, but every other garment to which the Macintosh process has been hitherto applied, will doubtless soon be brought into the range of this ingenious discovery.

It is worthy of notice, that the employment of India-rubber in its uncombined state is not very varied or extensive. In most cases the gum is kneaded with sulphur, or magnesia, or carbonate of lead, or some other mineral substance; or else is applied to some other woven material. Of each of these two large groups of applications we have mentioned instances, and it would not be difficult to add largely to the list. The "doctored," or vulcanised, or mineralized India-rubber is used for tubes, hose-pipes, decanter and bottle stoppers, surgical and veterinary apparatus, chemical apparatus, buffers for locomotives, buffer and bearing springs for carriages, tires for noiseless wheels, sewer and sink valves, elastic tackle and pulleys, pistons and washers and packings for machinery, moulded articles for various purposes of use or ornament, valves and taps for various hydraulic and chemical purposes, air-pump valves, inking rollers for printers, cushions for

billiard-tables, joints for pipes; indeed, an ever-widening circle of useful purposes. Some of the results are most valuable, some curious; some are both valuable and curious. We all know that to keep a pipe so closed that a liquid shall pass through it only in one direction, requires a complex arrangement of valvular apparatus; but our India-rubber manufacturers (there ought to be some short name devised here, equivalent to these three words), effect this object by simply compressing one end of an India-rubber pipe so as to form a kind of mouth or pair of lips: the lips close resolutely except when water forces them apart to obtain a passage in one direction. When the mineralised gum is prepared in moulds, it assumes and preserves the form of those moulds; and thus, among other things, are produced the dolls' heads, and animals, and toys, which are now finding their way into the nursery and the play-ground, and which, from their sturdy, unbreakable disposition, are so justly valued by mammas and nursemaids.

Among the other applications of, and experiments with, vulcanized India-rubber, its use for street pavements must not be forgotten. The enormous thoroughfare through the streets of London has given rise to a vast number of inventions to combine hardness and durability with sufficient roughness or elasticity to form an easy and effectual

"foothold" for horses and passengers. It was at first thought that all these conditions could be combined by the application of India-rubber submitted to a hardening process something similar to vulcanizing. But experience proved that a due amount of proficiency in that art had not been attained in order to pave our streets with so pleasant a material as "doctored" India-rubber. The only relic left of this contrivance is the court-yard of the Admiralty.

The second important application of this most valuable substance is, as we have said, in the form of a liquid cement, or an unctuous varnish, on a surface of woven, or, at any rate, fibrous material. And the great magnitude of this application, we have by this time already computed. Who is not familiar with the cloaks and capes, the wrappers and overalls, the sou'westers and leggings, the gloves and gaiters, the air-beds and air-cushions, the neat little India-rubber bands or rings, the maps and prints, the bags and balloons? What with our elasticity and our impermeability, we are certainly becoming a redoubtable race in this nineteenth century.

But one class of applications of India-rubber we have left wholly unnoticed in the above paragraphs; applications, too, which curiously enough, depend on the very quality which was for many years a stumbling-block in other ways. India-rubber loses nearly

all its elasticity at a temperature a little above that of freezing; and this property has been made available in the manufacture of braids, and braces, and cords, in infinite variety. The hosiers, tailors, haberdashers, and milliners, now make use of these little trifles to a remarkable extent; and very pretty trifles they are, in the mode of production. There are here threads of India-rubber combined with threads of silk, cotton, wool, or flax. The gum is cut into threads by very ingeniously arranged knife-points, or cutters; they are stretched by a wheel, and kept extended till nearly deprived of their elasticity; they are next put into the braiding machine — a beautiful piece of machinery — and have a sheathing of silk, wool, hair, flax, or cotton, braided around them; and when thus sheathed, the threads are used as warp or weft, or both, in various kinds of weaving processes. Thus are made the elastic staylaces, braid, upholsterer's cord, and other articles of a similar character; but it has yet to be explained in what way the elasticity of the material is restored. If threads of India-rubber were woven in their ordinary state, either with or without other threads, they would be so yielding as to be unfitted for the object in view; but by being kept stretched for some time at a low temperature, they acquire a rigidity as if stiffened by cold, and can easily be woven. When woven, however, a friendly warmth dissipates all

their rigidity at once; a hot iron, at a temperature of about one hundred and fifty degrees, is passed over the woven material; the India-rubber yields at once, decreasing in length and increasing in thickness to its former dimensions; but, as it is linked in brotherhood with the other threads with which it has been woven, these others — silk, wool, &c. — have no resource but to shrink, or pucker, or wrinkle, or corrugate, to bring them to a longitudinal equality with their neighbours. Thus does elasticity result: the India-rubber threads will stretch because it is in their nature to do so; and the fibrile threads will stretch because they are now somewhat shrivelled up, and the change will be a sort of leg-stretching relief to them. Herein exists the secret of our elastic garters, shirt-collar fastenings, umbrella fastenings, braces, belts, sandals, side-springs for shoes, corsets and corset-belts, watch-guards, wristlets, glove-tops, armlets, bead-threading, and neck-chains.

THE WHISPERING TREE.

In the city of Cairo there once dwelt a Christian merchant, named Hanna, who had amassed a considerable fortune, so that envy often turned its glances towards him. As is usual, however, in this world, Hanna found cause to complain of his condition. It was true that he had a fine house in

the street of the saddle-makers, that his furniture was costly, that his slaves, pipes, mules and asses were of the first quality. One thing was wanted: a son and heir to inherit his wealth, and continue his name.

Now, in an Eastern story, no sooner is this difficulty mentioned than we can, as a general rule, foresee that in some manner, more or less ingenious, the much desired addition to the hero's family is miraculously made. Sometimes, a pilgrimage is undertaken to the tomb of a Saint; sometimes, prayers are addressed directly to heaven; sometimes, a magician makes his appearance and gives two children, on condition that at a certain age he shall be allowed to claim one and slay it for the purpose of some horrible incantation: it following as a matter of course that he chooses the favourite, and leaves the disconsolate parent to cover his head with ashes, to clothe himself in sackcloth, and to perform all the heart-breaking ceremonies of an Eastern mourning. The difficulty in the case of Hanna was that he had no wife and was determined never to get married; and, considering that he was past his seventieth year, the determination can scarcely be called unwise.

There was a mystery, however, in the life of this Christian, which will explain in some measure why he did not give himself up to absolute and sullen despair. About half a century before the period

of which we speak, he had been a traveller, had visited Hind and Sind, with many other wonderful places, had resided in Persia and sailed upon the Caspian.

He would tell to one or two intimate friends, that when at Ispahan he had loved and been beloved by a lady, whom he married and lived with for nearly a year. A child was born to them, a boy, on whom both showered all the treasures of their affection. But it happened, one day, that they were in the gardens in the neighbourhood of the city; and Hanna, feeling weary, went under some trees to sleep, whilst his wife sat with the child by the side of a streak of water that danced along through a grass-fringed bed. The young man's slumber lasted some time. The shadow which had protected him when he lay down had moved away when he awoke. Indeed, it was the sun playing upon his eye-lids that recalled him from the land of dreams. He rose from the warm turf and called languidly for Lisbet; but, though he could see all across the meadow where he had left her under a locust-tree by the side of the water, his eyes discerned no sign of life. He went forward slowly, stretching his arms and yawning, until he came to the spot where the young mother had been sitting. Here he saw traces of the trampling of many feet, both of horses and men; and a riband that had adorned the wrist of the child lay on the ground. Fear of a calamity came upon him.

He gazed more eagerly over the meadow; and beheld a track through the grass as if a body of horse had rushed rapidly along. One loud cry of "Lisbet! — a cry that burst in anguish from his lips, but to which he did not expect an answer — showed that he understood what disaster had befallen him. He sprang on the track of the ravishers; crossed the meadow; burst through a little screen of trees: and saw, on the extreme limit of the plain, just fading from his view, as it were a little moving cloud with a cluster of sparkling rays of light above it. The Turkomans were shaking their spears in triumph as they entered upon the desert with their prey.

Hanna had never obtained any reasonable information as to the fate of Lisbet. Perhaps he did not do all that some heroic natures would to recover her and the child. He sent messengers with offers of money to the tribes; he even undertook a journey to the stronghold of Jaffir Khan; but without success. The Turkomans hinted that perhaps the charms of Lisbet had smitten some independent chief, who had carried her far away into the wilderness. After some years of vain waiting, the extreme manifestations of grief disappeared. Hanna resumed his commercial enterprises, and at length became established in Egypt, where he remained, buying and selling, until wealth surrounded him. But fifty years passed away, and he

did not take unto himself another wife.

So far he easily confided to the few whom he called his friends; and when these would condole with him as to his childless position, he used to smile strangely and insinuate that there might yet be found an heir to inherit what he had amassed. Yet he never admitted that his hopes lay in the child of Lisbet, and that he had some faint reason for believing that he was not feeding upon a delusion.

The truth is that Hanna, who was a good, kind man — made better and kinder by all his misfortunes — as he was travelling between Bagdad and Damascus, several years after the loss of Lisbet, fell in with a poor man by the way, a poor, miserable man, who begged for succour from amidst some bushes; for he was totally naked, having been stripped by robbers. All he asked was a cloak and a loaf, that he might continue his journey and reach a neighbouring town. But Hanna stopped his *kafila*, and clothed and fed him, and gave him money, and set him upon a mule — his own spare mule, white and fit for a king — and took him all the way to Damascus, where he set him down in the street, without so much as asking his name, his country, or his faith.

This poor stranger was a Jew, who came, many years afterwards, to Egypt, and recognised his benefactor. He was also a magician, who discovered the secret

thoughts of those with whom he conversed; so he said, one day, to Hanna, "There is a mighty sorrow within thee; for I see the signature of regret upon thy brow, near the right temple."

"I regret not to have a child," replied the merchant.

"Nay," said the Jew; "thy grief hath relation to a thing past. Tell me thy story, and I may be of service."

Hanna told his story; and the Jew forthwith went away, and burned perfumes, and uttered words, and wrote symbols, and wrestled with the keepers of the unknown. When he came back to the merchant, he said, "I have not discovered all that I wish to know; but they tell me, that if thou canst find the Whispering Tree, it will speak to thee of Lisbet and her child."

The Jew could give no further information; but Hanna, who believed, began forthwith to make cautious inquiries about the Whispering Tree. He questioned not only the people of Cairo, but wrote to all his correspondents in various parts of the globe, asking about this strange thing. Indeed he went about catechising the world in general respecting the mysterious Whispering Tree. But he got no information. All replied that they were ignorant. Nobody had heard of a tree that whispered. Year after year Hanna persisted in inquiring of every stranger who arrived from various provinces, whether he knew anything about the Whispering

Tree; until time passed, and strength began to fail. When all his friends were tired of hearing him ask the same question, and he became tired of asking it, despair was a frequent visitor with him.

One day, he was at Gizneh, in a garden drinking coffee with his friend Malek, and listening to the bubbling of his water-pipe, when, along the path leading from the pyramids, appeared coming a string of laden camels accompanied by many men. "Is it the caravan from Mourzuk?" inquired Hanna. — "Nay," replied Malek; "that caravan came in the week past; and I know not from what country this arrival may be." They went to the garden-gate, moved by curiosity; and waited until the forerunners of the caravan came by.

Their costume was that of the sons of the desert, except that round the head was a wrapper which enfolded both the brow and the mouth, leaving little more than the eyes exposed.

"They are of the Muthelameen," said Malek; "and come from the deserts towards Beled-es-Soudan; but of what tribe we shall only learn by asking." Then he raised his voice, and said, "O strangers, merchants; from what country, and with what merchandize?" The man addressed muttered from beneath his muffler, "From Agdaz in the land of Ahir, with gold-dust and ivory, and a remnant of slaves, the strong and the sturdy, the rest having pe-

rished by the way." So saying, he passed on.

"Hast thou ever heard of this country?" inquired Hanna. — "But little," said Malek. "It is not a country of commerce; and I cannot understand why they should have come this way." As he spoke, a youth of pleasant countenance, riding on a camel, with his mouth uncovered, came slowly towards them. "O young man," cried Hanna, as if obeying a sudden inspiration, "thou comest from unknown lands over wonderful regions. Perchance thou canst tell me of the Whispering Tree." — "It is at Kama," replied the youth, striking with his heel the neck of his camel, and causing it to turn out of the line and stop, "and what, my father, is the reason of thy curiosity?" — "'T is a long story," replied Hanna; "but if thou wilt alight and repose thyself after thy fatigue, I will relate it to thee." The young man leaped down, called to a black man who had followed him on foot to take care of the camel, and entered the garden with the two old men.

When he had heard the story of the merchant, the young stranger said: "My story is similar to thine, O my father. Thou art seeking what thou hast perhaps never seen. I am seeking what has only appeared to me in a vision. I come not of the Muthelameen of Agdaz. My father was a merchant of Egypt, who travelled with me into the land of Talebs, of wise men and magicians, and dying,

left me there a child. Now it happened a year ago that I dreamed a dream, and, lo! a maiden of surpassing beauty came and bent over me like a lily over a pool of sleeping water, bent and bent until her lips swept my temple, and I awoke tremulous as after a kiss of love. I stretched my arms in the darkness, but there was nothing; I called my slave, who came with a light and searched the room; and there was nothing. Then I knew that I had dreamed, and turned upon my pillow again, and sought to return to the country which I had quitted. Soon I slept again, and the same maiden appeared — but this time afar off — beckoning me to follow. I endeavoured rise, but my limbs had lost their vigour. I struggled; but in vain. The earth drew me still closer to it, until I burst away into consciousness, and found myself trembling in the bed. From that time I pined for love of the maiden of my dream, and nought would content me. My friends at first laughed and mocked; but when I became in truth sick and pale, and unable to rise from the bed — unable and unworthy; for whenever I slumbered, the same form of beauty appeared — when I drew near to the gates of death, they brought to me a wise man who inquired into my case, and smiled when he heard what had befallen, saying—

"The remedy is not easy; for the road is long, and there are dangers by the way. But if thou hast courage, thou wilt hear what

thou wishest murmuring amidst the leaves of the Whispering Tree." He then told me that this tree was situated at a place called Kama, in Khorassan, beyond Persia. I instantly sold all my goods, and prepared to depart with a caravan that was bound for Tripoli; after we had travelled a month, we came to a country where there was war; and we were compelled to traverse the regions of Thibet, and the Haronj Mountains, and the Wahs, and to travel through many disasters to Egypt. This is the reason why we have met; and now it will be better for us both to journey together in search of this wonderful tree."

When Hanna heard what this young man said, that Kama was in the country of Khorassan beyond Persia, he doubted not but that he should hear there some news of the lost Lisbet and her child. He therefore resolved to depart in company with the young man, whose name was Gorges, although the prudent Malek objected his great age, and the possibility of danger and death. In a few days the worthy merchant had closed his business for that season, and with a purse of money and a case of jewels, was ready to accompany the love-lorn Gorges.

The narrative need not trace their itinerary. Many months elapsed ere the young and the old traveller — the toys of love and parental affection — were wandering, disguised in humble raiment,

through the wilds of Khorassan, asking of the rare people they met for a place called Kama. Nobody seemed able to give them any intelligence. The place was a place unknown. They began to think they were the victims of delusion; and when they had passed several years in the vain search, it is said that they became, as it were, mad. They thought and talked of nothing but the Whispering Tree of Kama. The people in the villages and the encampment knew them as the strange questioners, and pitied their case; and instead of harming them whenever they met them on the road, would cry, "Has there any news been heard by ye, O melancholy searchers? O father! O brother! has the unknown place been made known? Has the secret been revealed?" Thus they continued wearying the desert with constant going to and fro, until Hanna became a bent shadow, and the youth grew to be a bearded man.

It happened one evening, as they were going through a mountainous country which they had not hitherto trodden, far on the way to Bukharia, they came to a small valley locked in the embraces of rugged rocks. Its surface was like a green emerald. Grass, and shrubs, and trees, and flowers, spread to the feet of perpendicular cliffs. A silver stream wound here and there, as if unwilling to leave so pleasant a spot, and at last gathered into a small lake without apparent issue. The two wayfarers expected to find a village

where they might pass the night. But there was no sign of human habitation. The night began balmy; the stars shone warmly; there was scarcely any breeze; and the little that blew was warm and fragrant as the breath of woman. Hanna and Gorges lay down under the shadow of a tree, and slept as the travel-weary alone can sleep.

They both dreamed a dream — if dream it was. The tree above their heads began to wave and wave its boughs; murmurs seemed to creep from every leaf; there was a hum and a buzz, as if a swarm of bees was settling over head; and by degrees a chorus of small voices seemed to sing: "This is Kama, Kama, Kama! Go no further; but tarry here. Rest and peace will find you; for this is Kama, Kama, Kama!"

All night long the same melody refreshed their ears; and an evil spirit, who bent over them intending to do them wrong, fled away; for, on seeing their smile of happiness, he said to himself — "That is the smile of the angels of God!"

The birds were singing when the old man and the young awoke. The name of Kama was still ringing in their ears; and it seemed as if the thrush that had come to perch in the boughs overhead was repeating it. Suddenly a clear sweet voice sounded over the meadow, and the wayfarers beheld a maiden with a jar upon her head, tripping lightly along a pathway that passed near them

and led to the stream. She was singing, and the burden of her song was: "Fair is the valley of Kama!" Hanna turned up his eyes with gratitude towards the Whispering Tree; but Gorges kept gazing intently at the maiden. His dream stood before him embodied.

The maiden of Kama was alarmed at first at the aspect of strangers; but they soon contrived to re-assure her, and bidding them wait until she returned from the stream, she promised to conduct them to her dwelling. They waited accordingly, and following her steps, which she made slow out of respect to the age of Hanna, passed by a green garden, in the midst of which were three graves, and reached a kind of hermitage scooped in the rock, in front of which, on a sunny bench, sat an old man with a huge white beard that swept to his knees. No stranger had penetrated into that valley for many a long year; but the patriarch was past the age when surprise is possible, and meekly bade the travellers to be seated on the bench beside him.

When they had refreshed themselves with rest and food, the old hermit bade them tell their stories, whilst the maiden sat at their feet, a little nearer to Gorges than to the others, listening with downcast eyes. Hanna related what had sent them in search of the Whispering Tree of Kama, omitting nothing, not even the love of the young man for the being of his dream. The hermit smiled in his

white beard and said: "I am one hundred years old, and no longer fear the enmity of man; for I am in hopes of the mercy of God. I have sinned, but I have suffered. It was I, O Hanna, who took away thy wife Lisbet. I took her to my tents, not far from this valley; but she refused her love and died. Then I desponded and retired to this hermitage with her child, which I bred as my own. I called him Kama, which in our tongue means the Bereaved, and named the place of our dwelling after him. He grew up not knowing his origin, and in due time knew a maiden, and took her and dwelt with her in happiness until he died, and she died leaving this daughter to my care. There are the graves of Lisbet, and her son, and her son's wife," said the old man pointing to the three mounds of earth. His hand fell, says the story, with a rattle. Old age had done its work. He had lived to restore the granddaughter of Lisbet to him who had so long sought for herself; and was buried in the little garden before his hermitage.

The worthy gentleman who related this story to me, after observing that of course Miriam became the wife of Gorges, and that they and Hanna returned in safety to Cairo, endeavoured to play the free-thinker by explaining that whatever seemed supernatural in this story was purely ornament; that the Tree most probably did not whisper at all; and that there

was nothing in it incompatible with the supposition of an extraordinary coincidence.

I observed, however, that while venturing on this ticklish ground he had an uneasy look which reminded me of those philosophical young gentlemen whom one meets in society, and who observe in a dismal voice that they believe in nothing they do not understand.

The fact is, these Levantines are as credulous as the Muslims; and, although their stories are not quite so wild and extravagant as those of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, they exact the exercise of nearly as great an amount of faith. I mentioned this to the narrator, and observed, instead of entering upon a philosophical discussion with him, that he seemed to lay no stress on the joy of Hanna at recovering his granddaughter, or on that of Gorges at beholding the lady of his dream.

"As to the latter point," said he, "we can all imagine the feelings of the young man; but I remember that it is usual to say, in telling this story, that the good old Hanna — whilst the hermit was telling his story — put his arms round the necks of Miriam and Gorges, and pressing them to his breast tried to speak, but could only give utterance to a loud cry of triumph and joy. They say, too, that he always wandered in his speech a little afterwards; and would, now and then, wish that he were asleep in Kama by the side of Lisbet."

TWO OLD SAINTS.

TIMES are changed since knights and abbots, travelling into the interior of the country from Boulogne towards Amiens, had so many thick forests to go through and had such dangers to apprehend in so doing from the herds of famished wolves which infested them, that they were forced to be accompanied by a pack of powerful dogs of a fierce breed, who, when they had done with the wolves, had robbers, nearly as dangerous, to defend their masters from. Not to mention the stags of enormous size and fabulous strength that roamed in these vast forests, and fought with the hunters who dared to intrude upon them, with almost as much fury as the wolves and the robbers.

So we lately thought as we sat in the railway carriage, bound from Boulogne on an antiquarian expedition. We had heard of a wonderful town, out of the line, only two leagues from Abbeville, the account of which seemed to us as extraordinary as that fabled African city, only a short day's journey from the coast, where everything remains as it existed unknown centuries since, but turned into stone and seldom visible to the human eye. Saint Riquier was the name of this enchanted place. Once imbued with an antiquarian feeling, all the dreary, marshy country, with its low sand hills, grew important in our eyes as we drew pictures of

banners floating and trumpets sounding — now English, now Burgundian, now French; for not fifty years were allowed to pass on in the turbulent Middle Ages without a fresh quarrel, more and more violent contentions, slaughter, pillage, conquest, defeat, and utter ruin under all circumstances. We had been disturbed in our historical reveries more than once by the angry and lamentable howling of an imprisoned dog belonging to one of the numerous French sportsmen whom the train was carrying to the spot where his prowess was to be proved amongst the rabbits of the sandy plains near Etaples, and just as we had arrived at the conclusion that Louis the Eleventh had passed this way when he visited the famous shrine of Notre Dame de Boulogne, a general shout and peal of laughter interrupted the argument; and, looking from the window — as every one else in the train did at the same moment — we beheld our noisy and desperate canine fellow-traveller in the act of clearing the rail and coursing at liberty over the fields, in a backward direction, leaving his master — gun, gaiters, and all — without his valuable assistance, borne on, in spite of his vociferous cries to “Looloo!” and frantic entreaties to be let out. The noise, the laughter, the exclamations that ensued, can only be conceived by those who have witnessed French excitement, nor had it subsided when we reached the Montreuil

station; the distracted master of the ungrateful companion of his sports having lost all recollection of his intention to stop some fifteen miles before, and thus having allowed himself to be swept on while he recounted to interested listeners the escapades of his dog and his own extraordinary feats, not only as a sportsman, but in almost every other capacity. As we had condoled with him, on his accident, he had become communicative on many subjects, and we found his vanity extremely amusing. He was a remarkably little man, with such small hands and feet as none but Frenchmen own, but he informed us that his strength was perfectly miraculous, and he had done things which the most powerful-looking men had been unable to accomplish: he had lifted weights: he had stopped horses at full gallop; he had, by merely pressing his foot against it, kept a gate against six; he had invented machines for stopping a train in an instant, regardless of consequences; he knew how to sail a balloon on a principle impossible to fail; but with all these achievements he had yet a wish unaccomplished. "What I desire," said he, looking lightnings, "above all other things is to *tame a Lion!*"

Meantime we left him at the station, where having joined a brother of the craft, he appeared, at once, to forget his misfortune; and, by his gesticulations, bows, and smiles, we gathered that he had accepted an invitation to re-

pair in due course to a certain small château which was pointed to, and whose bright red trellice was heavy with crowding clusters of grapes, destined, no doubt, to furnish part of the dessert on that memorable day, when the good dinner — fitting reward for manly toil — should crown the exertions of the Little Lion-tamer.

More marshes, more sportsmen, and more rows of spectre-like trees, brought us to the station of Rue. There is nothing in the station or the country round to excite notice, yet the reiteration of the name, as it sounded in our ears, awoke many recollections. Rue! we said — the most celebrated spot of pilgrimage in all Picardy, possessing a miraculous crucifix sculptured by the hand of Nicodemus — Rue! where one has only to go, even at the present time, to obtain all sorts of Indulgences, quite as efficacious now, under the reign of the Imperial President, as when Pope Alexander the Third raised money by selling them to the devout, who travelled from Lyons by the Roman road (by the bye, we were then crossing it) which led to the shrines of Ponthieu.

We scarcely allowed ourselves time to acknowledge sufficiently the ceremonious greetings of the antique hostess of our hotel at Abbeville, before we ordered a vehicle for Saint Riquier, fearful of losing the fleeting light of an October day.

By a very dreary road, now and then enlivened by rows of red

apple-trees; past swampy fields and trim hedges, through thin little woods filled with chattering magpies — our driver, a jolly patronising character, fond of gambolling with an ugly little dog, for whose convenience he occasionally stopped his horses that it might overtake us — we found ourselves consuming the two leagues which lie between Abbeville and the hundred-towered region of Saint Riquier. We had emerged from a rather thick wood, one of the “fringes” left “upon the petticoat” of the forest of Crecy, and were eagerly gazing, in hopes that one of the hundred turrets would reward our perseverance. A high square tower presently peered over the distant trees, and on a bright blue board, fixed on the gable of a lonely cottage, we read the name of the town we were in quest of. A long and thinly-peopled faubourg led us at last to the main street of this redoubtable place, once the protection as well as the oppression of the whole district, and our vehicle drew up in a wide *place* before a huge square tower, seated on the declivity of a hill, up which the rows of apparently uninhabited houses ran. Not a sound, not a breath, broke the perfect solitude, except the rattle of our wheels on the rugged pavement, and our inquiries of our driver as to the road to the church. Presently we met a troupe of young students, who all saluted us with studied courtesy: every peasant we passed, few as they were, bowed with equal civility,

and we found that this silent city seemed the abode of the most exemplary politeness.

The truth is, that Saint Riquier is a town devoted to learning; that the college founded by Charlemagne still exists; and that, though the monks and students of the abbey are no longer seen, there are still monastic costumes and “learned runnagates,” as in days of old.

The college, famous for so many centuries, in spite of the destruction of the year Three, flourishes at the present moment in great vigour; more than three hundred students are daily engaged in diligent efforts to conquer the difficulties of learning: as we peeped through the large windows of an immense hall of study, we had an opportunity of judging of the zeal of the numerous pupils: not a head was lifted from the desk, not an eye directed from a book, while the clerical instructors strode with solemn steps up and down the chamber, keeping careful watch on their charges. One side of the enclosure, where the famous church stands, is taken up by a long and well-built range of rooms, forming the kitchen and the dining hall of the pupils, whose bodily welfare seems as well attended to as their mental advantages; and it was with no inconsiderable pride that two nuns exhibited to our party, courteously and cheerfully, the mysteries of the kitchen in which they ministered, and the comforts of the dining-hall to which they attended. The church

is still undergoing restoration, though a great deal has already been accomplished, and we were invited to observe some of the work by very jolly, lively, good-tempered priest, who was idly superintending the labourers, and who hastened to silence the angry barking of an enormous dog who was, apparently, set to guard the premises. Every body in Saint Riquier looked contented and fat, and idle also, except the students, and courtesy seemed the general characteristic.

Our guide in the church was an exception as to gaiety of demeanour, for, after unlocking the doors, he relapsed into total abstraction, and to every question asked he replied, without looking up, "I don't know." Finding we had no remedy, we resigned ourselves to make our own discoveries, concluding, as was probably the case, that this guide, appointed to assist strangers in their researches, was an idiot, incapable of other exertion than using his keys, and extending his palm for gratuities. Afterwards, when we visited the church of Saint Wolfran at Abbeville, we had reason to regret that our conductor was not of the same genus, for his nervous fidgeting for fear his "little benefit" should be forgotten, caused him to insert that clause into every bit of information he afforded us.

Charlemagne, in the year 800, put the whole of his imperial treasure at the disposal of the first Abbot Angilbert for the con-

struction and adornment of the Abbey of Saint Riquier, called at first, of Centule, from the hundred towers of the town, which afterwards was placed under the dominion of the monks; it is not therefore surprising if some remains of the fine columns, which were sent from Italy to beautify the structure, are still found in the church, which time and violence have spared. Whether any of the beautiful pillars which support the fine roof are amongst those which, tradition affirms, being broken in the erection were repaired by angels in the night, we cannot say, but something more than common taste and grace certainly appears in all the details of this exquisite building.

The first foundation of the abbey was two centuries before Charlemagne, in the days of no less a personage than King Dagobert, a monarch as well known in the nursery rhymes of France, as that "worthy peer King Stephen" in reference to the same portion of his apparel is, or was, in England. King Dagobert seems to have been fated to continual scolding from his friends and ministers, and it must be recorded to his credit, that while he meekly agreed to repair that inelegance of his costume which so much shocked "*le grand Saint Eloi*" — he was not deaf to the remonstrances of Saint Riquier, who reproved him for numerous errors of more consequence, and who had the boldness to make a remark to him which few courtiers, even in these ages

of freedom, would venture to utter.

"A subject is accountable to none but himself: but a sovereign is accountable to all."

But Saint Riquier was a man superior to, though yet made for, his age. He rose from a peasant's estate to command princes and dictate to popes; he lived on barley bread mixed with ashes, and on water mixed — adds his chronicler — mixed with tears. He was converted from idolatry by an Irish Saint, whose mission led him to Ponthieu, and his zeal led him to exert himself for the good of his country. He saw the unprotected state of the kingdom, and bent all his energies to resist the barbarian incursions of hordes from the North, which ravaged the country; he employed the wealth placed in his hands to establish defences, not only for his monastery, but for the whole province.

Those who behold the single isolated tower in the centre of the little quiet town, used only as a belfry, can scarcely conceive the strength and importance of the Saint Riquier of ancient times. There are, however, extraordinary remains of enormously high walls which run along one side of a street for nearly a quarter of a mile, and impress one with surprise at their powerful appearance. These are the last remains of the grandeur of the town, whose defences were finally destroyed by order of Louis the Thirteenth, as well as those of Abbeville, Rue,

and other strong places in the country.

What studies the pupils at the modern college pursue we know not, but in early days the monks, who were the most learned of their class, were celebrated for the manuscripts they produced; and the library possessed, in Charlemagne's time, no less than two hundred and fifty-six volumes, some written in gold letters on purple vellum, one of which may still be seen at Abbeville, where it is kept as a great treasure. The mighty king, who, some impertinent authors assert, could neither read nor write himself, was extremely proud of this library.

When the great and powerful abbey was condemned in 1790, and sold as national property, a certain master locksmith of Saint Riquier bought it for forty thousand francs, having engaged to preserve the church entire: a clause which he did not feel himself bound to respect; consequently the cloisters were destroyed, and the whole was allowed to fall into a state of utter degradation, the master locksmith no doubt having found his account in his purchase, and becoming entirely indifferent to the rest. The whole of the buildings that remain were only preserved by the happy idea of establishing a college, and by degrees the church has been restored and repaired until it now shines out in all the glory it is likely to acquire.

The *façade* of the church is extremely beautiful. encrusted with

figures in niches, which, though a good deal defaced, may be recognised as those of Louis the Twelfth and Francis the First, besides which, an immense number of Saints hold their places upon the walls, standing under canopies and on richly ornamented pedestals. Whole histories of traditional interest, whole genealogies from Scripture, grotesque forms and graceful shapes, flowers, scrolls, and patterns adorn the face of the church and run up to the very highest balustrade of the towers and delicate pinnacles. The interior is very striking from its grand simplicity and the symmetry of the whole.

After the taking of Boulogne, four thousand English entered Saint Riquier and burnt the unfortunate town nearly to the ground; and, having continued their devastations from thence to Abbeville, they returned to the coast. It was to drive them from their stronghold that Francis the First had marched with a large army into Picardy.

Charles of Orleans, the second and favourite son of Francis the First, accompanied his father when he took up his quarters in the Abbey of Forêt Montier, close to the forest of Crecy, which, in the intervals of fighting, he made his favourite hunting resort. Young Duke Charles was the most distinguished knight in all the jousts and tournaments which enlivened the time, which was not allowed to pass without amusement: one evening, he was return-

ing from hunting with a large party, when he suddenly beheld a comet in the sky and pointed it out to his friend Gaspard de Saulx-Tavannes. "Perhaps it is your star," said Tavannes, "which comes to announce your death."

"Oh, as for that," replied the lively prince, "I laugh at such presages, and at my star too."

At this time the plague was making fearful ravages in Ponthieu, but Charles, not the least alarmed at the horrors related of it, hearing of a house where eight persons had recently died of the malady, entered it in a fit of idle folly and cut up the beds with his sword, making the feathers fly all over him. Much heated as well as entertained with this wild sally, he returned to the camp, drank a glass of cold water, and a few moments afterwards, felt himself suddenly ill; he was seized with terror and called out, "It is the plague; I shall die of it!"

The fatal symptoms appeared, and all aid was soon found to be vain; the unfortunate young man was quite aware of his situation, entreated that the sacrament might be administered to him, and that he might see his father once more. Notwithstanding the danger, and in spite of every entreaty to the contrary, the king persisted in visiting his dying son, who, when he saw him, called out "I am dying, my dear lord, but since I behold you, I die content." These words were scarcely uttered when he expired. This happened on the ninth of Septem-

ber, in the year 1545. Francis, as his son breathed his last, uttered a cry of despair and fell senseless. When he recovered he ordered the court instantly to leave Forêt Montier, and thus ended all the gaiety he had been enjoying.

While the young prince was lying on his death-bed, his friend Tavannes, who had been sent on service to Boulogne, returned in triumph with four hundred prisoners and several flags taken from the English. Hoping to console him, Tavannes had the ensigns brought to the bed of Charles, and named to him the prisoners he had taken. "Ah, my friend," said the prince, embracing him, "it is all over with me and all our plans: I die with deep regret at being unable to recompense your bravery."

From the coast, all through the country, nothing at this time was going on but slaughter and pillage; plague, famine, and desolation spread far abroad; but, nevertheless, the hunting parties would not have ceased but for the death of the king's son.

Of all the tombs and treasures which made Saint Riquier a marvel in the country scarcely a vestige remains. The carved wooden stalls of the choir are fine, and there are some iron gates of singular beauty. Of course the priests have managed to discover a few relics, in spite of the bonfires which were made of the saints in revolutionary times, and the whole bodies of Saint Riquier

and a companion saint are shown to the pious. We escaped the infliction of hearing of their miraculous powers, as our idiot continued to say to any question we might make, "I don't know," an answer which would not ill become the finders of these dispersed and calcined bones, if their whereabouts were insisted on.

But the most curious relic in the church is to be seen in the chapel called the Treasury, where, on the walls, in fresco, may be traced a very curious series of paintings representing the long history of the translation of the body of Saint Riquier from Montreuil to the church of his adoption, with all the miracles performed and the circumstances attending the event. This curious painting is of the beginning of the sixteenth century, and is not difficult to make out: under each picture are four lines in quaint verse, the letters carefully restored and very clear. Besides this series there are two larger compartments representing a sort of Dance of Death, known to antiquarians as "The Three Dead and the Three Living:" beneath these are other verses, more curious than musical, but entirely to the purpose; a second series of frescoes, relating to another saint of great renown, adorns a different portion of the chapel; and a curious old picture on wood, lately discovered, is over the altar. The roof of this chamber, which is approached by a flight of steps leading from a side aisle, is exceedingly fine and

of original form, the arches interlacing each other in a graceful manner, a sort of drapery being formed by their curves.

It was not until the shades of evening prevented us from seeing any more of these dim records of past ages, that we could make up our minds to leave this charming and interesting church, and by the time we had walked to the highest part of the town, and looked wonderingly at the enormous modern hospital which replaces an ancient one — established by benevolent monks, who had always to contend with the jealousy of the abbots, who had no jurisdiction over their charity — we found it was time to summon our charioteer and commence our return journey to Abbeville.

It happened, after our visit to Saint Riquier, that circumstances threw us into the society of the identical Lion-tamer with whom our party had travelled. It was with him and his round, rosy, lively little wife that we set forth on a second expedition to visit the chapel of the Saint Esprit at Rue. My new acquaintance was, this time, bent on a fishing excursion, and the whole of the way he was eloquent in description of the extraordinary success he had met with in this branch of his amusements. He had caught a pike of incredible length, which had broken lines of incredible strength; he had filled baskets to overflowing with trout of fabulous size and beauty; carp and tench were his prey without resistance, and his

good fortune in eels was not to be credited. His destination, after showing me the chapel, was to the neighbouring château of Arry, where a friend expected him after his day's sport was over; but his zeal to exhibit the beautiful gem concealed in the little village adjoining the railway station, made his line a secondary consideration on this occasion; so much is a desire to amuse and please part of the existence of a Frenchman who is not a politician, and who is proud of his province, as most of them are.

It is impossible to imagine anything so beautiful as the carved pillars, the walls, roofs, and doorways that still remain, all carefully restored, of what was once the enormous and magnificent church of Saint Wulphy of Rue. It was not so much battered during a series of ages, but that much more of it might still be standing; but the wisdom or economy of the citizens of this remarkable spot caused them to resolve that, as to restore all was impossible to their finances, it was better to clear as much as they could away, and keep the Chapelle du Saint Esprit as a specimen of their former glory and pride. When one advances along the straggling high street of Rue, and observes that on each side a wide strip of coarse grass is flourishing in undisturbed rankness; that the mansions are all of the least ambitious order of architecture — the roofs of thatch, the walls of yellow washed plaster,

with a general appearance of decay and poverty — one can only feel surprised that the wonderful chapel itself, which required a large sum of money to render it even discernible, was not swept away too. But Monsieur le Doyen, as our rosy-faced, fidgety female guide assured us, was a great lover of the Church, and had exerted himself to the utmost to preserve it. “Ah,” said she, looking very respectful, as she named her patron, almost her saint; “Monsieur le Doyen is so zealous. Why, I had no place here when he came, and he got me this — to take care of the church and sweep it and show visitors the curiosities and the relics. Oh! he is a wonderful man, Monsieur le Doyen, and the best friend I have — his prayers caused my nephew to draw a lucky number: he does not like people to go into the chapel for curiosity, you know; but, of course, you mean to say a prayer there. It’s a wonderful chapel! and look, stand up on this step and peep into this case — don’t be afraid, you’ll see it, if you reach over — this is a real piece of the real crucifix of Rue — you see the hand, it is all black; but look, you can make out all the fingers — isn’t it droll! Monsieur le Doyen expects every one to put something into the box above, for the poor.”

“But,” we objected, as obeying her we peeped into a little square glass case, where lay, amongst faded silk and tinsel, a block of

wood, “but the real crucifix was burnt in the year Three of the Republic, many years ago.”

“Ay, but Monsieur le Doyen says this was preserved by a miracle; read — there’s a paper telling about it, and attested by the Bishop with his seal! M. le Doyen got him to write it when he was here.”

We asked her to tell us if any miracle had preserved the statue of Isabeau of Portugal, the chief patroness of the chapel, which for three centuries the people were in the habit of calling La Beaubeau de Rue; but she was silent on all matters save what concerned Monsieur le Doyen, and the piece of wood, which is just beginning to attract pilgrims to the shrine, and bids fair to succeed admirably, though it may be some time before it attracts as many as at the time when the magnificent Duke Philip of Burgundy, and his pious Lady Isabeau came, laden with gold and gems, and poured them out before the shrine of the Crucifix, carved by Nicodemus, and miraculously floated from Joppa, up the little River Maie, to Rue; and when that cunning prince, the church-loving Louis the Eleventh, made one of his pilgrimages to this place, in hopes of bribing Heaven, with four thousand crowns of gold, to declare itself on his side against his sworn enemy, Charlerois.

The front of the church is still one mass of ornament, and there are numerous figures in the niches of the pillars which support the

façade — Louis the Eleventh, and Twelfth, and Thirteenth, Isabeau and her Duke, and one figure close to them which looks strangely like their favourite jester. Saint Wulphy himself is there, he whose life is said to have been so very extraordinary, that even his monkish biographer declares that he does not venture to record all the facts, for fear of not being believed; a piece of caution the more singular, as he tells many histories sufficiently startling of other saints belonging to this favoured province of Ponthieu. As, for instance, how Saint Josse, a personage once much in vogue in these parts, was one day tending his poultry, when an eagle suddenly pounced down on the unlucky birds, and carried off eleven hens one after another, and at last returned for the cock. The saint, unable to bear this “unkindest cut of all,” immediately began to pray, and signing himself with the cross, made the eagle descend, cast itself at his feet, and expire in a state of remorse, after giving up both cock and hens safe and sound. The same historian recounts how Saint Valery had only to look at the vegetables in a certain abbey garden to destroy the insects which were destroying them.

As for Saint Riquier, the chronicler makes no mystery of the fact of his having sat in a ditch all one night in a violent snow-storm, without a single flake having touched him. Saint

Wulphy could do far more wonderful things, but we are left to burst in ignorance as to what they were, and to guess at his figure on the wall, not knowing his attributes.

While we were busy gazing at the carved wonders on the wall of an upper chamber called *La Trésorerie*, which we gained by a narrow winding stair, the doorway to which was also elaborately ornamented, we had infinite difficulty to repress the desire of our friend the Lion-tamer to detach some portion of the carving, which he desired that we should carry away as a relic. In whispered entreaties we repudiated his proposed gift; but we saw by his manner that he had a purpose, and we dreaded to look his way while we remained.

There was one piece of ancient oak, the remains of a cabinet, to which he particularly attached himself, and to which our rosy-faced guide directed his attention in an evil hour, assuring us that M. le Doyen considered it one of the most curious bits of the old church. It was a sort of rail, exquisitely cut in a pattern of leaves, and animals, and grape clusters, beneath the upper edge of which the following antique inscription in gold letters appeared:

En. l'an. mil. chinc. chens et un
Moy. tresorie. fus. comêchie
Et. je. fus. parfaicte
En. l'an de grace. mil v et xiiij.

Our distress far exceeded gratitude when, on our guide leaving us at the call of her nephew, who

clamoured from below, our officious and over zealous friend produced in triumph two leaves which he had abstracted from this carving.

"I had," said he, unblushingly, "knocked off a bit of the doorway downstairs, but I found it was only plaster, which accounted for its coming off so easily. Oh! if I had but one of my instruments — I invented them myself — you should have had a whole boss."

With a shudder we besought him to think of such sacrilege no more; and satisfied with having outwitted M. le Doyen, he consented to give up further molestation, quietly observing, "Ah, *dame!* if everybody carried off as much as I should like to have, there would not be a great deal of the old church left."

We were offered medals, of which there is a large collection struck, bearing the effigies of the crucifix, and recording the *Indulgences* granted to the pilgrim who undertakes a pious journey to the shrine at the present day. It is likely to turn out a good speculation, and M. le Doyen neglects no means of making known the opportunity which sinners have of getting rid of their little peccadillos "for a consideration." We fear the piety of our companion did not induce him to buy one in the hope of wiping off the sin he had committed for our sake.

SNAKES MAGICAL AND MYTHOLOGICAL.

AMONG the various creatures that figure in mythus or legend, none are so conspicuous as the snake and its near kinsman the dragon. Diving to the very depths of mythological research, in whatever region we pursue our investigations, it is ten chances to one, but we find a snake or a serpent or a dragon at the bottom. There are serpents good and serpents evil; now, the reptile appears as the chief object of worship; now, as the foe to be overthrown. Even in the tales current among peasants we find snake-stories of opposite morals, some inculcating the doctrine that the snakes should be used kindly, others pointing out the expediency of knocking them on the head. With the ancient Romans and Etrurians the serpent form was the natural one in which the genius of an individual or of a place was supposed to manifest itself, and in some of the Northern nations snakes owed a tribute of milk to a similar opinion. Under these circumstances, the snake was a symbol of life, of perpetual youth, encouraging the belief of his right to this honour by his habit of changing his skin.

In Slavonian tradition the notion of a snake, as a household genius, is familiar enough, and is accompanied by the affirmation that every family has its male and female snakes, whose lives are

closely connected with those of the master and mistress of the house. Of course, in this case, it is no light matter to kill a snake, and a Pomeranian legend tells how an avaricious father, grudging the share of milk to which a snake helped itself out of his little girl's plate, killed the animal with a cudgel, but was punished by the early death of his daughter. The superstitions of Suabia are no less friendly to the existence of these reptiles, and the peasant is warned by the traditions of his village not to resent a friendly visit, which a snake may happen to pay. Certainly these snakes, who help themselves out of children's bowls, are very good-natured creatures. They allow the children to tap them with a spoon, whenever they are eating too fast, and rather take it as a compliment than otherwise. One young Suabian damsel, to be sure, had the misfortune to swallow a small snake accidentally in a draught of water, which had the effect of rendering her exceedingly fat, and did not destroy the snake's propensity for milk. Whenever the damsel had milked her cows, she was overpowered with such weariness that she fell asleep, and the snake crawling out of her mouth drank the milk from the pail, and then crawled back to its warm abode. In this case, the destruction of the snake, during one of its trips to the pail, was found serviceable, for the girl lost her unseemly fatness.

In the exceedingly ugly mytho-

logy of the Prussian aborigines, the snake has a virtuous aspect. These Prussians worshipped three strange gods, Perkun, Potrimpos, and Picollos, whose images stood under a sacred oak, and were honoured by a fire, which was kept perpetually burning. Ecclesiastical discipline was severe, for if the fire went out the priests were put to death. The oak was six yards in diameter, and so thick were its leaves, that the worshippers had not the slightest chance of being inconvenienced by any inclemency of the weather. However, it was not accessible every day, but was effectually concealed by silk curtains, six yards high, which were only opened by the priests on grand occasions. The image of the chief deity Perkun stood between the other two. To his right was Potrimpos, the dispenser of temporal blessings, with a beardless chin and a head crowned with ears of corn, and to his left was Picollos, a haggard individual with a long beard, and a pale face — the impersonation of death.

Now, Picollos was a very terrible deity. His symbol was a collection of three skulls — one of a man, another of a horse, a third of a cow. He rejoiced in the sacrifice of life without being very particular whether the victim offered to him was a human being, an ox, a hare, a goat, or a pig; though he had no objection to a pot of tallow. It was no wonder that the mild deity, Potrimpos, who scattered blessings around

him, and was contented with having wheat-sheaves as a sacrifice, should be preferred to the evil, destructive Picollos, nor that the snake, who was sacred to him, should be held in especial esteem. For, according to the creed of the ancient Prussians, there was no more honourable service than that of rearing a snake in a large room, and feeding it with milk, to the glory of the good Potrimpos. When the Teutonic knights conquered Prussia, the worship of Potrimpos was destroyed, but the snake and its taste for milk still exist in popular legends.

Snakes being so high in honour, it is not at all unnatural that they should wear golden crowns; and, indeed, we often find them in guise of this sort, in the field of German tradition. Not above a hundred years ago, it is said, a snake with a crown on its head, and a bunch of keys about its neck, appeared on the Spitzberg, near Tübingen, and, after carefully laying down its crown, washed itself in the Neckar. A snake, also adorned with a gold diadem, visited a ropemaker's child at Stuttgart, calling, according to ancient practice at breakfast-time. The moral of this story, by the way, is very bad, for the rope-maker killed the snake with a hatchet, took the crown, and thereby became marvellously rich.

That the snakes attach great importance to their golden crowns we learn from a tradition of the Nagold in Suabia. A man, who

saw a snake take off its crown in order to bathe, snatched up the ornament, and fled with it up a tree. When the snake returned from its bath, and missed the crown, it uttered a piercing cry, which brought hundreds of snakes from all directions. They commenced a vigilant search for the lost treasure, but as their wisdom did not lead them to look up into the tree, they at last gave up this task in despair. As for the poor snake that had lost its crown, and appeared to be king of the party, it returned in the evening to the spot where the theft had been committed, and died of a broken heart.

Crowned snakes are ordinary even to platitude in German tales, but a sneezing snake is more remarkable. Such a snake was once seen and heard by a Suabian glazier, who was so deeply moved by the unusual talent, that he consulted the village priest on the subject. The priest recommended him to answer the sneeze with the usual civility of "God bless you!" and, armed with this counsel, he boldly set out to visit the phenomenon. Twice did the snake sneeze, and twice did the valorous glazier respond without any particular result, but when the third sneeze and the third benediction came, the snake assumed a fiery form, and looked so terrible, that the investigator took to his heels. In vain did the snake crawl after him, and inform him that it meant to do him no manner of mischief; in vain did it request

him to take a bunch of keys from its neck, promising a discovery of vast treasures as his reward. The man still scampered on, regardless of everything but his own safety. As for the poor snake, it was doomed to float in the air till a certain small oak-tree near the spot should grow to its full size, be cut down, and be made into a cradle. The first child laid in that cradle would be the snake's deliverer.

This sort of destiny, it may be observed, is by no means uncommon in Suabia. A supernatural old woman called Ursula, who lives in a mountain named after her in the neighbourhood of Pfullingen, and who decks herself in a white gown and red stockings, always having a large bunch of keys at her girdle, is in the habit of stopping young peasants and urging them to disenchant her by some process, which is sure to be beyond the measure of their courage. Her delivery, however, seems to be further off than that of the sneezing snake, for that at any rate referred to an existing tree; while Dame Ursula can only be rescued when the acorn, which begins the pedigree of the cradle, is trodden into the ground by the foot of a stag.

The snake, so far, appears in rather an amiable capacity than otherwise, but his kinsman the Dragon, or Lind-worm, takes a malicious, poisonous aspect, which is menacing to the general welfare of mankind. The Slavonians, who gave to the good principle

the name of "Biel Bog" or the "White God," and to the evil principle that of "Czerny Bog," or the "Black God," use the word "Drak" or dragon as synonymous with the latter. In a popular tradition we hear of a dragon so voracious, that a hunter, who rode on his back to the infernal regions, was obliged to feed him with a stock of raw meat during the whole of his journey, and when this was exhausted, to apply a portion of his own foot towards the stoppage of the insatiable appetite. Killing a dragon has always been deemed a most meritorious act, and our own St. George and the Northern Sigurd are only two among a legion of honoured dragon-slayers. The sons of the founder of Cracow exterminated a dragon in the vicinity of their father's city by giving him the carcase of an animal stuffed with combustibles, which he had no sooner eaten than he was shattered by the explosion; and it was from the cawing of the ravens over the carcase that the word "Cracow" — according to some learned authorities — was derived.

But of all the horrible monsters of the serpentine class, none equal in horror those serpents which sprung out of the shoulders of the oriental tyrant Zohak, and tortured him while they remained part of his own flesh. The powerful description of Zohak, in Southey's "Thalaba the Destroyer," which perfectly sets forth the reason of the especial

misery, may serve as a *coda* to this snake fantasia: —

"There, where the narrowing chasm
Rose loftier in the hill,
Stood Zohak, wretched man, condemn'd
to keep
His lair of punishment.
His was the frequent scream
Which when, far off, the prowling jackal
heard,
He howl'd in terror back;
For, from his shoulders grew
Two snakes of monstrous size,
Which ever at his head
Aimed their rapacious teeth
To satiate ravening hunger with his brain.
He in th' eternal conflict oft would seize
Their swelling necks, and in his giant
grasp
Bruise them, and rend their flesh with
bloody nails,
And howl for agony;
Feeling the pangs he gave, for of himself—
Co-sentient and inseparable parts —
The snaky torturers grew."

SELF-ACTING RAILWAY SIGNALS.

LAST winter we ventured in this Publication* to show some reason for an opinion that capital punishment need not be inflicted by the directors upon travellers by railway. We described an invention which we had seen in use, and which has since that time upon some point of some railway line been subjected to, and has borne the test of, incessant trials. The adoption of that contrivance, if it were found to work with real efficiency, would render nearly impossible all but the very rarest class of railway accidents. We have not yet heard that any objection has been made to it more serious than that it is not so cheap

as Railway Boards could wish, and that the inventor (Mr. Whitworth) is a nobody: that is to say, not an engineer. To ourselves his name was perfectly unknown before we witnessed for the first time a trial of his plan. In the interests of the public we bore testimony to what we then saw, and we have since made it our business to watch from time to time for indications of the good or ill success of the inventor.

It will not take us long to state that he is labouring — as fifteen months ago he had been labouring for five years — against the stream, accumulating proofs of the efficiency of his apparatus for the prevention of collisions, while the crash of trains and smash of travellers go on as usual. The cost of only two collisions that occurred last year on the Brighton line, has added to the "petty" expenses of that Company, in the year's account, an item of twelve thousand pounds for payments made on account of injury to life and limb.

On the scene of the great accident at Red Hill we have been examining, within the last few days, another invention, designed to lessen this expense of blood-money by lessening the chances of collision. It does not aim to effect so much as Mr. Whitworth's apparatus, but it is cheaper, and it strikes effectively at a chief source of mishap — neglect of signals. It is a fortunate chance also, and one likely to secure for the public interests a little more attention

* Vol. X., p. 90.

than they sometimes get, that the author of this last invention, Mr. Jonathan Crowley, is a gentleman who treads, without polluting as a trespasser, the ground tabooed as sacred to the brotherhood of Railway Engineers.

The great Brighton collision of November occurred on a Board day. The elder Mr. Crowley — whose name, like that of Mr. Pickford, is well known as belonging to one of the most useful men in the three kingdoms, — happens to be a director of the line. Travellers believe that the days of peace and safety upon railways are to come after a director has been offered up. Mr. Crowley, however, being then at Brighton, did not on the day in question die for his country, as he might have done had he come up to the Board meeting. He was a truant, and so lost an opportunity which, if his son's plans be adopted, may perhaps never again occur. To the son, who was on that day at the London terminus, an hour of terrible suspense followed the first notice of the accident: — "Here's a horrible event, Sir, at Red Hill, the express has been and run smash into a goods!" Then when the melancholy train arrived that brought the wounded, "Are these all?" was the general question. — "No, there were as many left behind, too bad to move." By the aid of the electric telegraph, however, one son found that his father was not dead, but safe at dinner in Brighton, and was enabled to go home, reflect-

ing calmly on the shock he had received. These accidents, he reasoned to himself, are certainly preventible. Unable to turn to any other subject, he sat down to work that evening with a pencil on a piece of paper. He carried his thoughts with him to bed, and by the next morning a design was formed, which he at once prepared to carry into practice. Models and plans having been made, provisional protection was obtained for the device, under the name of "Crowley's Safety Switch and Self-Acting Railway Signals." Leave was easily obtained to test the invention at the Red Hill goods station on the Brighton line.

At that place the trial is now being made, not of the Safety Switch, but (as the directors wish) of the self-acting signals only. The management of the switches, therefore, we describe only in the words of the inventor; but of the railway signals which we have seen working we can give our own account. As to the switches, we are told that "when a train has arrived within a distance of, say from six hundred to seven hundred yards of a station, the flanges of the wheels, acting on a small lever in connexion with an electro-magnet, will cause all the switches leading to the line on which the train is advancing to become fixed, so that nothing can thoughtlessly be shunted through them while the train is running from the distance signal to the station. The switches will remain

fixed until the train has passed the station. Should, however, it be necessary to attach any additional carriages to a train standing at a station, they may be released by turning a small handle close to the lever-box." Of the correct working of this part of the contrivance there can be no doubt, if there be no doubt as to the right working of the signals. The power used is in each case the same.

Under the broad clear sky it seemed no very great thing that we had travelled out to see; a small box buried below a rail at the entrance to a great station. Winter looked fresh and cheerful on the hills about us, there was a crisp little wind astir, and the land glittered with the first snow of the season. The snow had come so late, and was so welcome, that we scraped it from the backs of trucks into our hands, and felt with satisfaction that our hands were cold enough to finger without melting it. Then we turned to the small box, that did not quite contain the whole of the invention, but was the beginning — or the middle — or the end of it. In it ended the two wires of a galvanic battery. While the ends of such wires are in contact, the battery of course being charged, a current of voltaic electricity travels through the entire circuit that they form. When the ends are not in contact, charged or not, the battery is incomplete, and practically nothing happens. The ends of the two

wires were in that box so placed that if undisturbed they were in contact, and the voltaic current was perpetually flowing through the wires. Action was their repose. But while the end of one wire in the box was attached to a fixed point, the end of the other was attached to a point moveable, and so moved that (by an arrangement obvious and simple) the downward pressure of the flange of a railway wheel, when passing over a small trap that we saw projecting from the box beside the iron rail, would separate the two ends of the wire, interrupt the circuit, and stop the electric current. And of what use is that electric current? How are its movements — intangible essence as it is — made to produce the movements of the heavy signals mounted upon poles, one of them too upon a hill a long way off? Those questions we went upon the platform to see answered. Outside the station door, as if it were a lark's cage, there was fixed a wooden cage containing the voltaic battery. We need tell nobody what that is. There was the moving power; thence the two wires started, whose ends met within the box under the rail. We simply glanced at that. We were invited more especially to look at the two levers, the levers by the movement of which to and fro, according to the usual plan, the danger signals are every day raised or lowered at all railway stations. The iron handles of the two levers we found firmly glued

back to the lips of two large magnets, that projected like two posts out of the ground beside them. Each lever was thus fastened back, and in that position each held down the corresponding danger signal. The poles telegraphed "All right."

But it is to be noted that the magnets were electro-magnets, that they were massive plates of steel, round which the wires that left the battery were coiled, one wire about each magnet, coiled in many a fold, upon the way to the small box under the rail. When the electric current passed along the wires, as it was then doing, those bars were magnets strong enough to hold the levers back and to support the weight attached to them, which hoists the danger signal when it is allowed to fall. Let a train or truck now come into the station: the flange of the first wheel presses on the spring that causes the two ends of wire to separate within the buried box. Instantly the electric current ceases, the magnetic power quits the bars of steel, and the levers are drawn back by the unresisted weights that do their assigned work: out shoot therefore the danger signals. Once out only the will of man can draw them in again.

This is the whole device, and it is one so beautifully simple that we think enough has been already said to make it comprehensible. So long as the battery is kept in working order, no train can come

into or pass a station without throwing up the danger signals. Once up, they remain up till a station officer deliberately puts them down, by restoring the lever to the magnet, for the magnet has no power to draw it back again, though it has very abundant power to retain it when the contact is restored. If, however, any rash attempt be made to put the danger signal down while there is a train actually at the station, pressing on the rail and breaking the voltaic current, the magnet will aid no such indiscretion, for in such a case it will not act. What if the battery be neglected, or the wires be cut in any place? Luckily, in that case, the result can only be cessation of the current and the hoisting of the danger signals. The self-acting principle is thus in every way calculated to protect the traveller, and as the apparatus we have been describing is not a substitute for the old method, but a graft upon it, in case of necessity the signals may be worked at any station just as they are now worked, even after the establishment of the self-acting system. The cost of adopting the self-acting railway signals, of the kind we have described, cannot of course easily be deduced from the expenses of an isolated first experiment; but it is not likely that they would involve an expense of more than fifteen pounds a station. The cost of Whitworth's contrivance, including signal apparatus at the stations, was, if we remember rightly, estimated

at twenty-five pounds to each engine.

Thus, then, there are now two schemes for the protection of the public against collisions, offered to the notice of the railway potentates. We ask again, need railway travellers be smashed?

Before we quit this subject we may add, that as we came into the London Bridge station on our return from Red Hill, there was pointed out to us a train that had been fitted up in obedience to the public wish with means of communication by a bell between the guard and driver. It was said, somewhat triumphantly, that "it was a perfect failure, for the bell did nothing but jingle the whole way with the motion of the train, and the driver never could be sure whether or not the guard was ringing it." Was it a kitchen-bell, hung on a spring? It was a bell hung in some way, we fear, with an eye to failure, since it is surely notorious that there exist in these days bells answering to each pull, gong-fashion, with a single blow upon the metal that no shaking of a locomotive could produce, and no state of vibration simulate or mystify.

When it is asked of a railway director, or of a railway official, what a railway accident generally costs, the conventional reply is, "Oh! somewhere about ten thousand pounds." Surely five-and-twenty pounds per engine for Mr. Whitworth's contrivance, or fifteen pounds per station for Mr. Jonathan Crowley's plan —

instead of being unprofitable investments — would give an upward impetus to the value of railway stock, as a means of economy in superseding costly repairs and swinging compensations — not to mention the saving of the mere lives of passengers.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HENRY THE EIGHTH had made a will, appointing a council of sixteen to govern the kingdom for his son, while he was under age (he was now only ten years old), and another council of twelve to help them. The most powerful of the first council was the EARL OF HERTFORD, the young King's uncle, who lost no time in bringing his nephew with great state up to Enfield, and thence to the Tower. It was considered at the time a striking proof of virtue in the young King that he was sorry for his father's death; but, as common subjects have that virtue, too, sometimes, we will say no more about it.

There was a curious part of the late King's will, requiring his executors to fulfil whatever promises he had made. Some of the court wondering what these might be, the Earl of Hertford and the other noblemen interested, said that they were promises to advance and enrich *them*. So, the Earl of

Hertford made himself DUKE OF SOMERSET, and made his brother EDWARD SEYMOUR a baron; and there were various similar promotions, all very agreeable to the parties concerned, and very dutiful, no doubt, to the late King's memory. To be more dutiful still, they made themselves rich out of the Church lands, and were very comfortable. The new Duke of Somerset caused himself to be declared PROTECTOR of the kingdom, and was, indeed, the king.

As young Edward the Sixth had been brought up in the principles of the Protestant religion, everybody knew that they would be maintained. But Cranmer, to whom they were chiefly entrusted, advanced them steadily and temperately. Many superstitious and ridiculous practices were stopped, but those which were harmless were not interfered with.

The Duke of Somerset, the Protector, was anxious to have the young King engaged in marriage to the young Queen of Scotland, in order to prevent that princess from making an alliance with any foreign power; but, as a large party in Scotland were unfavourable to this plan he invaded that country. His excuse for so doing was, that the Border men — that is, the Scotch who lived in that part of the country where England and Scotland joined — troubled the English very much. But there were two sides to this question, for the English Border men troubled the Scotch too; and through many

long years there were perpetual border quarrels which gave rise to numbers of old tales and songs. However, the Protector invaded Scotland, and ARRAN, the Scottish Regent, with an army twice as large as his, advanced to meet him. They encountered on the banks of the river Esk, within a few miles of Edinburgh; and there, after a little skirmish, the Protector made such moderate proposals, in offering to retire if the Scotch would only engage not to marry their princess to any foreign prince, that the Regent thought the English were afraid. But in this he made a horrible mistake; for the English soldiers on land, and the English sailors on the water, so set upon the Scotch, that they broke and fled, and more than ten thousand of them were killed. It was a dreadful battle, for the fugitives were slain without mercy. The ground for four miles, all the way to Edinburgh, was strewn with dead men, and with arms, and legs, and heads. Some, hid themselves in streams and were drowned; some, threw away their armour and were killed running, almost naked; but in this battle of Pinkey the English lost only two or three hundred men. They were much better clothed than the Scotch, and were exceedingly astonished by the poverty of their appearance and of their country.

A Parliament was called when Somerset came back, and it repealed the whip with six strings, and did one or two other good

things, though it unhappily retained the punishment of burning, for those people who did not make believe to believe, in all religious matters, what the Government had declared that they must and should believe. It also made a foolish law (meant to put down beggars), that any man who lived idly and loitered about, for three days together, should be burned with a hot iron, made a slave, and wear an iron fetter. But this savage absurdity soon came to an end, and went the way of a great many other foolish laws.

The Protector was now so proud that he sat in Parliament, before all the nobles, on the right hand of the throne. Many other noblemen, who only wanted to be as proud if they could get a chance, became his enemies of course, and it is supposed that he came back suddenly from Scotland because he had received news that his brother, LORD SEYMOUR, was becoming dangerous to him. This lord was now High Admiral of England: a very handsome man, and a great favourite with the Court ladies — even with the young Princess Elizabeth, who romped with him a little more than young princesses in these times do with any one. He had married Catherine Parr, the late King's widow, who was now dead; and to strengthen his power he secretly supplied the young King with money. He may even have engaged with some of his brother's enemies in a plot to carry the boy

off. On these and other accusations, at any rate, he was confined in the Tower, impeached, and found guilty; his own brother's name being — unnatural and sad to tell — the first signed to the warrant for his execution. He was executed on Tower Hill, and died denying his treason. One of his last proceedings in this world was to write two letters: one to the Princess Elizabeth, and one to the Princess Mary: which a servant of his took charge of, and concealed in his shoe. These letters are supposed to have urged them against his brother, and to revenge his death. What they truly contained is not known, but there is no doubt that he had, at one time, obtained great influence over the Princess Elizabeth.

All this while, the Protestant religion was making progress. The images which the people had gradually come to worship, were removed from the churches; the people were informed that they need not confess themselves to priests unless they chose; a common prayer-book was drawn up in the English language, which all could understand; and many other improvements were made: still moderately, for Cranmer was a very moderate man, and even restrained the Protestant clergy from violently abusing the unreformed religion — as they very often did, and which was not a good example. But the people were at this time in great distress. The rapacious nobility who had come into possession of the Church

lands, were very bad landlords. They enclosed great quantities of ground for the feeding of sheep, which was then more profitable than the growing of crops; and this increased the general distress. So the people, who still understood little of what was going on about them and still readily believed what the homeless monks told them — many of whom had been their good friends in their better days — took it into their heads, that all this was owing to the reformed religion, and therefore rose in many parts of the country.

The most powerful risings were in Devonshire and Norfolk. In Devonshire, the rebellion was so strong that ten thousand men united within a few days, and even laid siege to Exeter. But LORD RUSSELL, coming to the assistance of the citizens who defended that town, defeated the rebels, and not only hanged the Mayor of one place, but hanged the vicar of another from his own church steeple. What with hanging and killing by the sword, four thousand of the rebels are supposed to have fallen in that one county. In Norfolk (where the rising was more against the inclosure of open lands than against the reformed religion), the popular leader was a man named ROBERT KET, a tanner of Wymondham. The mob were in the first instance excited against the tanner by one JOHN FLOWERDEW, a gentleman who owed him a grudge; but, the tanner was more than a match for the gentle-

man, since he soon got the people on his side, and established himself near Norwich with quite an army. There was a large oak-tree in that place, on a spot called Moushold Hill, which Ket named the Tree of Reformation; and under its green boughs, he and his men sat, in the Midsummer weather, holding courts of justice and debating affairs of state. They were even impartial enough to allow some rather tiresome public speakers to get up into this Tree of Reformation, and point out their errors to them, in long discourses, while they lay listening (not always without some grumbling and growling) in the shade below. At last, one sunny July day, a herald appeared below the tree, and proclaimed Ket and all his men traitors, unless from that moment they dispersed and went home; in which case they were to receive a pardon. But, Ket and his men made light of the herald and became stronger than ever, until the Earl of Warwick went after them with a sufficient force, and cut them all to pieces. A few were hanged, drawn, and quartered as traitors, and their limbs were sent into various country places to be a terror to the people. Nine of them were hanged upon nine green branches of the Oak of reformation; and so, for the time, that tree may be said to have withered away.

The Protector, though a haughty man, had compassion for the real distresses of the common people, and a sincere desire to help them.

But he was too proud and too high in degree to hold even their favour steadily, and many of the nobles always envied and hated him, because they were as proud and not as high as he. He was at this time building a great Palace in the Strand, to get the stone for which he blew up church steeples with gunpowder, and pulled down bishops' houses; thus making himself still more disliked. At length, his principal enemy, the Earl of Warwick — Dudley by name, and the son of that Dudley, who had made himself so odious with Empson, in the reign of Henry the Seventh — joined with seven other members of the Council against him, formed a separate Council, and becoming stronger in a few days, sent him to the Tower under twenty-nine articles of accusation. After being sentenced by the Council to the forfeiture of all his offices and lands, he was liberated and pardoned, on making a very humble submission. He was even taken back into the Council again, after having suffered this fall, and married his daughter, LADY ANNE SEYMOUR, to Warwick's eldest son. But such a reconciliation was little likely to last, and did not outlive a year. Warwick having got himself made Duke of Northumberland, and having advanced the more important of his friends, then finished the history by causing the Duke of Somerset and his friend LORD GREY, and others, to be arrested for treason, in having conspired to seize and de-

throned the King. They were also accused of having intended to seize the new Duke of Northumberland, with his friends LORD NORTHAMPTON and LORD PEMBROKE; to murder them if they found need; and to raise the City to revolt. All this the fallen Protector positively denied, except that he confessed to having spoken of the murder of those three noblemen, but having never designed it. He was acquitted of the charge of treason, and found guilty of the other charges; so when the people — who remembered his having been their friend, now that he was disgraced and in danger — saw him come out from his trial with the axe turned from him, they thought he was altogether acquitted, and set up a loud shout of joy.

But the Duke of Somerset was ordered to be beheaded on Tower Hill, at eight o'clock in the morning, and proclamations were issued bidding the citizens keep at home until after ten. They filled the streets, however, and crowded the place of execution as soon as it was light, and, with sad faces and sad hearts, saw the once powerful Protector ascend the scaffold to lay his head upon the dreadful block. While he was yet saying his last words to them with manly courage, and telling them, in particular, how it comforted him, at that pass, to have assisted in reforming the national religion, a member of the council was seen riding up on horseback. They again thought that the Duke was

saved by his bringing a reprieve, and again shouted for joy. But the Duke himself told them they were mistaken, and laid down his head and had it struck off at a blow.

Many of the bystanders rushed forward and steeped their handkerchiefs in his blood, as a mark of their affection. He had, indeed, been capable of many good acts, and one of them was discovered after he was no more. The Bishop of Durham, a very good man, had been informed against to the Council when the Duke was in power, as having answered a treacherous letter proposing a rebellion against the reformed religion. As the answer could not be found, he could not be declared guilty; but it was now discovered, hidden by the Duke himself among some private papers, in his regard for that good man. The Bishop lost his office, and was deprived of his possessions.

It is not very pleasant to know that while his uncle lay in prison under sentence of death, the young King was being vastly entertained by plays, and dances, and sham fights; but there is no doubt of it, for he kept a journal himself. It is pleasanter to know that not a single Roman Catholic was burnt in this reign for holding that religion, though two wretched victims suffered for heresy. One, a woman named JOAN BOCHER, for professing some opinions that even she could only explain in unintelligible jargon. The other, a Dutchman, named VON PARIS,

who practised as a surgeon in London. Edward was, to his credit, exceedingly unwilling to sign the warrant for the woman's execution: shedding tears before he did so, and telling Cranmer, who urged him to it (though Cranmer really would have spared the woman at first, but for her own determined obstinacy) that the guilt was not his, but that of the man who so strongly urged the dreadful act. We shall see too soon, whether the time ever came when Cranmer is likely to have remembered this with sorrow and remorse.

Cranmer and RIDLEY (at first Bishop of Rochester, and afterwards Bishop of London) were the most powerful of the clergy of this reign. Others were imprisoned and deprived of their property for still adhering to the unreformed religion; the most important among whom were GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, HEATH, Bishop of Worcester, DAY, Bishop of Chichester, and BONNER, that Bishop of London who was superseded by Ridley. The Princess Mary, who inherited her mother's gloomy temper, and hated the reformed religion as connected with her mother's wrongs and sorrows — she knew nothing else about it, always refusing to read a single book in which it was truly described — held by the unreformed religion too, and was the only person in the kingdom for whom the old Mass was allowed to be performed; nor would the young

King have made that exception even in her favour; but for the strong persuasions of Cranmer and Ridley. He always viewed it with horror; and when he fell into a sickly condition, after having been very ill, first of the measles and then of the small-pox, he was greatly troubled in mind to think that if he died and she the next heir to the throne succeeded, the Roman Catholic religion would be set up again.

This uneasiness, the Duke of Northumberland was not slow to encourage: for, if the Princess Mary came to the throne, he who had taken part with the Protestants was sure to be disgraced. Now, the Duchess of Suffolk was descended from King Henry the Seventh, and if she resigned what little or no right she had, in favour of her daughter, LADY JANE GREY, that would be the succession to promote the Duke's greatness; because LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY, one of his sons, was, at this very time, newly married to her. So, he worked upon the King's fears, and persuaded him to set aside both the Princess Mary and the Princess Elizabeth, and assert his right to appoint his successor. Accordingly the young King handed to the Crown lawyers a writing signed half-a-dozen times over by himself, appointing Lady Jane Grey to succeed to the Crown, and requiring them to have his will made out according

to law. They were much against it at first and told the King so; but the Duke of Northumberland being so violent about it that the lawyers even expected him to beat them, and hotly declaring that stripped to his shirt he would fight any man in such a quarrel, they yielded. Cranmer, also, at first hesitated, pleading that he had sworn to maintain the succession of the Crown to the Princess Mary; but, he was a weak man in his resolutions, and soon signed the document with the rest of the council.

It was completed none too soon, for Edward was now sinking in a rapid decline, and by way of making him better, they handed him over to a woman-doctor who pretended to be able to cure it. He soon got worse. On the sixth of July, in the year one thousand five hundred and fifty-three, he died, very peaceably and piously; praying God, with his last breath, to protect the reformed religion.

This King died in the sixteenth year of his age, and in the seventh of his reign. It is difficult to judge what the character of one so young might afterwards have become, among so many bad, ambitious, quarrelling nobles. But, he was an amiable boy, of very good abilities, and had nothing coarse or cruel or brutal in his disposition — which in the son of such a father is rather surprising.

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